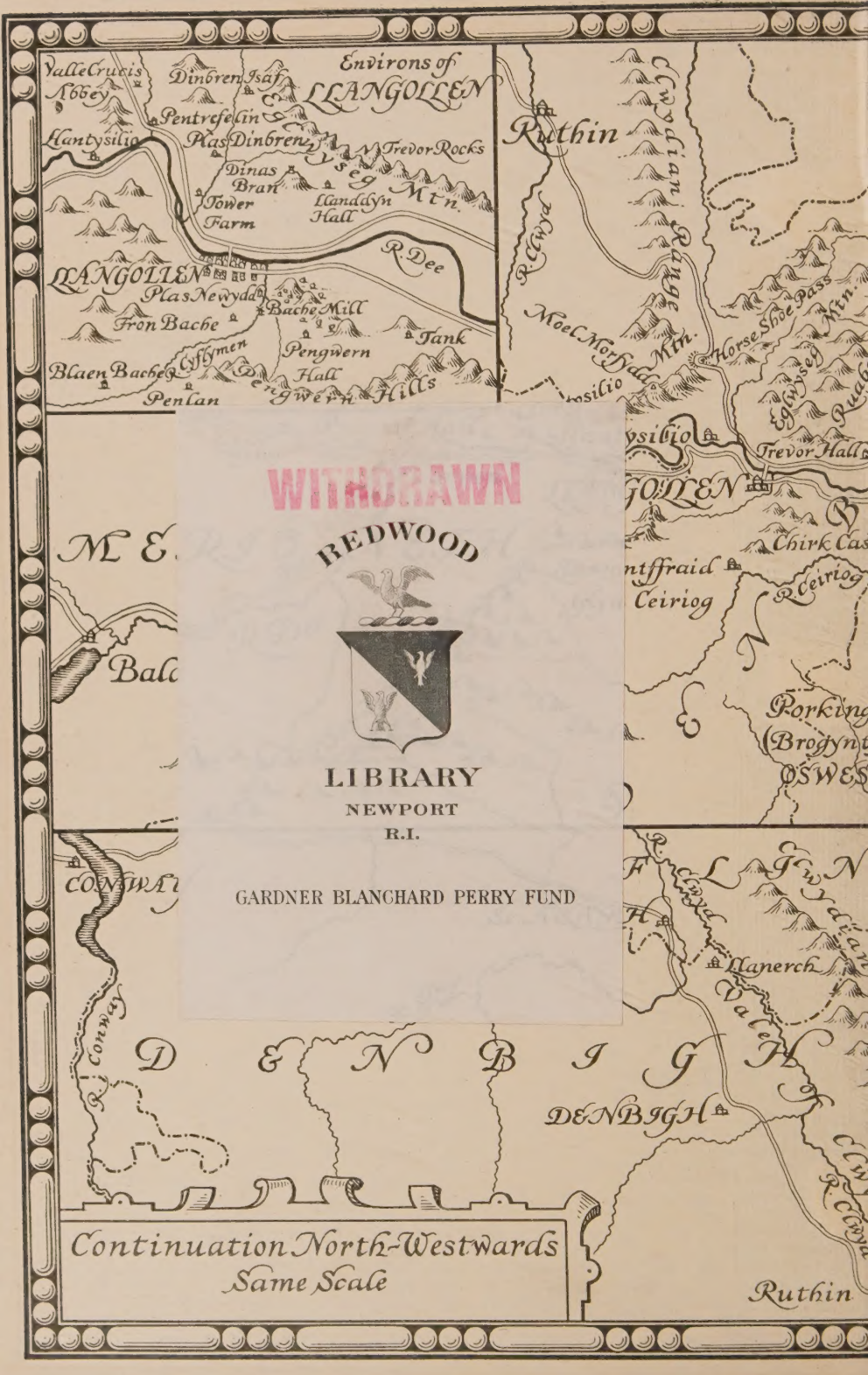

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THE HAMWOOD PAPERS
OF
THE LADIES OF LLANGOLLEN
AND
CAROLINE HAMILTON

By the Author

SAHIB-LOG
THE MORTIMERS
SAFE CONDUCT
THE FOREIGNER
ETC.

JAMES BUTLER, SECOND DUKE OF ORMONDE, K.G.
From a painting by M. Dahl in the National Portrait Gallery

THE HAMWOOD PAPERS

OF

THE LADIES OF LLANGOLLEN

AND

CAROLINE HAMILTON

EDITED BY

MRS. G. H. BELL
(JOHN TRAVERS)

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON
1930

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AND

ELIZABETH MARY HAMILTON

FOREWORD

The diaries of Lady Eleanor Butler and a collection of letters and papers, china, prints, etc., were left by Miss Sarah Ponsonby to Caroline Hamilton, the great-grandmother of my cousin and brother-in-law, Charles Hamilton. Lady Eleanor's diary for 1785 was given by Caroline Hamilton to the Marquess of Ormonde. My thanks are due to Lord Ossory for his kind permission to publish it. Mr. Arthur Ponsonby has included extracts from it in his delightful book, *Some English Diaries*, and I have selected material which he did not use.

All the other volumes of Lady Eleanor's diaries are in my brother-in-law's possession, and last year it was decided to publish them. I have found so much interest and charm in the picture they present of the life of the eighteenth century, that I hope my pleasure may be shared by many who look to the past for something more fascinating than scandal and more intimate than the carefully prepared disclosures of public men.

The MSS. of all the letters and of Mrs. Goddard's journal are at Hamwood, but Caroline Hamilton's journal was given to her daughter, Mrs. Howard, and I am indebted to Lord Wicklow for his approval

of the publication of the copy which her great-grandson possesses.

My sister, Mrs. Hamilton, has been the greatest help to me in the preparation of this book. I am most grateful for her discrimination and accuracy.

EVA MARY BELL

London, 1930

ILLUSTRATIONS

James Butler, second Duke of Ormonde, K.G. *Frontispiece*
From a painting by M. Dahl in the National Portrait Gallery.

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CHAPTER I

Prince Puckler Muskau termed Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Sarah Ponsonby the "most celebrated virgins in Europe". And a hundred and fifty years later the question, "why celebrated?" is not to be answered with any glib certainty. Here is the riddle of personality, the mystery of the spirit of an age other than our own. They had, it must be admitted, an attitude—that of "sweet retirement". Again and again Lady Eleanor Butler's diary records it. "A day of sweetly enjoyed retirement", she affirms, after a most robust row with her gardener. The village of Llangollen called them "the Ladies" as people say "the Cabinet", and to this day celebrates their memory. Not without profit. Famous persons have recorded impressions of them, but they wrote of them when they were elderly or very old women. We know what Wordsworth, Madame de Genlis and Sir Walter Scott thought of them in their long twilight, but the private record of the day of their youth when they rejected their homes and fled together to Wales has been hidden till now in old letters and journals in a Sheraton cabinet at Hamwood. For Sarah Ponsonby left all the papers and the property of the Ladies of Llangollen to Caroline Tighe, daughter of William Tighe of Rossana and his wife Sarah, the only child of Sir William and

Lady Elizabeth Fownes. Caroline Tighe married in 1801 Charles Hamilton of Hamwood, County Meath, and she kept a journal which gives a picture of the life at Rossana and Woodstock (which her mother inherited from Sir William). Another lady kept a diary, remarkable for its slapdash record of social engagements, uncomfortable journeys, inadequate meals and ill-luck at cards. Her name was Lucy Goddard, and she was the confidential friend of Lady Elizabeth Fownes and Sarah Ponsonby. From the diaries of Mrs. Goddard and Lady Eleanor Butler and the journal of Caroline Hamilton, the lives of Lady Eleanor and Sarah Ponsonby can be followed, now clearly, now dimly, from their youth to their deaths in 1829 and 1831. Side by side with the manuscripts are letters which those women valued enough to keep.

There is an omnipotent Society known to all children as The Grown-Ups. This august company does not exist in the minds of those whose childhood is over, but Ancestors remain for ever, strange creatures who were by turn the children and the Grown-Ups of their own brief day. Their ghostly influence persists in the spirit of a family, haunts the colour of a girl's hair and the inches of a man. Their persistence dooms the daughter of the house to be the living image of a faded picture on a wall. The ancestors of the Ladies of Llangollen were important people.

The date of Lady Eleanor's birth is somewhat uncertain. According to her tombstone she must have been born in 1739, and Caroline Hamilton's journal says she was about thirty in 1777. In any case, she was too young in 1745 to be interested in the death

of James, 2nd Duke of Ormonde. This Duke, said Dean Swift, was an expensive man. He was Lord of the Bedchamber to James II., but served in King William's army as head of his life-guards, and entertained the King at Kilkenny Castle after the Battle of the Boyne. He stood by the royal death-bed, and was influential with Queen Anne. The Duke married the daughter of Lord Hyde, afterwards Earl of Rochester, and when she died he married a daughter of the Duke of Beaufort, but he only left one surviving child, Mary, who married John, Lord Ashburnham, and died childless in 1712. The Duke was unlucky with his fourth sovereign and was impeached in the reign of George I., attainted, his estates forfeited and his honours extinguished. He lay abroad at Avignon, died there, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, a distinguished but not a great man. His aunt Mary had married William Cavendish, 4th Earl[1] of Devonshire. His sister, Elizabeth, became the wife of the 9th Earl of Derby, and his cousin Charlotte married Charles, Lord Cornwallis. These were all very magnificent personages compared with John Butler of Kilcash, the heir male of the Duke's brother, Charles, Earl of Arran, and his cousin, Walter Butler, who was Eleanor's father.

In 1739 William, afterwards the 2nd Earl of Bessborough, married Lady Caroline Cavendish, eldest daughter of William, 3rd Duke of Devonshire; and his brother, the Rt. Hon. John Ponsonby, Speaker of the House of Commons in Ireland, married the Duke's second daughter, Elizabeth, in 1743. Their sister Elizabeth had married Sir William Fownes of Woodstock. Their first cousin, Chambre Brabazon

[1] 1st Duke of Devonshire.

Ponsonby, grandson of the first Viscount Duncannon, was a much-marrying man. His father was killed at Fontenoy in 1745, and his mother was Lady Frances Brabazon, daughter of Chambre, Earl of Meath. He married first Elizabeth Clarke, and had a daughter Frances, who became the wife of Gorges Lowther of Kilrue. Then he married Louisa, daughter of John Lyons of Belmont, in Westmeath, and by her he had Sarah Ponsonby. He tried again, his third wife being Mary, daughter of the well-known Sir William Barker of Kilcooley, and she most exasperatingly gave him a third daughter, who became Mrs. Barton. He died in 1762 and his widow gave birth to a posthumous son, Chambre Brabazon Ponsonby. She then married Sir Robert Staples, Bart. Sarah Ponsonby's collection of stepmothers, stepfather, stepsisters and stepbrother was complete; and being left without a fortune, she went to live with her cousin Lady Elizabeth, and Sir William Fownes, at Woodstock.

Meanwhile the old Duke of Ormonde's brother Charles died, when his own honours became extinct, as well as the marquessate and dukedom of Ormonde. The Irish earldom of Ormonde and viscounty of Thurles were vested in John Butler of Kilcash. He died without issue in 1766, and Eleanor's father, Walter Butler, became *de jure* the 16th Earl of Ormonde.

The battles of Fontenoy and Culloden were merely history to Eleanor Butler and Sarah Ponsonby, but during that period marriages were made which established relationships that became the very warp and woof of the social interests which persisted all through their lives. The Ponsonbys

had married, largely, the Cavendishes. The Tighes' daughters at the end of the seventeenth century married the ancestors of Lord Mount Sandford and the Earl of Milltown. And Richard Tighe married a delightful woman, Barbara Bor, who wrote to her son William of gaieties he and his young wife attended in London: "A masquerade? I believe it is an entertainment that has no relish of salvation in it." But she revelled in his account of it. This William Tighe bought Rossana, in County Wicklow, and married, in the year 1736, Lady Mary Bligh, the daughter of the 1st Earl of Darnley by Lady Theodosia Hyde, only daughter and heir of the Earl of Clarendon, by Catherine, Baroness Clifton. Lady Mary's brothers and sisters and nephews and nieces were not lost sight of by Sarah Ponsonby. The eldest brother, Edward, inherited the barony of Clifton and the earldom of Darnley, and died childless in 1747. His brother John succeeded and married late in life. His youngest daughter married in 1804 the Marquess of Londonderry, whose father and half-brother were great friends of the Ladies of Llangollen. Lady Mary's two sisters, Anne and Theodosia, married young. Lady Anne had by her first husband, Robert Hawkins Magill, a daughter, who married the 1st Viscount Clanwilliam. As a widow Lady Anne Magill married the 1st Viscount Bangor. Lively letters to Lady Mary Tighe from Lady Theodosia lie in the Sheraton cabinet. She wrote them on her honeymoon, having married William Crosbie, son of Maurice Crosbie of Ardfert and Lady Anne, eldest daughter of Thomas, 1st Earl of Kerry. Maurice Crosbie was created Baron Brandon, and Theodosia's husband succeeded him in 1762 and

eventually became Earl of Glandore. Theodosia complained bitterly of "an old, rusty, grunting Bishop who has been here this fortnight and plagues me out of my life, he is such a formal piece. One would think a man would be no trouble to one, but he is as bad to me as any Mrs. Whatsoever, for he is so feeble he can't walk abroad with the men and so is left upon our hands the whole day long." Very different was her namesake and niece, Theodosia Tighe, who most appropriately married the Rev. William Blachford. And very different again was that lovely, ardent creature their daughter Mary, author of *Psyche*, who married her first cousin Henry Tighe. The eldest son and heir of William and Lady Mary Tighe married Sarah Fownes, heiress of Woodstock and second cousin of Sarah Ponsonby.

Even the most formidable and arbitrary of Grown-Ups do not live for ever. Lady Mary Tighe died in 1748. She left her long nose, oval face and dark hair to the Tighes. Her mother-in-law looks down from the walls of Hamwood in a picture by Kneller. Dressed in deep blue, she has red gold hair, a humorous face, rather prominent eyes, and an eloquent, frank look as though the relish of salvation was salt with savour to her. Theodosia, Countess of Glandore, with her merry face, the Bligh brow and arched eyebrows, shimmers in white satin, a dress grown old-fashioned by the time Sarah Ponsonby made her début.

Mrs.[1] Hamilton's journal gives an intimate picture of the Fownes and the Tighes during Sarah's childhood:

[1] Caroline (*née* Tighe), wife of Charles Hamilton of Hamwood.

MRS. (BAB) TIGHE
From a painting by Sir G. Kneller

"My grandmother,[1] though an Earl's daughter, could write only a short letter, containing a few kind sentences in a very large hand, spelling very ignorantly, and yet she was considered a very sensible woman and had energy enough to establish a little school at Inistioge where girls were taught to make lace, at a time when there were very few schools for the poor in Ireland. Mrs. Peter La Touche, who was afterwards the great promoter of schools, told me that when a young girl she was taken to see it and conceived the idea of what importance schools for girls would be, and she was afterwards placed in such a position as to enable her not only to be the founder of some herself but to set an example which was followed by many ladies throughout Ireland, before any societies were formed for the purpose of establishing schools. But poor Lady Betty Fownes spent too much of her time working cross-stitch, as many sets of large chairs and carpets now worn out can testify, and died of premature debility before the age of sixty. She must have been religious, for my mother[2] read the Psalms and Lessons to her every day and was not allowed to play Cards on Sunday."

To this curious example of spiritual power, Mrs. Hamilton adds evidence of her grandmother's intellectual pursuits which is equally naïve, and it is well to be reminded of the premature debility to which, seemingly, they led:

"Lady Betty must also have had some taste for Literature, having left her name in many books by the best authors of that day. She read, I have heard,

[1] Lady Elizabeth Fownes, not Lady Mary Tighe. [2] Mrs. Tighe.

well, and committed to memory many passages from Young and Milton while sitting at her work.

"My Father, Mr. Tighe, a fashionable young man, not handsome, but very polished (at that time heir-presumptive to the Earl of Darnley), just returned from his travels, and looking for a wife, was struck with the appearance of a very pretty modest little girl, refusing to play cards on a Sunday evening at Lady Blaney's in Henry Street (now the Police Office), where every Sunday night the street from end to end was full of carriages. His sister Theodosia (afterwards Mrs. Blachford) was considered an eccentric girl, being more religious than her neighbours. Her brother was much attached to her and probably imbibed some of her strict ideas, which were very uncommon in those days when young ladies acquired their manners from Romances and their religion from Pope's *Universal Prayer*. This little girl was Miss Fownes, Sir William Fownes' only daughter, and considered a great heiress. Lady Blaney introduced my father to her, and he soon afterwards proposed to her; and as he was considered one of the best matches in Ireland, my little grandfather, Sir William, consented to the marriage, though he always intended she should marry a nobleman, and she had refused[1] several. . . . My mother had lived from her childhood in the most fashionable society of the day in Dublin, Lady Betty Fownes' family being then the most powerful in Ireland. Her brother, John Ponsonby, was Speaker of the House of Commons, and he and his brother, Lord Bessborough, had

[1] This is an excellent example of the sentimental censorship of family history. Sarah Fownes' engagement to her cousin, Lord Drogheda, led to several lively scenes, described by Major-General Sir John Ponsonby in *The Ponsonby Family*.

married the daughters of the Duke of Devonshire when Lord-Lieutenant. The Ponsonbys could give places to whom they chose, and they gave Sir William Fownes a sinecure of £1200 a year as parker and gager to the Port of Cork (a place which has since been abolished), yet he never liked them, called them Time Servers, and the Speaker 'Jack Promise', and they never liked him. Lady Betty's sweet temper, affectionate disposition and love of cards made her a universal favourite, for at that time neither young nor old ladies could live without cards, and I have heard that even on a summer's day a card table has often been laid under the oaks at Woodstock when dinner was to be, as it frequently was, on the grass. So frequently that Sir William used to say, 'Lady Betty, do let us dine in the parlour for variety to-day.'

"I cannot discover that the power the Ponsonbys possessed was turned to any good but to aggrandise themselves for the time and lead them into such expensive habits as eventually ruined many of the family.

"Bishopscourt had been the residence of Primate Margetson, and Lord Bessborough[1] marrying his grand-daughter Sarah, the place and the name of Sarah came into the family. The Parliament met but every second year, and lasting generally long, Sir William built a house on some property of his own near Dublin and called it Winter Lodge and spent the recesses there, as travelling as far as Woodstock in those days was considered an arduous undertaking, unless the family could repose after it for at least a year and a half."

[1] 1st Earl of Bessborough.

That the journey to Woodstock was no light matter is shown by Mrs. Hamilton's description of Freyney: "The roads in many places were almost impassable in wet weather and the great robber Freyney always on the alert to stop passengers. But as he was a native of Inistioge, he was known to have lain down in a ditch to let Lady Betty Fownes pass by unalarmed. . . . He began life as a servant, and while dressing his master's hair at Woodstock told him of a robbery which had been committed the night before, his master little suspecting that he had been the robber himself and had returned to the house in time to dress him."

Sir William Fownes bought No. 37 Dominick Street "on account of its contiguity to Henrietta Street, where most of Lady Betty's family lived, and from its being (what it has long ceased to be) in one of the most fashionable parts of the town. There she gave many a card party and supper on the very table on which we dine, having changed it from oblong to round. Lady Louisa Conolly[1] told me that she remembered those parties well and my mother looking very beautiful in a blue gown richly embroidered with silver. And my mother bid me tell her she remembered her in a purple one embroidered in gold. The Ladies then, Lady Louisa told me, had but few gowns, and the rich brocade they put on at the beginning of the year was worn both morning and evening till it was quite worn out."

As a bride of twenty-two, pretty Sarah Tighe, "in the gayest costume of the day", was introduced to

[1] Daughter of the 2nd Duke of Richmond, married 1758, Right Honourable Thomas Conolly of Castletown; their sisters were Countess of Ross, Viscountess Howe and the wife of Colonel George Napier.

the family at Rossana: old Mr. Tighe, "gouty and not very good-humoured", who for several years had not left the place for a single day; his second wife, "whom he had married to nurse him in his old age—the widow of a Captain Theaker, a most pleasing person, but silent"; an old maid, Betty Tool, with a nose that met her chin; and another old maid, Chloe Lovet, whose lover had deserted her on the eve of her wedding day and carried off all her fortune, so that her "hair had grown grey in a single night". Perhaps most formidable of all was Theodosia Tighe, not yet married to that redoubtable cleric, Mr. Blachford. But matters improved. Gouty old Mr. Tighe died, and fond Sarah could not bear her young husband out of her sight. "If she drove in her coach-and-four with her little ones, he rode by her side, and though a person of first-rate abilities, he was governed by her willingly, for he was passionately fond of her."

Mrs. Hamilton's journal has no romantic picture to draw of the elderly pair at Woodstock, where Sarah Ponsonby was living: "Sir William Fownes was not a kind husband to his excellent wife. The gout made him very ill-tempered and, though his daughter was married and had children, he still lamented that he had not a male heir, and believing that Lady Betty was in a declining state of health, he fancied that the time was approaching which would leave him at liberty to marry a young wife. He had a pretty face, he thought, and was not much above fifty. In this disposition of mind he cast his eye on Miss Ponsonby after she had lived in his house a year or two."

The situation thus created was intolerable to

Sarah Ponsonby, who turned in her distress to two friends—Mrs. Goddard and Eleanor Butler.

Sarah had formed a friendship with Eleanor while at school at Kilkenny. Eleanor was unhappy—definitely, furiously unhappy. It is impossible to believe that Sarah was as unhappy as Eleanor. Sarah, with eyes like speedwells, a piquant mischievous face, arched brows and jolly little nose, had had two lovers "with either of whom she might have been happy", whereas Eleanor "had reached the age of thirty without having one lover". Eleanor, declares Mrs. Hamilton, could not be called feminine and was very satirical. Sarah loved Lady Betty, and the matron's sweet placid face, with its aristocratic nose, small unenterprising eyes and gentle lips, has a reassuring look. And Sarah Tighe, coming backwards and forwards from Rossana with her babies, compelled admiration with that charming refined face of hers—a hauntingly attractive face. But Sarah Ponsonby could not confide in those two women the hot pursuit of Sir William. His bull-like neck, firmly closed lips, turned-down nose, full eyes, and sharp eyebrows tell a tale. She turned, distracted, to Eleanor Butler.

Mrs. Hamilton's journal paints that proud, strong-willed woman's home in dark colours:

"Lady Eleanor's family, though degraded from their ancient rank for political reasons, lived in the unrefined splendour of those days in the castle of Kilkenny. Mr. Butler—her father—one day entertaining his neighbours with lavish hospitality, a servant in gaudy livery standing behind every chair, spent the next day drinking in an ale-house. One of his contemporaries told me that he was completely

governed by his wife, who went by the name of old Madam Butler. She was a bigotted Roman Catholic, ashamed of her family, for whom she would never go into mourning. She was proud and overbearing, always surrounded by priests, and prevailed upon her husband to send his daughter to be educated in a Convent in France. Madam Butler's funeral it is said was magnificent, but the drivers of the Hearse getting drunk along with the rest of the Company, carried the corpse in a gallop to the family burying-place, and a looker-on, knowing the lady's furious temper, exclaimed—'O if Madam Butler could see you, what a passion she would be in!' "

In 1774 Mrs. Butler was still alive, and her tall, handsome daughter still unmarried and growing restive.

Mrs. Goddard, a relation of a gallant sailor, Lord Shouldham, was a widow by 1774. She was a crony of Lady Betty's, and a lady whose diary recorded without undue excitement a gratifying number of proposals. No doubt she felt herself to be capable of giving excellent advice to young Sarah Ponsonby, and she had that experience of men and their queer ways which Eleanor Butler so deplorably lacked. Mrs. Goddard was a remarkable woman, for in an age when a third husband or wife followed as a matter of course upon a second, she remained a widow. Unlike the Butlers, Ponsonbys and Tighes, she had no background of mansion and park. With a maid and a dog she went her bustling way, often a guest, sometimes a paying guest, but generally a critical tenant of unsatisfactory lodgings.

In the excitement of the moment when Admiral Molyneux Shouldham was raised to the peerage she

jotted down a few particulars of her family. "Pooley, my grandmother's father, was of the ancient family of the Pooleys, Suffolk, England, and married a daughter of the noble house of Abergavenny." By her he had a large family, including—"Robin, very handsome. He lived with Lady Neville, who left him Hammersmith Estate and a large fortune. Supposed to have put an end to his life. Left his estate and fortune to Dick Hall. . . . Lady Hall was an old maid of fifty when she married and had a son and daughter. Her daughter would not quit her mother during her life. When she died she married Judge French and had no child. Dick Hall lived unmarried because he could not get Lady Scudamore, but it's said he and Lady Lanesborough had a bit of an intrigue. His mother always kept a skull in her bed chamber to remind her she was mortal."

Lady Lanesborough was Catherine, daughter of Neville Pooley. "She ran out of a boarding school with Captain Butler, afterwards Lord Lanesborough." This nimble lady had twenty-three children, five of whom survived infancy. She died in 1759.

With these stimulating family records to sustain her, Mrs. Goddard went in 1774[1] on a round of visits. In August she stayed with William Izod of Chapel-Izod,[2] co. Kilkenny. He was no child, being then sixty-seven. He married Elizabeth Waring and was an enterprising widower and frugal host.

"*Sunday, 30th August* 1774.—Did not go to church.

[1] Six years later, John Ponsonby (second son of Brabazon, 1st Earl of Bessborough), Lord Shannon and Lord Lanesborough were deprived of their offices.

[2] There is also a Chapel-Izod near Dublin.

Doctor and two Mr. Bakers came here. Two chicks more; our trade with the first two chicks was a piece of salt beef, a roast leg of mutton fry, parsnips, potatoes and salad. As soon as I had made my entire dinner of half a chick Mr. Izod began a harangue, how introduced I know not, that a person when there were but two chicks and eight persons should not begin with them. If every man had his bird indeed it was excusable: he never began with such dainties, but if he found they were left he would then eat up the whole clutch.

"*Tuesday, 1st September.*—No lamb's wool above or below. Three chicks for dinner and a bad neck of mutton and a bad piece of bacon. Mr. Izod said as I did not call for mutton in time he had no mind to help me to any. He might do as he pleased, I said, and that I supposed he had a mind to make Sancho's feasts of his dinner to me. He said he did not forbid chickens. I said Mr. Langrishe c^d^ tell him he had. He said he knew nothing of it. I said he knew it very well. He supposed he recommended beef to me because he thought it better for me. I s^d^ I thanked him, but salt beef was seldom said to be so—fitter, was what I supposed he meant, and I was willing he should know I understood him. It might be he was working me up to ill humour by asking me to eat of a lump of old beef that had made its appearance on the table for a fortnight, and making slop of my wine and water, but he is so out of all reason cross it's impossible for him to make me so. Besides he was very unjust in his rebuke to me and I could not have served him or any one so: that reflection always keeps me in a good humour.

"*Friday, 4th September.*—Played cribbage with Mr.

Izod. He asked me was I well, feared I was not as I hardly eat anything. I s^d^ I was very well and eat as much as I cou'd.

"*Sunday*, 6*th September*.—The rest of the family went to Kilkenny. Mr. Izod and I to Woodstock, where I spent a most agreeable fortnight. Lady Betty sometimes made me nervous by her violent attacks on Mr. Izod to marry me, and her continually urging me to do the same, though neither of us had the least thought of each other. She went so far as to say I ought, and it wou'd be a praise-worthy thing of me to offer myself to him, for that she was sure the offer would be accepted with transport. He would live at least ten years the longer for it and both of us much happier than we are.

"*Sunday*, 20*th September*.—Left this delightful place and came to Chapel-Izod, where I believe I shall never again enjoy myself.

"*Monday*, 28*th September*.—Mr. Izod explained himself about the chicks.

"*Tuesday*, 29*th September*.—Pack'd up and promised to return.

"*Friday*, 9*th October*.—Came back to Chapel-Izod to dinner ; no company.

"*Thursday*, 29*th October*.—Mr. Izod went to the Club.

"*Friday*, 30*th October*.—I call'd on him at Jack Waring's and we went out together to Lodge.[1] He was not in a good humour all the way. Talk'd of Mrs. Ransford. S^d^ what was that to him or me, people sh^d^ live together to please themselves. I was not pleased with him. We play'd at cribbage. He made us cut for partners.

[1] Elizabeth, daughter of Lemuel Shouldham, married Follett Warren, of Lodge, Kilkenny.

"*Saturday*, 31*st December*.—Izod sulky.

"*Sunday*, 1*st January* 1775.—Went all together in the coach to church. The St. Georges dined with us. Izod went to bed shortly before ten. This is the second New Year's Day he has made very unpleasant to me.

"*Monday*, 2*nd January*.—In full assembly he proposed my going back to Chapel-Izod in two or three weeks. Everyone thought this odd and I don't well know what to make of him, but he made me pass this day in grief of heart.

"*Wednesday*, 4*th January*.—We din'd at Kilrush. Madden and Captain Stewart there. My spirits so low I had much rather been in the coal-hole."

(Mrs. Goddard is in Dublin.)

"*Friday*, 21*st April*.—Went with Barton Smyth and his wife to the Beggar's Opera.

"*Sunday*, 17*th September*.—Call'd on Mrs. Green at Carlow. Met Lady Betty near the Royal Oak, dined there and at four set out in the chaise with them. Got to Woodstock half after nine and never did poor travellers escape a more fearful night, dark, blowing and raining as hard as it could pour.

"*Monday*, 18*th September*.—Went with Lady Betty to see Lady Ann Hore, who did not speak one word to me. Tuesday 19th, Her Ladyship din'd at Woodstock.

"*Monday*, 25*th September*.—Lady B. Ponsonby[1] came in a pucker about Lord Shannon.[2]

[1] Lady Elizabeth Cavendish married, 1743, John Ponsonby, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons.

[2] 2nd Earl of Shannon, born 1727. He married, 15th December 1763, Catherine, daughter of Right Honourable Speaker Ponsonby of the Irish House of Commons.

"*Tuesday, 26th September.*—The two Lady Bettys, preceded by Sir William on horseback, in one cab; Miss Ponsonby, Miss Blunt and I in the other, went through all the woods and up to Altamont. No cards. Lady Betty Ponsonby still in a doldrum about Lord Shannon.

"*Wednesday, 27th September.*—Wrote to Mr. Izod. Lady Betty Ponsonby went off and I tried Sandy in in the cab. He does admirably well.

"*Thursday, 28th September.*—Miss Ponsonby and I in the cab to Inistioge.

"*Friday, 29th September.*—The young ladies and I set out in a boat. Miss B. proved herself no angel and we returned.

"*Saturday, 30th September.*—Lady Betty and I got to the red house, took boat there, staid on the water two hours, return'd on the carr very pleasantly.

"*Sunday, 1st October.*—Went to church. Mr. Charles Gore, Mr. and Mrs. Tighe came at three o'clock. At five, just as the second course was coming on the table, Lady Betty Ponsonby, Mrs. and Miss O'Callaghan came. We worked all the evening. When Mrs. O'Callaghan[1] went to bed she fell in labour that put everyone into a doldrum. Half a score midwives came and Tom Butler at six in the morning.

"*Monday, 2nd October.*—At eleven the lady was delivered of a tiny boy.[2]

"*Tuesday, 3rd October.*—We had a boosey party of

[1] Frances, daughter of Mr. Speaker Ponsonby and Lady Betty, married, 1774, Cornelius O'Callaghan, elevated to the Peerage of Ireland, 1785, as Baron Lismore.

[2] Viscount Lismore, married, 1808, Eleanor, daughter of John, 17th Earl of Ormonde.

whist in the evening while the two ladies were nurse keeping."

(Back in Dublin.)

"*Monday, 4th December.*—Play'd cards at Lady Betty Fownes' from six to eight.

"*Tuesday, 5th December.*—Sat to Robinson for my picture for Lady Betty Fownes.

"*Wednesday, 6th December.*—Mrs. Tighe came to see me.

"*Thursday, 7th December.*—Set out at seven in the evening. Call'd on Mrs. Robinson, Jervis Street, and Lady Wandesford,[1] Cavendish Row, neither at home, then went to Burton, where I sat till half-past after nine, when I went in consequence of my appointment and met Lady Betty Fownes at the Rotunda, to one of the grand balls.

"*Sunday, 17th December.*—Mrs. Tighe's letter brought me to her at eight in the evening, where was Lady Betty Fownes. We all set out and sup'd in Dominick Street. I would not comply and go with them to Rossana."

All this time Sarah Ponsonby was writing confidential letters to Mrs. Goddard:

"At first I believed it almost impossible for so professed a man of honour to throw off the mask so shamefully, and that my prudence would secure me from appearing to understand him.[2] But be satisfied that neither my pride, resentment, nor any other passion shall ever be sufficiently powerful to make

[1] Wife of John, Earl of Wandesforde, whose daughter married Lady Eleanor Butler's brother, John, 17th Earl of Ormonde.

[2] Sir William Fownes.

me give Lady Betty any uneasiness in my power to spare her, and I sometimes laugh to think of the earnestness with which she presses me to be obliging to him, for I have adopted the most reserved mode of behaviour ever since. (Taking no pains, when she does not perceive it, to show my disgust and detestation of him.) I would rather die than wound Lady Betty's heart."

Sarah sent Mrs. Goddard a copy of a note she had written to Sir William:

"I desire to be informed in writing and only in writing, whether your motive for behaving to me as you do is a desire that I should quit your house. If so, I promise in the most solemn manner that I will take the first opportunity of doing it, and that my real motive shall ever remain concealed. If not, I require the most solemn assurance from you, that you will never directly, or indirectly, address any language to me which Lady Betty and Mrs. Tighe might not hear and approve of. I further desire to know if you would wish me to inform them of what you have already honoured me with? Be assured that my conduct towards you has ever been dictated by the most innocent gratitude and respect, and I appeal to your conscience if it is possible for me to preserve them now. Suffer your vanity to be silent for a little time and you will judge whether it is possible for me to feel any other sentiments towards you."

There must have been much discussion of this dire affair. Sarah Ponsonby and Eleanor Butler wrote about it, sought a way out, and found it. They knew how to keep their own counsel.

Mrs. Hamilton records a doubt of Sir William's guilt:

"My mother told me that he was suspected of treating her with too marked attention, and she, willing to excuse her father, thought that more was imagined than was intended, and I, his granddaughter, charitably wish to think the same. Be that as it may, Miss Ponsonby during her own life never mentioned the subject to anyone, but after her death I found copies of some notes to him carefully put by in a pocket-book, and I found letters from her to Mrs. Goddard complaining of her unhappiness and alluding to a secret correspondence with Miss Butler, who was equally unhappy."

Mrs. Goddard, full of zest, continued her restless visits until, in Dublin on the 3rd of April 1778, she received startling news.

"*Wednesday, 27th December* 1775.—Set out with Lucy[1] in the Jamessons' chaise. Sat in the chaise at Naas while the horses were feeding, got to Killcullen at five. Wrote to Mr. Izod. Dined, drank tea and slept there, very sick day and night.

"*Thursday, 28th December.*—At seven set out with a spoonful of porter and morsel of cheese in my stomach. Eat half a dozen potatoes on the road before I got to Castledermott at half-past eleven, where I breakfasted. At two left and got to Louglin-bridge at four. The rain and wind were so violent we could not proceed, as I had intended, to the Royal Oak. I washed myself comfortably in bran and water and went to bed at nine.

[1] Her maid.

"*Friday*, 29*th December*.—At ten in the morning heard of the stage being overturned within two miles of Timolin and two passengers killed. Got to Mr. Izod at four, all there as I had left them.

"*Thursday*, 11*th January* 1776.—Nothing but play picquet with Izod. The weather cold and fires bad. Izod has grown saving. *I wonder for who*.

"*Wednesday*, 17*th January*.—Nothing but crossness and dullness. I will go away Thursday.

"*Friday*, 19*th January*.—Ditto, with the addition of the marriage blow.

"*Sunday*, 27*th October*.—Mr. Warren, Lucy and I set out in his coach and came to Chapel-Izod.

"*Monday*, 28*th October*.—Parson John Warren came.

"*Tuesday*, 29*th October*.—J. Warren got up to give me his seat, saying it was mine. I said I had no seat in particular. J. Warren said, smirking, he wished I had two members to return for seats. This, as a serious speech was nonsense, and as a joke, which his countenance expressed, was too gross for me not to take offence at, which I did, though I then pass'd it by. But after supper had my revenge for his saying that a man could not love, nay must be disgusted by, a wife that he had not children by.[1] He deserved the confusion I threw him into, tho' I was myself sorry for it afterwards, as I am sure he was vexed with himself, and with me for taking notice of what he had said, which I ought not to have done as his mind was distress'd. He did not well know what he said, but his indelicacy to me stuck in my stomach and I could not help it.

"*Wednesday*, 6*th November*.—Sir William Fownes, Miss Ponsonby, and Jack Blunt came for me, got to

[1] Mrs. Goddard had no children.

Woodstock time enough for dinner, stay'd there very comfortably, playing cards, boating, walking and reading, with a small mixture of confusion concerning a clandestine correspondence, till Wednesday when Mr. Izod's carriage came for me. Set out in it with Lucy and two geraniums. George would drive four horses and a postillion, so broke the box before we got out of the lawn. We got out, had it mended, and then proceeded with the postillion inside to Chapel-Izod, but not till they had dined.

"*Friday*, 15*th November*.—J. Waring came.

"*Saturday*, 16*th November*.—He went away, first paying me the grand compliment.

"*Tuesday*, 25*th February* 1777.—Got a letter paying me for the second time the grand compliment. Wrote to Miss Ponsonby.

"*Wednesday*, 27*th August*.—Parted with Lucy, took Jane Bowen. Set out with her at eight in the morning (was ready at seven but the chaise-man was not, for as he said he over-slept himself). Did not breakfast till I got to Naas at half after one. Got to Monastrevan at seven. An odious house and odious people.

"*Friday*, 5*th September*.—Went to Kilkenny with Mrs. Grimes.

"*Tuesday*, 17*th September*.—Went with Jenny in Mr. Izod's carriage to Kilkenny at eleven. Paid visits. Dined at Mr. Parke's with Lady Betty Fownes. Went home with her and Miss Ponsonby after tea.

"*Friday*, 20*th September*.—All went in the coach and dined with Izod.

"*Sunday*, 22*nd September*.—No church. Lord Mount Morres[1] and his brother came.

[1] Hervey, 2nd Viscount Mountmorres; his mother was Letitia, daughter of Brabazon, Earl of Bessborough.

"*Thursday*, 9*th October*.—Went to Ross by water. Visited Mrs. Napper, who looked cold as ice at me.

"*Wednesday*, 15*th October*.—Nothing from this to Wednesday the 29th. The grand battle of the Cooks who dined with us last Sunday when Sir William Fownes would not appear, for which he and Truell had high words that night. From this to Saturday the 2nd November Sir William as usual affronted me. Monday the 3rd the Truells went away and I told my mind to Sir William, who was quite sorry and good.

"*Thursday*, 6*th November*.—Mrs. Lumby came for me and I went with her, Jenny and Bess the dog to Chapel-Izod.

"*Saturday*, 15*th November*.—At business all day, which we concluded at four o'clock when I paid the sum of £192 16s. 2d. for the whim of a five years law-suit that all parties lost by."

(Mrs. Goddard returns to Dublin.)

"*Tuesday*, 17*th March* 1778.—St. Patrick's day. We had company at home and I was wickedly splenetic.

"*Monday*, 23*rd March*.—Went with Mrs. Bourne as a Haymaker and Burton as a Friar, myself Juggy Lannon, to Lady Martha Saunders's, Lady Dungannon's and Mrs. Richardson's, masquerading of it. It was very pleasant but the mob intolerable.

"*Thursday*, 3*rd April*.—Got a letter from L. B. F. and Mrs. Medows telling me that Miss Butler and Miss Pons. had run away the Monday before. Wrote to both with a fretting heart."

The letter she received from Lady Betty was short:

"My dear Mrs. Goddard,

I am in the utmost distress. My dear Sally has leapt out of the window and is gone off. We hear that Miss Butler of the Castle is with her, and Mr. Butler has been here to enquire for his daughter."

CHAPTER II

Sarah Ponsonby and Eleanor Butler were without any visible means of support—dependent creatures, and unable to earn a penny. Nevertheless, they adventured forth into a world which holds strict conventions as to payment for daily bread. Society could make neither head nor tail of such a proceeding. It was a rebellion in which "all that is sensitive braved all that is harsh, for the sake of a terribly sought peace of mind". Two fiery young hearts had no notion of a quiet and unromantic flight. They were nothing if not romantic. Despising doors, they jumped out of windows, carried firearms, bribed servants. Everything was extremely secret. They had a secret correspondence, and hid, stuffily, in cupboards or, freezingly, in barns. Sarah, very becomingly, nearly died of it. But, through all the domestic drama which they so simply and ardently contrived, they remained resolute. They knew their own minds.

Mrs. Hamilton's journal describes the first scene. Miss Ponsonby is, much to her credit, in tears.

"The night before she went I was lying on my mother's lap and Miss Ponsonby kneeling down leaned over me and wept bitterly. I was but a few months old and so ill that my mother was alarmed, and attributed Miss Ponsonby's tears to anxiety on

MRS. TIGHE WITH HER DAUGHTER (MRS. HAMILTON) AS A CHILD

my account. But she was then silently taking leave of my mother whom she tenderly loved, knowing that in a few hours she intended to quit Woodstock for ever. When the family had retired to rest, she leaped out of the parlour window, which was some distance from the ground, carrying a pistol under her arm, and followed by her little dog, Frisk. A confidential labourer (whom she afterwards loaded with benefits) accompanied her to a barn where she met Miss Butler. Sir William sent servants in pursuit of her in every direction, and one of them traced her by a ruffle which Miss Butler had dropped, and discovered them both at Waterford by the barking of the little dog."

With one accord, all the fluttered ladies wrote to Mrs. Goddard.

"WOODSTOCK, *2nd April* 1778

My dear Mrs. Goddard

The Runaways are caught and we shall soon see our amiable friend again whose conduct, though it has an appearance of imprudence, is I am sure void of serious impropriety. There were no gentlemen concerned, nor does it appear to be anything more than a scheme of Romantic Friendship. My Mother is gone to Waterford for Miss Butler and her, and we expect to see them to-night. I am happy at having this opportunity of giving my dear Mrs. Goddard pleasure and of assuring her I am her

affectionate Friend and servant

S. TIGHE"

"*Sunday night*

My dearest Mrs. G.

I was much disappointed when I found your letter directed to my mother, because she was not at

home to open it, but this morning I had the pleasure of my own and I must scribble these few lines to tell you some particulars in which I know you are very much interested. My Mother set out at five on Thursday morning in a Coach with Mr. M. Kavanagh[1] for the Waterford Ship, within a mile of which Miss B. and Miss P. had been stopped by an under servant of Sir W. F. in a Carr in Men's Clouths. She found them in the Coach with the amiable Lady Betty, who has behaved in the kindest, most indulgent manner. Miss B. made no difficulty of coming with my Mother. They staid two nights at Ballyhail and went yesterday to Borris from which place my Mother is to return on Tuesday. The idea at present is that Miss Butler will go to live at a convent in France. I am sorry to say that her friends have certainly great reason to be angry and I fear she will during her life feel the bad consequences of this rash and unaccountable action. Miss P. has got a dreadful cold. 'Tis really wonderful from the accounts we hear of their expedition that either of them is alive. They lay two nights on straw in a Barn, walked six miles over a mountain, etc., etc. But all this perhaps has been exaggerated. Miss B. left the Castle just as the family went in to supper and was not missed for two hours. 'Tis supposed she changed her Clouths in the Porch and got on a Horse (which she had never done before) to ride several miles of a dark night. The Family in the greatest surprise and consternation, not knowing of the correspondence, imagined she was gone to marry some Body, but did not know who to fix on, therefore did not send

[1] Morgan Kavanagh of Ballyhail, Kilkenny. He married Lady Frances Butler, a sister of Lady Eleanor.

to Woodstock till the next day! 'Tis most fortunate they were found and prevented running any more risks. I am convinced Miss P. was too clever to forget a single line which had been written by any of her friends. She left a letter for Mrs. Tighe. I admire exceedingly the manner in which you speak of the two Events, and agree with you perfectly in your sentiments relative to them both. Adieu my dearest Mrs. G. I dined at the Castle, 'tis late, my head is stupified, forgive all this dull scribbled nonsense, put the letter in the fire and

Believe me truly yours

N. A. M."[1]

"My dear G.

I daresay you have better accounts of this unfortunate affair than I gave you, indeed it made me so ill I could say but little. I went for them to the Ship of W-ford, had Miss Butler in the Coach very happy to come home with me. Just as we were setting off Mrs. Hamerton and Mr. Kavanagh came for her, she begged and entreated to come with me. Mr. K. and Mrs. Hamerton insisted upon taking her with them. Miss B. then asked me what I would advise. Mrs. Hamerton and Mr. Kavanagh said they insisted upon her going with them as it was her Father's orders and request not to quit sight of her till she was safe at Borris. I then said since it was her Father's orders I could only advise what I would do myself, which was to go with Mrs. Hamerton, upon which she begged half an hour which she got and so on to a moment, she then was helped into the other Coach and is now at Ballyhail. She wrote to me this morning a letter of thanks. Sally Ponsonby

[1] Mrs. Hamerton's daughter.

in bed with a sore throat and in a high fever. I read her Miss Butler's letter, and it seemed to revive her. I pity her vastly. My dear, write her a letter of comfort and stop the ill-natured tongues of the world. My Dear Creature you can little imagine what they have gone through, and how much We have suffer[d]. When you hear the whole Affair you will be amazed at their contrivances. God send Sally may ever come to herself. At present her Head is much affected. We watch her day and night. In the Coach I could not help asking her the Cause of this suddain flight, she said it was not suddain. Their Plan was to go to England, take a house and live together. By all accounts there was no man concerned with either of them. This much I wrote yesterday, no post day. *Saturday:* very ill all night, this morning fainted twice, looks quite wild at us all. We have sent for Butler.[1] She was in such a way I had her bled in the foot. I shall not mail this till Baker comes. About 8 this morning a long letter came from Miss Butler to her inclosed in the one I send you, there has been one every day. She is forbid her Father's House and sets off to-day for Borris. My Dear could you come to me it would be the act of the greatest good nature. Sir W[llm] has behaved like an angell, God bless him. Poor Sally, I fear she is in the utmost danger, indeed I am almost out of my wits. I know seeing you would bring her to reason and perhaps to comfort, God assist her. You shall after this have a line every Post, but sure you will come to us, Lucy, and you might be here in a very short time and save her life and make me happy.

Ever yours

E. Fownes"

[1] Dr. Butler.

LADY ELIZABETH FOWNES

"*4th, Saturday*

No Butler to be had. Dr. Baker came this evening and thinks Sally very ill, cant say much in her favour. She thinks herself worse. I do not but just the same way. All, I think, upon her mind. When it is so it is very hard to cure the poor Body. Come my dear to us and cure her.

Sunday

A very bad night. Her throat much inflamed, fever not so great, if she forgets herself for a little she starts and seems in such a way that I dread her sleeping. I think her in very great danger. I seldom leave her. God's will be done. Miss B. has wrote her a letter every day which distresses her to read. I am astonished she will do it. This day I wrote to Mrs. Kavanagh[1] of Borris to beg Miss B. might not write volumes to her till she was better, and this day a letter to me from Mrs. K. but none from her. Dr. Baker is here, does all he can and she seems to like him. It is a most extraordinary affair. Nobody could behave with more good sense and prudence than Mrs. Hamerton who was sent for her and never quit her till she brought her to Ballyhail. She is now at Borris and by all we can learn very well. Dines with the Family and seems hearty, but I can scarcely believe it. This poor Creature I am sure could not. Shall we see you? (God grant it). She has raved of you and yesterday I told her I had wrote to press you, she seemed quite delighted (and said that would be the thing). We hear the Butlers are never to forgive their Daughter,

[1] Lady Eleanor's father and the father of "Mrs. Kavanagh" never enjoyed his honours and was only 16th Earl of Ormonde *de jure*. Their brother had his right to the peerage acknowledged in the Irish House of Lords 1790–91.

and that she is to be sent to France to a convent. I wish she had been safe in one long ago, and she would have made us all happy. Many an unhappy hour she has cost me and I am convinced years to Sally. It is happy for you you were not here at the time. Now is the time to show Friendship to her which I think you will and to

your very affectionate Friend
E. Fownes"

"*Monday*

A very bad night. The doctor dont think her better. I own I do think her a little freer as to her breathing. Her Head still very bad. She seems to like to have us near her and often says, 'Sure Mrs. Goddard will come to you, my dear Lady Betty.' Her disorder the doctor sais is not infectious so you need not be afraid of that. In your letters to-day you don't say a word of coming which has alarmed me very much. What I suffer you may guess. A little chatt with you might be of use to

Yours
E. Fownes"

"*9th*

My dear G.

Sally is much better, but weak, low and dejected. She made me watch the windows all day yesterday, she was so sure you will lose no time. She was most anxious to see your letter to me. I did not read it all, as anything against Miss B. is death to her. Be very cautious till we meet. Storys to be sure there must be in plenty. I cant help giving credit to Sarah Ponsonby's which is that they were to live together. A convent, I used to think,—but she now sais that is what

she[1] flew from and that we are all much mistaken, and that if we knew Miss B. we would love her as well as she did. All together it is a most extraordinary affair. I sometimes can hardly think the cause is known by anyone but themselves. God knows how it is, or how it will end. I know she is very ill. I am sure nothing could be of so much use to her as seeing you and having you talk to her. I think you will come now, my dear. She has taken my little senses away. I sometimes sitt for hours and cant speak to her. Sally Tighe has been of infinite use to her. If she had not been here I must have died I really think. She is so clever at preaching to her. I fear they[2] must very soon leave me, and then indeed if you won't come I shall give myself up at once. God bless you.

Ever yours

E. Fownes

Write if it be but a line every day. Enclose to Sir W^m^."

"Not from my Green table but from my Bed

The 9th of April 1778

My Dear dear friend

I must be indeed fallen, and fallen very low, in your opinion, if you are not convinced that among the many which agitate my heart at this moment the most earnest wishes to behold you once more are not very predominant. Come then for Lady Betty's sake. You know the effect your presence has here at all times. And I know your heart well enough to be convinced that it will soon bring you. As there did not come a letter from you Wednesday I persuaded my-

[1] Miss Butler. [2] Mr. and Mrs. Tighe.

self you would have been here that night as much as if you had promised it. I would say more to persuade you, but I am sick and weak. But your good nature requires no incentives, nor does your knowledge of my feelings require any assurance of the gratitude and tender affection of your

Poor S.

Miss B. endures a sufficient portion of anguish already. Spare and vindicate her from the unmerited reproach of being the Principal Cause of our Common Misfortune, which her Generosity makes her take pains to load herself with. Believe my Solemn Assurance that it is not just,—as I will convince you when I am able. Come and assist me to thank Lady Betty."

Then came unsigned and undated, in Sarah Ponsonby's exquisite handwriting, this letter:

"I thank you my Dear Friend for the Good Opinion of me you expressed in Your Letter received this Day by Lady Betty. I am not yet recovered although I made a Visit to Borris the Day before Yesterday. A constant Head and heart Ache. I have much to tell you, but as it is not I hope many days ere I shall have an Opportunity of Speaking I defer writing, being particularly Weak today. They propose great terms to Miss B. if she will reside in a convent Some Years and give me Up for Ever. I am not Heroick enough to wish She should accept them, nor is she I believe to listen to them. Worn out by Misfortunes, I have still the comfort of Self Approbation. Were it to do Again I would Act as I have Done. If it is any satisfaction to you to know that you

possess a third place at least in an almost broken heart be assured of it—God bless you."

Eleanor Butler, at Borris, found the situation intolerable. She was a woman of action threatened with life in a convent and driven to domestic sedition by the repression exercised by her family circle. An ally was a necessity to her, and Sarah Ponsonby was being influenced by the affection and gentleness of Lady Betty. If Sarah elected to remain at Woodstock, counting on the reformation of Sir William or the advent of an attractive lover to save the situation, Eleanor Butler was doomed. She made another supreme effort promptly.

[1] "Mr. and Mrs. Butler refused to see their daughter who, after remaining some time at Borris, absconded again. Her Father sent messages everywhere in pursuit of her but she could not be found."

Meanwhile Mrs. Goddard tells her own tale:

"*Friday, 3rd April* 1778.—Having no account of their being found, staid at home to think of them.

"*Saturday, 4th April.*—Got a letter from Mrs. Tighe, another from Sir William to tell me they were catched and in safety. . . . Went with Mrs. Rochfort to the Italian opera, where we were well frightened with the riot between the army and mob and did not come home till one.

"*Monday, 6th April.*—Got letters from Lord S., I., and L. B. F.[2] telling me Miss Pons. was very ill. Went with Beck and Mrs. Rochfort to 'School for Scandal'.

[1] Mrs. Hamilton's journal.

[2] Lord Shouldham, Mr. Izod, and Lady Betty Fownes.

"*Wednesday*, 8*th April*.—At Dean Ledwick's, after that play'd a rubber of whist with Mrs. Kinsbury, who had been brought to bed the Saturday before. Went through two mobs, one pulling down a house of ill fame, the other attacking a Press-gang from Bloody Bridge.

"*Wednesday*, 22*nd April*.—Got a letter from L. B. F. to tell me Miss Butler had again absconded from Borris on Sunday night, wrote to L. B. F.

"*Thursday*, 23*rd April*.—Got another letter to tell me Miss Butler was, and had been, at Woodstock concealed by Miss Ponsonby from Sunday till Monday night without their privity."

Lady Betty wrote: "What has happened since Miss Butler's flight will surprise you. Last night a man came and said that he could discover where she was. Sir William asked 'Where?' 'In your Honour's house, he said. 'She was let in through the Hall window on Sunday night.' I could not believe it till I went up and found the two ladies crying together."

"Miss Ponsonby had kept her friend concealed in a closet inside her room," says Mrs. Hamilton's journal, "and the housemaid Mary Carryl, afterwards better known as Mrs. Mary, had brought her food. Sir William wrote to Mr. Butler to tell him where she was, entreating him to send for his daughter, but nobody came for her. Lady Betty wrote to Mrs. Goddard to request her to come to Woodstock at once to reason with Miss Ponsonby."

Cupboards, windows, barns had been exploited. What followed was an affair of confidential interviews with much parade of secrecy and a torrent of plain speaking. All the social art of which Sarah

Ponsonby was mistress was brought into play in order that Lady Betty might repeat that Sir William had behaved like an angel, and Sarah Tighe inform her daughter that "more was imagined than was intended". The pens of Sarah Ponsonby and Mrs. Goddard tell a different tale from the gentle ladies of Woodstock and Rossana.

"*Friday, 24th April.*[1]—Set out with Jane, dined at Mrs. Eustace's, Naas, upon excellent mutton chops.

"*Saturday, 25th April.* . . . Dined at the Royal Oak and got to Woodstock at nine. A most terrible long jaunt it was. Found them all in distraction. Saw my poor Miss Pons. but Miss Butler did not appear.

"*Sunday, 26th April.*—Saw Miss Pons. again who came down to dinner, but Miss Butler not till evening when she came in to tea but did not speak to me.

"*Monday, 27th April.*—Spoke to them both. Gave them my best advice which they seemed to take well, and I hop'd from their manner would have been followed. They both dined with us.

"*Tuesday, 28th April.*—L. B. F. made me go with her to talk to them. They seemed to have grown hardened in their resolution of going together. Mr. Park came with Mr. Butler's permission that they should go together and talk'd in vain to dissuade them from it. They would not show themselves below to-day.

"*Wednesday, 29th April.*—Sir William wrote to Sir W. Barker[2] and Col. Lyons[3] to acquaint them of

[1] Mrs. Goddard's diary.

[2] Sir William Barker, Bart. of Kilcooley Abbey, the brother of Sarah's stepmother.

[3] Colonel Lyons, Sarah's uncle.

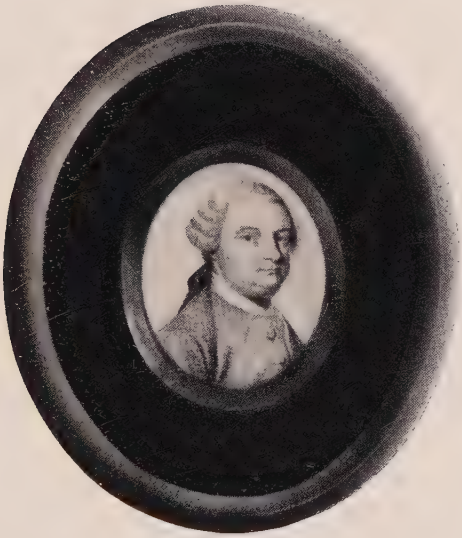
their resolution, and to Mr. Butler entreating he would come for his Daughter.

"*Thursday, 30th April.*—The ladies did not come down to dinner for fear Mr. Park should be questioned about Miss P.

"*Friday, 1st May.*—L. B. and I set out with Mr. Park who was going to Kilkenny at eight in the morning. We parted from him on the road and then breakfasted with Mr. I.[1] to whom by Miss Pons. desire I told the secret transaction between her and Sir William. Returned to dinner when the ladies joined us and Miss P. play'd cards in the evening.

"*Saturday, 2nd May.*—I talked again to Miss Pons. not to dissuade her from her purpose but to discharge my conscience of the duty I owed her as a friend by letting her know my opinion of Miss Butler and the certainty I had they never would agree living together. I spoke of her with harshness and freedom, said she had a debauch'd mind, no ingredients for friendship that ought to be founded on Virtue, whereas hers every day more and more show'd me was acting in direct opposition to it, as well as to the interest, happiness and reputation of the one she professed to love. Sir W. join'd us, kneel'd, implored, swore twice on the Bible how much he loved her, would never more offend, was sorry for his past folly that was not meant as she understood it, offer'd to double her allowance of £30 a year, or add what more she pleased to it even tho' she did go. She thanked him for his past kindness but nothing c^d^ hurt her more, or w^d^ she ever be under other obligation to him. Said if the whole world was kneeling at her feet it should not make her forsake her purpose,

[1] Mr. Izod.



SIR WILLIAM FOWNES

she would live and die with Miss Butler, was her own mistress, and if any force was used to detain her she knew her own temper so well it would provoke her to an act that w^d^ give her friends more trouble than anything she had yet done. She, however, haughtily, and as it were to get rid of him, made Sir W. happy by telling him if ever she was in distress for money he should be the first she would apply to. They dined with us and I never saw anything so confident as their behaviour.

"*Sunday, 3rd May.*—Sir W. read prayers at home. Miss P. one of the congregation. The fact of their carriage being come was known to all but L. B. We play'd the Game of the Goose . . . all dull but the girls. At night Miss P. going to bed gave me an embrace.

"*Monday, 4th May.*—She call'd at my door. I w^d^ not open it. At six in the morning they set out as merry as possible.

"*Friday, 15th May.*—All went to Kilkenny. The family at Woodstock dined at Mr. Park's, I at Mrs. Hamerton's, where I heard Sir William's gallantry to Miss Pons. was beginning to be whisper'd. I paid a visit to the Castle but not a word was said to me of Miss B.

"*Thursday, 28th May.*—Set out with Miss William, Lady B. and Miss Blount, who did not know where they were going, to Thomastown. There by my secret appointment we had a tolerable dinner.

"*Friday, 29th May.*—Went to see the Barn the ladies had taken shelter in for a day and near two nights. Mr. Tighe and Family arrived.

"*Sunday, 31st May.*—At 3 in the morning was waked by Sir William's roars who said—and the

whole house thought—he was dying of a strangulation or gout in the stomach. He was bled, bathed in warm water. I took an opportunity to tell him the cause was in his mind. Fell asleep at five and wak'd pretty well at eleven.

"*Saturday*, 6*th June*.—Sir William told me before Mrs. Tighe his illness, as I said, was his own fault that he was punish'd for.

"*Sunday*, 14*th June*.—The Blunts and Doctor Young left us as did Mr. Park the day before, having first wrote to Miss Ponsonby an account of Sir William's death.

"*Monday*, 15*th June*.—Mr. Izod's carriage came for me. Jane, Bess and I got to Chapel-Izod at one o'clock, where was Mr. Hearn, I, his wife and daughter, a prating foolish girl, toss'd up with the notion of having a large fortune.

"*Wednesday*, 8*th July*.—Mrs. Hamerton went to Borris. Lucy and Mr. Hamerton to the Castle. Mrs. Medows[1] and I to Lodge.

"*Thursday*, 9*th July*.—A good deal of company at home. I had heard in the morning of my dear Lady Betty Fownes' death the Tuesday before at eight at night and did not make my appearance among them.

"*Saturday*, 11*th July*.—Was asked to the Castle, would not go. Went with Mrs. Medows to Chapel-Izod. Mrs. Baker, the Harry Bakers, and Bob Wray dined there. We had for dinner a hog's cheek with beans under it, three chickens roast, a cut of salt

[1] Wife of General Medows, son of Philip Medows, Deputy-Ranger of Richmond Park, and Lady Frances Pierpoint, daughter of the Duke of Kingston. He fought against Tipoo, son of Hyder Ali. She was a daughter of Mrs. Hamerton.

salmon two inches wide, Mr. Izod's own pudding and a salad. And our leavings of this, which there would not have been any of but that in complaisance to each other or rather charity we stinted our appetite, was all that was for the servants in the kitchen. In short, none of us got enough and the servants were worse. Came home and play'd chess with Fanny till twelve.

"*Thursday*, 30*th July*.—Mrs. Medows got up at six o'clock and chatted till eight, when Jane, Bess, the birds and I set out in a return'd chaise. When we had gone about a mile I heard a noise made me fancy something was wrong in the carriage but it turned out to be some live cockerells the post-boy had put under the seat. They flew out and frightened me.

"*Friday*, 31*st July*.—Got to Dublin in time for supper.

"Saturday August the 1st till Saturday August the 8th nothing nor nowhere, but wrote to Mrs. Hamerton and Mrs. Medows and went to the 'Merchant of Venice' and 'A Peep in the Seraglio' with Burton to see Mrs. Abingdon, who I dont like as well as I did twelve years ago."

CHAPTER III

Mrs. Hamilton gives but a brief account of the Ladies' final flight: "At six o'clock the ladies were on the road to Waterford, whence they made their way in a sailboat to Milford Haven, and travelled through Wales. . . . They returned to Llangollen where they lodged in the Postmaster's house till they settled in the little cottage out of which they never slept for a single night during the half century they resided there. The Postmaster, Mr. Jones, was an honest, respectable man, and helped them in every way. He outlived both Lady Eleanor and Miss Ponsonby. Mr. Butler consented to give his daughter a small annuity, but when he died a few years afterwards left her nothing in his will, and Miss Ponsonby was equally dependent on her brother and the family who had adopted her. . . . As soon as they were settled at Llangollen they wrote to Ross for Mary Carryl, who had been dismissed from Woodstock for throwing a candlestick at a fellow-servant, wounding him severely. At Ross she went by the name of Molly the Bruiser. Her masculine qualities afforded them protection till they were well known and established in a village not remarkable for sobriety."

A lovely village! And they became intimate with it. That intimacy is recorded in Eleanor Butler's diary. It was maintained while the Gordon Riots

blazed out in London, Lord Cornwallis surrendered to Washington at Yorktown,[1] and the United States of America gained their independence. It lasted through the government of King George III's enemies the Rockingham Whigs, the Fox-North ministry, young Pitt's ministry at the head of the Tory party, and the beginnings of the Democratic movement. It outlasted King George's illness, the Irish rebellion of '98, the thunders of the French Revolution, the wars with France, the death of Napoleon. It outlasted, too, the lives of Burke, John Wesley, Pitt, Fox, Castlereagh, and George IV. Its stabilities held good when news came of mutiny in the fleet, of the trial of Warren Hastings, of the abolition of the slave trade, of the shooting at St. Peter's Fields, Manchester,[2] the trial of Queen Caroline, the industrial revolution, the end of the Irish Parliament and the beginning of the Union. Its ties were maintained when the village talked of the Battle of the Nile and young Thomas Campbell wrote the poem of the Battle of the Baltic, and when Llangollen celebrated the victories of Assaye, Trafalgar and Waterloo.

The times were stirring, but the Ladies lived where the movements of the river Dee, the flocks in the pasture, and the shadows of the trees were the things seen and recorded.

Cut off from all luxury, from the sunny park at Woodstock and the great Castle at Kilkenny, they were in close touch with the village green by the

[1] 1781.

[2] When a charge of yeomanry killed twelve and injured many citizens who were demanding Parliamentary reform. An event known as Peterloo.

bridge across the Dee. Their tiny black-and-white cottage nestled in a little garden among fields. The Cyflymen meandered eastward to the mill and their landlord's cottage, so like their own. Beyond, in the valley, was Pengwern Hall. The Pengwern Hills rose in a semicircle above the cottage of Jonathan Hughes. Across the Dee were the ruins of Dinas Bran, which stand on the summit of a bold hill. Around Llantysilio, by the river, the mountains swell in the Clwydian range, the Eglwyseg, the Llantysilio and the Berwyn mountains. They looked upon these hills for fifty years.

Close by their cottage was the church and beside it the Hand Inn, beyond it the King's Head. The great road from Holyhead carried a traffic which brought to the Ladies' doors the society whose ambitions they had for ever relinquished. That society remained influential in their lives. It went its way from Ireland, passed Chirk to Oswestry, and on to Bath, Cheltenham and London. It disturbed the Ladies. But they held their own. Without financial independence, husbands or lovers or children, without profession or religious vocation, they lived vividly and had significance. Chester, St. Asaph and Shrewsbury, even Shifnal, and, dearest of all, Oswestry, afforded them society. It never occurred to them to relinquish society. That old frontier stronghold Chirk Castle, the glowing Queen Anne mansions of Halston and Hardwick, Aston Hall in its stately park, Porkington,[1] Woodhouse, Oteley Park, Wynnstay gave them interest and hospitality. They knew every inch of the roads by which motorists today hurry through Whittington, Overton, Wrexham

[1] Now Bregyntyn.

and Ruabon. The multitudes that live in wayside bungalows and keep chicken farms are intimate, as they were, with the harshness or magic of the weather in a little house and the adventures of hens.

Some dominant influence was required in Plas Newydd,[1] where Eleanor Butler and Sarah Ponsonby sought domestic liberty and bought it at a heavy price. Retirement has its limits. The curtain soon falls on the drama of flight. There remains the need to live finely. How they kept faith with themselves is revealed by the record in Lady Eleanor's diary, simple, direct, and private, animated from first to last by a love of nature and a love of books. The foibles of society in the eighteenth century were her foibles, but its self-seeking and grossness were foreign to her. Its brilliance attracted her, wistfully. Her education sustained her through a thousand quiet days.

Mrs. Goddard gives a picture of the Ladies of Llangollen in 1782 and the gossip about them which enlivened Irish society in 1784, a year before Lady Eleanor began to write her diary.

"*Bath, Monday, 15th March,* 1782.—Before I came from market Beck and Pooley arriv'd and from that till this 5th of May I have been going to Balls, Plays, routs, etc.

"*Monday, 6th May.*—At home and alone. Wrote to Mr. Izod.

"*Tuesday, 7th May.*—At Mrs. Tighe's.

"*Wednesday, 28th August.*—Pooley returned. He wanted Beck to go the Friday after but she fix'd for Monday se'nnight. I was ill and cou'd not think of

[1] Their cottage.

going so soon. He and Bess were terribly gloomy at this, but she wou'd stay till I was well enough to go, which I hop'd to be the Saturday after the day she named. He was so discontented it was very pleasant to me to hear him say he would go to London, which he did Friday the 6th Sept., returned from thence Friday the 13th, and Tuesday the 24th he, Beck, Bess,[1] Fanny[1] Tristram, a blue and white long bag well stuff'd with the necessaries wanting on a road, measuring a yard and half in circumference, and I set out in a coach and four, drove by a coachman. N.B. All under the seat, what would very well have held the contents of the bag. We took a snack at Petit France of a mutton chop that did me great deal of good and satisfied us all till we got to Gloucester where we drank tea, supp'd, slept and breakfasted.

"*Wednesday the* 25*th* we din'd and slept at Worcester much against Pooley's liking who wanted to drag us on to Kid'minster, but I put my flat negative to that and with Beck went upstairs and chose our beds, wash'd and clean'd ourselves before dinner, sent to him to do the same that we might go and see the China Manufacture. As soon as dinner was over we went to see it and he also, return'd to our inn, drank tea and play'd cribbage.

"*Thursday the* 26*th* din'd and lay at Bridgnorth, but the day was too wet to walk the town over. It is here the gentle civil waiter is that told me the Star and Garter at Worcester is a better inn than the Hophole where we were, which I believe is the dearest inn on the road.

"*Friday the* 27*th* we lay at Salop, and Saturday the 28th we got to Llangollen. At 3 o'clock before we

[1] Bess and Fanny—the dog and the maid.

had done dinner Miss Butler and Miss Ponsonby came in search of me, and with them we walk'd to their cottage. Beck etc. follow'd in a chaise, left me there, went to her inn and, not choosing to take a second leave, I did not see her again. . . . As for me I staid with my fair friends in their very pleasant habitation till Saturday the 13th Oct. in which time Mrs. Bond and Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett dined with us and another day Lady Dungannon,[1] upon whose civil invitation we went Tuesday the 8th of October to dine with her at Brynkinalt and made our way to her by Chirk Castle the seat of Mr. Myddleton, a man of £16,000 a year who about four years ago married the nursery maid that wont now accept a settlement of £1000 a year because she thinks she will get more. I was quite charm'd with the castle which is very well furnished, but this is all I could see while I staid at Llangollen as during that time there was but one fine day.

"*At ten Monday the 14th* I set out in a chaise to Laurence's, Salop, eighteen miles. From thence took a chaise to Bridgnorth to avoid going over the bad iron bridge in the creek. At one, from Wenlock took a chaise. Before tea I walk'd with the civil waiter to see the old fallen castle; and at twelve o'clock Tuesday the 15th having order'd my trunk into the coach I walk'd the footway down the hill with the waiter, and well for me I had him to stop the coachman who was going off without me. I step'd in however to Dorothy Somebody that is

[1] Daughter of Edmund Stafford, Esq., co. Meath, and widow of Arthur Hill, created Viscount Dungannon. He inherited Brynkinalt from his mother, the daughter of Sir John Trevor. Lady Dungannon was the maternal grandmother of the Duke of Wellington.

going to be lady's maid to Mrs. Emly near Marlborough, and to Mr. Williams of Pemb. Coll[e], I believe of the Denbighshire Reg[t] of Militia. He soon informed me how great a man he was, by telling me of grand people he was intimate with, of great collieries he had, great estates, great Plantations, of a small addition he had made to an old large house my Lord Somebody said ought from the 'numerosity' of the rooms to have had finger-posts in it. A parlour and drawing-room each 39 foot by 22, and 15 high, and a library of the same proportions 30 foot long, with panes of glass as large as the coach windows that he fear'd (at 7/6 a pane) he cou'd not match for size and clearness in Bristol where he was going, were three rooms of the small addition. And then he told me how though colliers are call'd, and generally are, rough savage sort of people he had no reason to say so of them, for that 900 of them, upon hearing he wanted hands to finish some grand piece of work, came and offer'd their labor gratis, and actually completed it in three days—for the 900 could not work at once, nor would they on any score accept payment, nor drink more than a pint of beer each. All this showed the veneration they held him in. We did not stop till six o'clock that we got to Worcester where I left my gentleman in the parlor with a headache and closed eyes and went up to bed with Dorothy who I made sleep in the room with me, and at six next morning I got again into the coach where we had the addition of another man and his large Dog. We were very near overturned by the horses backing on a steep hill and he was much frighten'd (Mr. W. I mean) but smiled like a hero when the danger was over. I walked up Lansdown hill and

thank God at eight o'clock got safe into Bath and not expected at Home, had the door opened by Rice[1] who invited me into the Kitchen and treated me with the best pot of Tea I ever drank. . . . Here is the Bill of my travels:

	£	s.	d.
Chaise and Horse to Oswestry		16	
Driver 2/6. Bill and maid 3/2		5	8
Chaise and driver to Salop		18	
Chaise and bad driver to Wenlock		13	
Dinner, Beer and waiter		2	
Chaise and driver to Bridgnorth		8	4
Tea, supper, fire, breakfast there		4	6
Maid and waiter there		4	6
Turnpike 2/10 coach to Worcester 8/- maid 1/-		10	10
Coachman 1/- third of the bill 5/6 maid 1/-		7	6
Coach to Worcester 16/- coachman 1/-		17	
Dinner		3	
	£5	10	4"

Once more in Ireland, Mrs. Goddard on August 28th "stop'd at Lucan in an inn not fit for a pig to go into, nor cou'd I get bed to sleep in for love or money in the dirty village, and it thundered, lightened, and poured with rain and we set out to Leislip. There at one inn was to be a great dinner and they would not give us beds and the waiter whistled while he was attending at a bit of dinner we got by much ado."

On returning to Dublin, Mrs. Goddard resumed her usual round of gaiety:

"*Friday, 10th Sept.*—Din'd at Shuldhams. Went to Mrs. Beauchamp's in the evening when one lady that I got for a partner in a miff said she was sure of losing

[1] Her maidservant.

the rubber for she never won one with me (I never play'd but two with her in my life). And the lady who was against me got into a passion, s^d I always dealt myself five trumps, three honours, and that she wish'd she had such a knack of dealing, etc., etc.

"*Thursday*, 23*rd Sept.*—Nancy Smith, Triss and I set out, stay'd at Lucan to leave bottles[1] to be fill'd. Went into the inn at Maynooth, dress'd me there, got to the Dean's at five. They were waiting dinner and would not hear of my going to the inn to sleep, or going back to Dublin the next day; so Friday 24th we sallied out in our chaise and cabriole, went over all the Duke of Leinster's place, got home late and as the evening before had music.

"*Saturday*, 25*th.*—Sallied out as the day before to see Mr. Croker's cottage, Salmon Leap, which is beautiful. Home to a late dinner, neither music nor cards, the Dean and I squabbling on religious subjects.

"(*Dublin,*) *Thursday*, 4*th November.*—Spent the morning and till 5 o'clock at Mrs. Exham's, looking at the Volunteers and Army firing round King William.

"*Mem.*—Subscribed a quarter at Jacksons circulating library.

"*Monday*, 8*th Nov.*—Went with Ann Tisdale and Pooley to see Mr. Whyte's pupil, Miss Agen (not, as he says, eighteen years old), play Amanda. We threw away our compassion upon her. She has had two children and is kept by Achmed that has the medical baths.

"*Monday*, 6*th Dec.*—Cold and snowing. Had

[1] At the medicinal springs there.

neither bread I liked for breakfast, a fire to warm me, or a pinch of snuff.

"*Wednesday, 8th Dec.*—Went to the Sheriff's auction of Lord Clanwilliam's.[1]

"*Monday, January 31st*, 1784.—Spent the evening with Miss Ryves. A Mr. C. Williams from Wales there that abused Miss Ponsonby and Miss Butler furiously.

"*Saturday, 5th February.*—Went with Molly to the Parliament House, was squeezed, sick, got into horrors there, wont go again. The House luckily broke at four.

"*Sunday, 20th March.*—Could not go to the charity sermon at The Magdalen not having any mourning to put on. The Duke and Duchess of Rutland[2] went there in state and I sent my guinea to Mr. Austin and a ribbon note-case to Lady Dungannon by her woman, Mrs. Price.

"*Friday, April 1st.*—Went with Miss Blacker to the Barracks ball. Came home at one, not a little afraid of robbers, but met none.

"*Monday, 4th April.*—At home. Wrote to Mrs. Hamerton that I would answer no enquiries concerning Miss Ponsonby and Miss Butler.

"*Thursday, 14th April.*—Intended going first to Leinster House then to the Castle; went with Miss Gast to the former, where, except for one hour that we sat up in a cold upper room not being able to live in the dreadful crowd below, we staid, not being able to get out sooner without danger of losing our lives,

[1] John, 1st Earl of Clanwilliam; his son's second wife was the widow of Molyneux, Lord Shouldham.

[2] Charles, 4th Duke, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; he married Mary, daughter of the 4th Duke of Beaufort.

till half-past two in the morning in the most uncomfortable crowd that ever was. Afraid of encountering the same perils at the Castle I did not go there, and repent I did not."

Lord Bessborough[1] was soon confronted with the Ladies' problem of how to live on nothing. He wrote two dry letters to Sarah Ponsonby:

"*25th September*, 1781
LONDON

Madam,

Most likely you will think it odd that you did not receive an answer to your letter of last month before this time. The reason is that I have been at Scarborough and did not receive it until my return to town the other day. I believe you dont consider that I am near eighty years of age and almost blind, and you write so fine and small a hand that it is with great difficulty that I read it. However I can make out that you accuse me of what never existed, for I never did treat you with scorn or contempt which you mention to be the case. I did think, and do so still, that you were in the wrong to leave your friends in Ireland and I hope you will return to them. I remember you sent me a quotation from Bruyere[2] which I thought was harsh, and that I did not deserve. I thank you for the pretty cap, but it is too fine to be of use to me. You have not dated your letter from any place. I have a great scarcity of money, however if you will accept of fifty pounds it is at your service and shall be paid to your order here

[1] William, 2nd Earl of Bessborough, born 1704, first cousin to Sarah's father.

[2] Jean de la Bruyère, born 1644.

in London when you inform me who it shall be paid to.

I am, Madam,

Your most obedient and humble servant,

BESSBOROUGH

I do assure you that nobody has ever said anything to me about you."

"LONDON, *October 6th*, 1781

Madam,

I have this morning paid to Mr. Price the Fifty pounds I mentioned for your acceptance and he gave me a receipt for it signifying that it was for your use. If you would have the receipt I will send it to you, but I should imagine there is no occasion for it, as he has the appearance of an Honest man. I desire the favour of you not to send me the Purse you mention, for I have, I believe, twenty by me which are not of any use. It has been the fashion for Ladies to make Purses and they have been so obliging as to give me a great many.

Your most obedient and Humble servant,

BESSBOROUGH"[1]

It is impossible to believe that a desire to make caps or purses ever animated Lady Eleanor Butler. She preferred to read Rousseau to her Sally.

[1] The MSS. of these letters and of all letters published in this book are at Hamwood. Those from Lord Bessborough, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Castlereagh, Lady A. Wesley, Mr. Burke, Lady Davy, Mr. Wilberforce and Mr. Canning, and Southey have been published in a magazine called *Belgravia* by the Honourable Mrs. Armytage, with some dozen or so short extracts from the diary of the years 1788–89–90. As forty years have elapsed since the publication, they will be new to all readers except the handful who read that magazine long ago.—ED.

On the 15th September 1785 she took up her pen and wrote:

> "Let not Ambition mock their humble toil,
> Their rural joys and destiny obscure;
> Nor Grandeur read with a disdainful smile
> The short and simple annals of the poor.
> Dec. MDCCLXXXV."

"*Thursday, September* 15*th.*—A lovely morning. Rose at six, awakened by the village bells ringing for the return of young Myddelton[1] to Chirk Castle. Sounds of joy ill suited to our present feelings. The Clerk's, our Landlord's and Richard Griffith's cows put to graze in the field before our Cottage. . . . Compliments from Mr. and Mrs. Whalley, return'd them with an Invitation. Accepted. They came at 6, went away at 8. Like them very much. Think him well bred and very agreeable. Mrs. Whalley pretty, Timid, gentle, not absolutely unlike Mrs. Tucker.

"*Tuesday, September* 20*th.*—A letter from Our Barretts, announcing themselves and Kynastons. They arrived before eleven. With what difficulty did we restrain our Tears at seeing the chaise of Arthur Davies. Mr. and Mrs. Ormsby[2] and Mr. Owen[2] came. A lovely day. In the evening the Barretts accompanied us in a charming walk beside the Dee to visit Mrs. Whalley at Tower, two miles from this cottage in the neighbourhood of the Abbey. A small farm House, on an eminence in a most delightful

[1] Richard Myddelton, Esq., son of Richard Myddelton, M.P., and Elizabeth Rushout, sister of the 1st Lord Northwick.

[2] Owen Ormsby, Esq. of Willowbrook, married Margaret, heiress of William Owen, Esq. of Porkington. Their only child, Mary Jane Ormsby, married (1815) William Gore, Esq., and had as eldest son John Ralph Ormsby Gore, 1st Baron Harlech.

SARAH PONSONBY

situation. Dinas Bran, Eglwyseg rocks in front, a wooded dingle on one side with a rapid stream gushing through it. At the back of the house beyond the Dee the Berwyn mountains. From the garden a view of the village. This sweet spot is entirely in a state of nature, with every disadvantage of dirt and negligence. The House however is comfortable and clean. A remarkably pretty milk-white goat lying on the green under the Parlour window. Found Mrs. Whalley at home with her two sweet boys. Prevailed on her to return with us. Met Mr. Whalley on the Bridge. Her innocent Joy at seeing him.

"*Wednesday, September 21st.*—Agreeably surprised by a visit from our little friend George Tighe[1] on his way to Eton. He brought some vellum, a Letter from his Father and a note from Mr. Moland. Staid but a few minutes.

"*Friday, September 23rd.*—Took a sublime walk on the Banks of the Dee (never saw it so full or so Tremendous). Ascended the mountain, endeavoured to get Birch Bark. Trees too old and too tall. Returned by Penlan and Bache. Almost dark when we came home.

"*Saturday, September 24th.*—Read Madame de Sévigné.[2] My Love drawing. From seven till nine in sweet converse with the delight of my heart, over the Fire. Paper'd our Hair.

"*Tuesday, September 27th.*—Compliments from Col.

[1] Son of Edward Tighe, M.P., and grandson of William and Lady Mary Tighe. He married Margaret, daughter of 2nd Earl of Kingston and widow of 2nd Earl Mountcashell.

[2] Marie de Rabutin Chantal, Marquise de Sévigné, born 1627. She wrote her twelve specially famous letters to the Marquis de Pomponne when about thirty-eight. Her daughter was Madame de Grignan, to whom her letters were remarkable.

and Mrs. Myddelton by Mr. Jones, and Mr. Shawe, rector of Saunby in Nottinghamshire, a fine old man with venerable grey locks, our Idea of the Vicar of Wakefield.

"*Thursday, September 29th.*—Walked to the Birches. While we were admiring the fall of waters saw a funeral Procession coming by the Dee side, attended by the Vicar, and all the Principal Farmers of the Parish. A most Picturesque Scene. We followed it to the Churchyard of Llantysilio. Went into the Church, heard the Vicar by his snuffling, Lisping, and Vile reading spoil the most awful and Solemn Service. Nothing in the Church which could attract a moment's attention except a Squat, Tawdry, Clumsy monument belonging to the Family of Eyton.

"*Friday, September 30th.*—At Ten we set out from hence. The Roads delightful. Country charming. Went to Halston. Mrs. Mytton[1] not at home. Proceeded to our dear Barretts. Madam Bess, the elder Miss Kynaston,[2] Mrs. Trevor, Miss Wynne in the parlour. In a quarter of an hour Mrs. Barrett and Mrs. Kynaston returned from Porkington. Mrs. Barrett accompanied us to Margaret and Anne. A curious dialogue in the Street between Mrs. Edwards of M^t^ Sion, Mrs. Davies, and Gwenn Morris about Culinary affairs which would with more propriety have been discussed in the Scullery. John Jones and his little wife came to the window. Told us Lady

[1] Rebecca, daughter of Robert Pigott of Chetwynd, married John Mytton of Halston. He died 1783, leaving her with a son, John, and a daughter, Rebecca. The son married (1796) Harriette, daughter of William Mostyn Owen of Woodhouse.

[2] John Kynaston married Mary Elizabeth Corbet, 1797; took the surname and arms of Powell; was made a baronet, 1818, and died 1822, having unsuccessfully claimed the barony of Powis.

Bridgeman's Mother was dead. Madam Bess followed us. We staid an Hour at Anne's. At Dinner Mr. Kynaston and his daughter appear'd. After dinner my Sally and I went to the Green to speak to Mrs. Salisbury. At five Mrs. Barrett, Mr. Kynaston, his two daughters and we walked to Porkington. A fine still grey evening. Madam Bess, Mrs. Kynaston, and little Mrs. Jones came in the carriage. John Jones puffing after them on foot. Mrs. Ormsby delightfully agreeable. Mrs. Owen perfectly well bred. Spent three hours there very pleasantly. At eight the Carriages came. Little Mrs. Jones in the Chaise with us. My Beloved, Mrs. Barrett, Mrs. Kynaston, little Mrs. Jones play'd at whist till supper. The girls at work. The men sauntered about the room. Madam Bess and I sat on the sopha and had our own Fun.

"*Tuesday, October 4th.*—Fine grey day. Mr. Lloyde's[1] Hounds hunting opposite our garden in the Pengwern wood and on the mountain above Pen-y-Coed. Charming night. At eight Mr. Lloydde's Huntsman came with a Hare from his master, probably the same poor animal who made so free with, and was so welcome to, our Cabbages last winter.

"*Wednesday, October 5th.*—At two a Servant came from Wynnstay announcing Sir Watkin and Lady Williams Wynne.[2] They arrived soon after accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan.[3] They staid two

[1] Edward Lloyd of Penylan. Lady Eleanor spells the name two ways.

[2] Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, 4th Bart., M.P. for Denbigh, and his second wife, Charlotte, daughter of the Right Honourable George Grenville and sister of the Marquess of Buckingham.

[3] Richard Brinsley Sheridan, dramatist and politician. Son of Swift's biographer. He married the beautiful singer Elizabeth Linley, of Bath, for whom he fought two duels.

hours. Lady Wynne as agreeable and well bred this time as she was deficient last summer. *Mem.*—I was disappointed in Mrs. Sheridan's beauty.

"*Friday, October 7th.*—Reading Rousseau to my Sally. She drawing her map upon Vellum, made a great mistake in one of the tropics which spoil'd her morning's Work. . . . Incessant rain the entire evening. Shut the shutters, made a good fire, lighted the Candles. . . . A day of strict retirement, sentiment, and delight.

"*Monday, October 10th.*—A very sentimental message from Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald.[1] Answered it. . . . This day our Landlord, Richard Griffiths, and the Clerk began to plough the land before our Cottage for Wheat.

"*Wednesday, October 12th.*—An excellent fire in the Library, candles lighted and an appearance of Content and cheerfulness never to be found but in a Cottage.

"*Monday, October 17th.*—My Love and I spent from Five till Seven in the shrubbery and in the Field endeavouring to talk and walk away our little Sorrows. Sent the woman of Pen-y-coed to Ruabon for our Winter provision of groceries. At seven walked to the Hand to see Mrs. Myddelton. The Company Col. and Mrs. Myddelton, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Carter, Mr. Robert Myddelton (little Mrs. Jones' elder brother), Miss Lloydde. Declined supping with them.

"*Tuesday, October 18th.*—At nine Mr. R. Myddelton came and breakfasted here. The Country divinely

[1] Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald, daughter of James, 1st Duke of Leinster. She married (1789) Colonel Strutt, and was elevated to the peerage as Baroness Rayleigh.

beautiful. Mr. Lloydde's Hounds, hunting in the fields about Dinas Bran, and among the Ruins of the Castle; a charming Lively Scene. . . . At six o'clock Col. and Mrs. Myddelton, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Carter came. Mr. Whalley arrived soon after, walked about our little place. . . Mr. Carter brought his great dog Bob from whom Tatters had a miraculous escape. Our poor little people obliged to be locked up from him. The only dog I ever hated or wished out of the world. At nine o'clock we all walked to the Hand. Capt. Eyton there (a *gentleman* of the Denbighshire Militia).

"*Thursday, October 20th.*—A submissive letter from Poor Donnes,[1] dated the 17th. Wrote to cheer and comfort Donnes. Mathew Morris brought my Love her new shoes.

"*Friday, October 21st.*—Bought Herrings and Oysters. Loud and violent altercation between Mary and the Fisherman. Mary Triumphant.

"*Saturday, October 29th.*—From nine till two writing without ceasing. To the Barretts, Aunt Ponsonby,[2] the Kynastons, Mr. Chambre, Mrs. Goddard, Miss Bridgeman.[3] At two o'clock Mr. Whalley and his eldest son came. Staid half an hour. Let them go away in a heavy shower. *La vie est trop courte pour se gener.*

"*Sunday, October 30th.*—The Barretts came. Madam Bess astonished me with relating a Conversation which pass'd in private between me and Mrs. Kynaston the day we dined at Halston relative to

[1] The Ladies' long-suffering tailor.

[2] George Ponsonby, born 1755, married Lady Mary Butler.

[3] The daughter of Sir Henry Bridgeman, 5th Baronet, created Baron Bradford, 1794, and his wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Rev. John Simpson.

the Kynastons of Grosvenor Place. *Mem.*—Our sage grandmother's advice as to 'Think Twice before We Speak Once.' A maxim I shall practice whenever I am in Company with Mrs. M(ytton) of H(alston), an honour I shall never be ambitious of.

"*Monday, October* 31*st.*—My Beloved wrote a Long Letter to the Barretts vindicating Mrs. Kynaston and me from Mrs. M's Tattling aspersion of our having laugh'd at their kinsfolks. . . . At seven we walked before our door and in the shrubbery to see the Bonfires, which as Commemoration of a Victory gained over the English are annually lighted up on this night upon every Eminence in North Wales. From the Lawn on which We Stood, saw nineteen Fires around us. One on the Eglwyseg, Pen-y-coed, Pengwern, Llantysilio, the Hill of the Empty Well, one large fire in the centre of Dinas Bran, three on the Berwyn, an immense one on the summit of Moel Mawr.

"*Tuesday, November* 8*th.*—A Rumour in the kitchen that a Rat had been seen in the Fowl yard. John Thomas (the mason) sent for in haste to stop up the Holes and quiet the alarms of the quality.

"*Wednesday, November* 9*th.*—Before Breakfast the waiter of the Hand brought a Box which had arrived by the Chester Waggon from London. On opening found the Contents to be a Beautiful Bason or Vessel to contain water for the dogs. Mr. Wedgwood's[1] new invention and we conclude a Souvenir from Him as there was no Letter.

"*Thursday, November* 10*th.*—No Tidings of the

[1] Josiah Wedgwood, 1730–95. The great potter married Sarah Wedgwood. Their third son, Thomas, was the first photographer.

Picture Frames and of the Books which Miss Bowdler[1] sent us, nor of our Habits. 'Sport of small accidents, Tristram Shandy![2] That thou art and ever will be!' Our Landlord, Richard Griffiths, and the Clerk, ploughing, sowing, harrowing and limeing the Field before our Cottage. No Words can describe the Sweetness, the Festivity of the Scene, the Brilliancy of the Day, the Beauty of the Country. The field so animated. The number of workmen, the various implements of Husbandry, as Carts, Plough, Harrow, and Sacks of Corn, altogether formed a Picture of Rural Content and Simplicity that monarchs might behold with envy. . . . From half-past six till nine read Rousseau to my Beloved. She working her cross stitch.

"*Friday, November 11th.*—Mrs. Thomas (who I perceive delights in the marvellous) gave a fearful account of the devastations the Rats had made in the Fowl house. My beloved and I went to examine it. Found one poor solitary hole. . . . A long Letter from Mrs. Tucker by Turner the Hairdresser, with a pair of bellows for cleaning the Picture-frames. Turner cut and dress'd our Hair. (Said to *me* he was sure *I* 'wou'd be very much pleased with young Mr. Folliot's head of hair when I saw it' !) A letter from our good Aunt Ponsonby.

"*Saturday, November 12th.*—My Beloved and I consulted Mrs. Jeffreys about the proper form of making our Wills. While she was instructing us and we were settling our Affairs the Whalleys and their Children

[1] Miss Henrietta Maria Bowdler, 1754–1830. Sister of Thomas Bowdler, who "bowdlerised" Shakespeare.

[2] *Tristram Shandy*, by Laurence Sterne (1713–68), published 1760.

came in. . . . Twenty-four yards of cloth from the Loom this day for Table Linen which our under Vestals spun last Winter.

"*Sunday, November 13th.*—Mrs. Whalley told us that the servant maid of Miss Pryce his Landlady is very ill, and this day the Poor Girl's father (an ancient man), her old nurse, and a young Friend came from the Upper Country to see her (the Inhabitants of this Valley stile the Vale of Edeyrnion and the mountains about Bala the Upper Country). Mrs. Whalley had the curiosity to be present at the interview between the poor dying girl and her Friends whom she followed into the room. She said the scene was affecting beyond description, nor could she relate it without tears in which we joined her. . . . Thomas came posting to Inform us that Lady Dungannon and Miss Leslie[1] were arrived. So we Posted home. Found the Viscountess in the Library, lost in astonishment at the beauty of Lady Bridgeman's picture.

"*Wednesday, November 16th.*—Letter from Miss H. Bowdler dated Bath the 9th. The Beautiful vessel for the dog's water a present from their generous Friend. What a mercy that we did not write to thank Wedgwood.

"*Thursday, November 17th.*—At two John Jones (of Oswestry) came from Chirk Castle,—a pretty kind Private message from young Myddelton.

"*Friday, November 18th.*—A man from Hodges and Lawrence. Paid them, thank Heaven. A Receipt in full one of the greatest Luxurys of Life. Note from John Jones with compliments and 8 newspapers

[1] Lady Dungannon's daughter Prudence married Charles Powell Leslie.

from young Myddelton. Wrote thanks. Present of Fish from the Lyon. I hate culinary presents.

"*Sunday, November 20th.*—Mr. and Lady Anne Talbot,[1] Miss Talbot, Miss Wills, Theodosia and Charlie came. Experienced a Heartfelt satisfaction in shewing our demesne to these True Friends. . . . Talked over our affairs till ten. Informed the Talbots of the measures I mean to pursue, which they approve of.

"*Monday, November 21st.*—An old-fashioned Letter from Eddowes. From John Jones (of Oswestry) to inform us that Mr. Owen of Porkington had given him directions to take down the Painted Glass of Margaret Hall and send it to us with his compliments, which we are very glad of. . . . Present of a large Cod fish from the Hand. I wish they wou'd not send us Vituals. . . . Mr. Whalley came, staid half an hour. A tedious dissertation on crimes and punishments. Wish'd him hanged for interrupting us. . . . From seven till ten I read Rousseau. A day of Peace and delight. *Felt* and enjoy'd our retirement.

"*Tuesday, November 22nd.*—White glittering Frost. Country magnificently beautiful. A Fair in the Village. What a picture might be drawn from our Parlour Window of the crowds descending the opposite mountain and passing through the Field before our Cottage. Some on horseback, many on Foot, all comfortably Clad, each bringing their different commodity to the Fair, as Cattle, Pigs, Poultry, eggs, Cheese, Woollen Cloth, Baskets, Wooden ware, Spinning wheels. The women knitting as they went along, the young People in their

[1] Daughter of the 1st Earl of Glandore and his wife Theodosia, sister of Lady Mary Tighe.

best apparel; health, content and Innocence illuminating every Countenance, all speeding with heartfelt Joy to Llangollen. . . . Mary in her Glory, purchasing Beef for hanging and exerting all her powers of Eloquence in bargaining with the Butchers.

"*Wednesday, November 23rd.*—Our Landlord with his Team in the field before our Cottage. Went to him. Made him come in and warm himself in the kitchen. Gave him some Ale to drink. . . . Received a letter from Miss Gregory by Captain Gratton, a sensible agreeable man who has been nineteen years in America. He gave us a melancholy account of many officers of our acquaintance who were killed in the late War, particularly of poor General Agnew.[1]

"*Thursday, November 24th.*—John Jones' servant came this morning from Oswestry with a casement window of Painted Glass, the arms of the Trevor, Owen, and Godolphin Family with their different Quarterings, a present from Mr. Owen of Porkington. Letter from Lady Dungannon with a present of a white Turkeycock and hen. . . . Order'd the Turkey Cock to be killed lest his company should be offensive to the old Tyrant here. Sent him the Hen for his seraglio. My Sally wrote to Mrs. Tighe.

"*Friday, November 25th.*—Note from Mr. and Mrs. Canning. They and their little girl came at twelve. Mr. Canning told us as he was going last summer from Limerick to Cork he perceived at a small Distance from the Road the Ruins of a Town with a Castle tower, Monastery and Church. The Ruins very extensive and being evident remains of former Splendour. He was struck with Horror at the dread-

[1] Son of Sir James Agnew, 4th Baronet, and Lady Mary, daughter of 8th Earl of Eglinton.

ful Silence which reign'd throughout the whole place. Upon enquiry he was told it was the Town of Kilmallock, that a Superstition prevailed among the country people of its having been cursed. Since which time no one had prosper'd in it, and it was now almost totally uninhabited.

"*Saturday, December 3rd.*—Margaret this night put into her Stable for the Winter, with her own old Hay and her favourite cow to keep her Company as it was known she could not exist without society.

"*Sunday, December 4th.*—At one the Whalleys arrived. Mrs. Whalley wretchedly ill. After dinner talked of Rome. Talked of Rousseau. Switzerland. North Wales. The exquisite pleasures of retirement, and the Luxury of Purchasing Books. At nine they went away. . . . My Heart's darling and I sat by the Kitchen Fire, talking of our Poverty. My Sally's affecting exclamation! Retired at twelve.

"*Tuesday, December 6th.*—At nine the two Mr. Bligh's came:[1] the Elder just arrived from the Continent, the other from Northamptonshire, both very much improved Since we saw them last. After Breakfast the Elder Bligh Shewed us Six views of Switzerland, washed drawings by Hacklet which I confess I want taste to admire. Two Rings, fine antique, bought at Rome for Mr. and Mrs. E. Tighe. An Eye, done at Paris and Set in a Ring. A true French Idea, and a delightful Idea, which I admire more than I confess for its singular Beauty and Originality. Conversation; Geneva, its Government. Poor Rousseau. That detested Voltaire. Rome, the walls of an apartment which the Bishop of Derry purchased there and sent to Ireland. Vienna.

[1] Sons of John, 3rd Earl of Darnley.

Sir R. Keith's[1] politeness. Humanity of the Emperor. King of Prussia's great Review. Shyness and formality of the Duke of York. The Duchess of Brunswick's observation on it to Bligh. Paris. Le Petit Dunkerque. Lord Dungannon.[2] Young Myddelton. At Two o'clock the Blighs went away. Think them very agreeable.

"*Wednesday, December 7th.*—Spent the evening without candles, by the light of the Fire and faint glimmering of a pale Moon, talking over our affairs. My Sweet Love. A Silent Pensive day.

"*Sunday, December 11th.*—Little Pryce came with newspapers from Mrs Jones and to show us his new green Coat. Snowing fast. From twelve till three I read Rousseau to my Beloved. She drawing the Title Page for this Journal. A letter from Poor Maxwell communicating the whole State of her affairs in the most unreserved manner which engross'd the good creature's attention so much that she forgot to seal it. From Mrs. Bowers with her Bill. Hélas!

"*Monday, 12th December.*—Letter by the Oswestry Post from Mr. Chambre the Contents of which will be ever gratefully remembered by us. From my Friend Boissiere enclosing a pattern of paper, a Vignette avec Enveloppe, done by a Protegée of His. Some poor tawdry French creature who (like a cameleon) lives upon air in some garret in London. *Mem.*—To write to Mrs. Simpson and recommend her to her

[1] Sir R. Keith, 1730–1795, Lieut.-General and diplomatist. Distinguished for the courage and zeal with which he rescued George III's sister, Caroline Matilda of Denmark, from imprisonment and the threat of death.

[2] Arthur, 2nd Viscount Dungannon, succeeded his grandfather, 1771. Married (1795) Charlotte, daughter of Charles, 1st Lord Southampton.

LADY MARY TIGHE
From a painting by Hudson

protection and oblige my Friend Boissiere. . . . A day of the most perfect and sweet retirement.

"*Tuesday, December 13th.*—Poor Richard Griffiths returning last night from Oswestry was thrown from his horse and broke his arm, which we are greatly concerned at, as he is a Very Honest, obliging, inoffensive man and the Landlord of our Dairy and Garden.

"*Wednesday, December 14th.*—At Twelve a message from Mr. Bridgeman (Lady Bridgeman's Orlando). He, Mr. Dalton and Mr. Maddock came for an hour. *Orlando*[1] Elegant as His charming Mother and Sister."

[1] Orlando, 2nd Baron and 1st Earl of Bradford. He married (1788) Honourable Lucy Elizabeth Byng, daughter of George, 4th Viscount Torrington.

CHAPTER IV

In January 1788 Lady Eleanor Butler began her journal in a large diary. The existence of this diary has been guessed by at least two well-known men of letters, who were, however, completely mystified as to its whereabouts. The title-page is inscribed:

"JOURNAL
of E. B. and S. P.
Inhabitants of a Cottage in the
Vale of Llangollen, N. Wales.
Written by
E. B.
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude
Where all the flowers and trees do close
To weave the Garland of repose.
M.DCC.LXXXVIII."

"*Thursday, January 3rd.*—Rose at half-past seven. Soaking rain. Warm wind. Half-past eight to nine writing. Breakfast. Writing. Drawing. Letter from Lady Bridgeman dated Dec. 30 Bath. Letter from Miss Davies dated Bath Jan. 1st. From the Barretts just going to Chester. . . . Wrote to Lady Bridgeman, Circus, Bath. Wrote a line to Miss Bowdler, enclosed Lady Bridgeman's letter requesting she would read it to Lady Anne Butler. Wrote to Lady Dungannon,

and to Salter about the clock. Read the newspaper. With infinite concern found in it that Madame Louise de France died at St. Denis on the 23 Dec. at 4 in the morning. . . . Got the books cleaned and the shutters dusted. Went to the field before our cottage. Saw a man lying on the ground by the gate. Enquired. They said he was a stranger and supposed to be dead. Sent to see. Some signs of life. The Vicar's man came and proposed taking him to the workhouse. We sent him wine. He came to himself. Said he had been a gentleman's cook. Was going from London to Liverpool, had walked all night and probably fasted. Sent him something. Very little indeed.

"*Friday, January 4th.*—Letter from that sweetly affectionate and dear creature William Tighe, dated London the 2nd, with a copy enclosed of Fanny Morgan's astonishingly elegant Letter to Miss Dyer. Fanny Morgan was a servant at a very mean Alehouse near Mr. Dyer's house in Carmarthenshire and had no other knowledge but what she acquired herself. She died at the age of 22.

"*Thursday, January 8th.*—Letter from Miss Bridgeman dated Bath the 8th. Miss Harriet Bowdler the 8th. Miss Davies, St. Winifredes, dated the 8th. Mr. Tighe, London. Chambre. . . . Reading, writing. One of the Llangollen butchers brought our postbag from Wrexham. Letter from Mrs. Barrett dated Chester the 7th. Nine till ten in the Dressing room reading. Finished 'Melanges d'Histoire et de Litterature' par M. de Vigneul Marville, which has been my night lecture. A day of sweet and silent retirement.

"*Saturday, January 12th.*—Rose at eight. Storm.

Letter from Lady Anne Butler, Bath. . . . Wrote to Lady Mornington,[1] Henrietta St., Cavendish Sq. . . . Three o'c. dinner, roast mutton, celery. Wrote to André, Hatter, No. 120 New Bond St., London.

"*Monday, January 14th.*—Showers of sleet. Mountains covered with snow. Letter from Mrs. Tighe dated Harrow the 11th. . . . John Jones and Thomas Owen planting the hedge in the new garden. . . . Letter from Mrs. Stanley (formerly Jenny Talbot) from the Hand on her way to Ireland from Bath, with a Rhubarb cordial, two Views of Bath from poor Mrs. Goddard. Storm and Gloom. John Jones planting raspberries. . . . Compliments from Lady Bellamont,[2] and The kindest most flattering letter from the charming Duchess of Leinster.[3] Wrote to Lady Bellamont. She came in half an hour. Staid till past ten. Very pleasing, interesting, and vastly engaging. We asked her about the Letter of Madame De Sévigné which the Duchess has. It was given her by the Marquis De Chateauneuf, whose first wife was a descendant of Madame de Simiane (Pauline).[4] He is possessed of the entire collection, which I don't think he deserves as he gave one Letter to Lady

[1] Anne, eldest daughter of Lady Dungannon and widow of 1st Earl of Mornington. She was mother of the Duke of Wellington.

[2] Emilia, daughter of 1st Duke of Leinster, married Charles, Earl of Bellamont.

[3] Dowager-Duchess of Leinster, widow of the 1st Duke of Leinster, and daughter of Charles, Duke of Richmond.

[4] Pauline, daughter of the Comte de Grignan and granddaughter of Madame de Sévigné. Madame de Sévigné's son spent much time on Ninon de Lenclos. Françoise Marguerite de Sévigné married the Comte de Grignan. La Fontaine drew her portrait in the fable "Lions Amoureux". One of Pauline's daughters became Madame de Châteauneuf. The letters to Pauline are among Madame de Sévigné's most famous epistles.

Rivers[1] and one to Lady Landaff. One Letter which he gave the Duchess, and had he given them all to her I should have respected him as they could never have been better bestowed,—this Letter I say is dated the 23rd of March 1671. It begins 'Cela n'est il pas cruel de n'avoir pas encore reçu les lettres?' She has promised to write to Mrs. Fortescue who is at Nice to procure me a letter from Mons. De Chateauneuf. At ten this pleasing woman went away. We made her promise she would breakfast here to-morrow. Conducted her through the shrubbery. Lovely celestial night. Millions of stars, silver moon.

"*Saturday, January 19th.*—Letter from Miss H. Bowdler dated Bath January 14th. Account of the late affair. 'Lady Eglinton[2] was daughter to Lady Twysden, who had not the smallest suspicion of her ill-conduct till she received a letter from Lord Eglinton telling her that his wife was to leave Eglinton Castle for ever. He gave her £200 to pay the expenses of her journey and lent her his carriages to convey her to her Mother's House where she now is and has settled £600 a year upon her. The Duchess of Hamilton[3] will not sue for a divorce which by the laws of Scotland she might obtain, but is determined to try if gentleness and the most amiable conduct can reclaim a man whom she loves much more than he deserves. They say she behaves like an angel.'

[1] Penelope, daughter of Sir Henry Atkins, married 1st Baron Rivers of Sudeley Castle.

[2] Daughter of Sir William and Lady Twysden (of Raydon Hall, Kent), married (1783) Archibald, 11th Earl of Eglinton, a distinguished officer.

[3] Elizabeth Anne, daughter of Peter Burrell, married (1778) Douglas, 8th Duke of Hamilton. The marriage was dissolved 1794.

"*Friday, January 25th.*—Letter from Lady Mornington dated London 21st. Her excellent heart speaks in each line. Lady Anne Rawdon to be married immediately to Lord Aylesbury.[1]

Sweet still day. Soft mists rising from the river. Wrote to the Barretts. Lady Anne Butler came at three, dined, sat most comfortably over the fire, talking of old times and laughing. Letter from Arthur Wesley.[2] Will breakfast with us to-morrow morning. Wrote to him and to Lady Dungannon. Mr. Owen of Porkington sent us a hare. Supped at ten. Retired at one.

"*Sunday, January 27th.*—Rose at eight. Lovely misty morning. Lea came at 9 for a minute. Brought us Mr. Bunbury's print 'The Propagation of a Lye'. Compliments from Lady Mary Fitzmaurice[3] and Mr. Middleton of Denbigh. Ours to them inviting them to breakfast. They came, and Lady Mary's little boy. They breakfasted here. The carriage came up for them. Very magnificent indeed. Just as they were gone Lady Dungannon and Arthur Wesley arrived. A charming young man. Handsome, fashioned tall and elegant. He stayed till two, then proceeded to Ireland. Lady Dungannon stopped here. Went away at eleven. She was in the best Temper. Extremely pleasant and agreeable. We sat till one.

"*Wednesday, January 30th.*—We rose at eight with the purpose of going to Brynkinalt this day and to Oswestry to-morrow. Found the morning so delightful, our cottage so silent and still, could not find

[1] Thomas Bruce, created Earl of Ailesbury, married (1788) Anne, daughter of John (Rawdon), 1st Earl of Moira.

[2] Later, Duke of Wellington.

[3] Mary (Countess of Orkney), married Honourable Thomas Fitzmaurice, brother of William, 1st Marquess of Lansdowne.

it in our hearts to stir from it. Half-past nine writing. A note from Mr. Crowe (M.A. University Doctor of Oxford) to say he would be here in half an hour. He came on his way to Llannerch. I asked him about Maudlin College. Recommended Butler to him. He promised to visit him the moment he returned from the Dean of St. Asaph. Harsh cold day. Whistling wind. Crowe stayed half an hour. Gave us a printed copy of his sweet poem 'Lewesden Hill'.[1]

"*Thursday, January 31st.*—. . . My beloved and I went to the new garden. Reading. Drawing. Read 'Davila'. Then my beloved read 'La Morte d'Abel'. Nine till twelve in the bedchamber reading. Old Parkes of the Lyon came up to inform us that Mr. Palmer, my brother's chaplain, had been at their House for a moment on his way to Ireland. Had sent his compliments to us and Butler's Love and Duty, who was settled at Maudlin College, liked it very much and was to dine in the Hall yesterday. Very impertinent in them not to Deliver this message yesterday morning. A day of sweet and delicious retirement.

"*February 1st.*—Three o'clock dinner. Boiled Pork. Peas pudding. Half-past three my beloved and I went to the new garden. Freezing hard. I am much mistaken if there be not a quantity of snow in the sky. I read to my beloved No. 97 of the Rambler written by Richardson,[2] author of those inimitable

[1] Issued anonymously. Published at the Clarendon Press, 1788. Its author, William Crowe, D.D. (1745–1829), was the son of a carpenter. Sometime a chorister in Winchester Cathedral. Elected a "poor scholar" at the College. Fellow of New College, 1767. Friend of Samuel Rogers. His son killed in action, 1815. The poem is said to contain "noble passages", which fills me with misgivings.—Ed.

[2] Samuel Richardson (1689–1761), novelist. He was the son of a joiner, and published *Pamela* in 1740.

Books 'Pamela', 'Clarissa', and 'Sir Charles Grandison'.

"*Sunday, February 3rd.*—Post bag from Wrexham. Letter from Miss Davies of Brighton enclosing a very remarkable account given by the Rev. Mr. Whitby of Creswell in Staffordshire to Doctor T. of Mr. E.'s relation of his Mother's appearing to him after her death on Tuesday, March 29th, 1785.

"*Monday, February 4th.*—Rose at eight. Celestial blue and silver morning. . . . Compliments from Mr. Owen of Porkington with a present of 4 sticks of black sealing wax. What a whimsical pleasant mortal he is! Compliments from Col. Mansergh St. George. Just arrived at the Hand, if we are disengaged will wait on us and receive our commands for Ireland. Our Compliments. Shall be glad to see him. He came at six. Stayed till nine. One of the most pleasing men I ever conversed with. Very pretty, slight figure, pale genteel Face. Animated interesting countenance. He was dressed in the deepest mourning, a black silk cap on his head which entirely concealed his hair. He had worn it these many years in consequence of a wound he received in America which has baffled the skill of the most eminent surgeons and Physicians in Europe. He gave us the most satisfying account and the most perfect idea of the Herculaneum and Pompeia. . . . Related many curious anecdotes of Rousseau, and as he draws admirably we requested he would give us some idea of the face and Person of this unfortunate and inimitable genius. He very obligingly took out his pencil and drew two figures (I am persuaded striking likenesses) of Poor Rousseau in a dress lined and trim'd with Fur, and a large muff. . . . Anecdotes of Dr.

John Hunter[1] engaged in a great work, 'The Economy of the Human Frame'. Horrid story of Doctor Radcliffe. Anecdotes of the Prince of Wales, Duchess of Parme. Emperor. Queen of France. We were quite sorry when this agreeable man made his Bow. Howling wind. Sharp keen night.

"*Saturday, February 9th.*—Rose at eight. The mountains and valley thinly covered with snow. Heavy whitish sky. Sharp air. . . . Present of a hare from Mr. Crowe, followed by himself. The Hare sent by the Dean of St. Asaph. Mr. Crowe dined, drank coffee and sat till ten. Very sensible and agreeable. Gave us an account of his travels with Mr. Marwood of Devonshire. Beautiful description of the journey from Lyons to Geneva. Description of the window in New College, Oxford. Shabby behaviour of Sir J. R.[2] on that occasion. Original cartoon purchased by the late Duke of Rutland[3] for £800 now at Belvoir Castle, falling to pieces, a napkin under it to receive the flakes which continually break off. Anecdotes of the present D. of B.[4] astonishing avarice, meanness and suspicion. Account of Harris, Author of 'Hermes' etc. Of Dr. Young of Salisbury the original of Parson Adams,[5] Story of Boswell, the mock Court of Judicature in which they swore him to secrecy during the Northern circuit. The Duties of a Tutor. Sir John Hawkins' life of Johnson. Wretched performance. The Globes made by Long[6] for Pembroke College, Cam-

[1] John Hunter, 1728–93, anatomist and surgeon. His museum in Leicester Square, London, was bought by the nation in 1813.

[2] Sir Joshua Reynolds.

[3] Charles, 4th Duke of Rutland, died 24th October 1787.

[4] Francis, 5th Duke of Bedford, died 1802. Charles James Fox was one of his greatest friends.

[5] Parson Adams, a poor curate in Fielding's novel, *Joseph Andrews*.

[6] Roger Long, 1680–1770, divine and astronomer.

bridge. Of the ancient architecture; how infinitely superior in point of magnificence to the present. The multitude of Castles and Churches erected by different Kings in the Course of their Reigns, which could not now be accomplished in a century, accounted for by the Various Manufactures (then unknown) which employ such a number of hands at present. Smith, the great architect in Shropshire and Staffordshire, built all his houses on one Plan. . . . Mr. Crowe sent us two copies of his 'Lewesden Hill'.

"*Sunday, February 10th.*—Rose at light. Ground thinly covered with snow: Blue sky. Flakes of snow gently descending and mixing with the foliage of the evergreens. Very cold. . . . In the Library, waiting. Forgot to mention yesterday that Mr. Crowe gave us an account how Penrudock Wyndham became Possessed of Lord Melcombe's[1] Diary. The Doddington estates fell to the Marquess of Buckingham[2] as next heir but the personal fortune Lord Melcombe bequeathed to his friend Mr. Wyndham,[3] who at his death left it to Col. Wyndham, second brother to P. Wyndham, to whom he left the papers with a strict injunction that nothing injurious to the memory of Lord Melcombe should be published, which injunction was violated as whoever reads the Diary will immediately perceive.

Ten. My beloved and I drank a dish of tea.

Our Mrs. Bunbury is a charming woman in mind

[1] Formerly Bubb Dodington.

[2] George, 2nd Earl Temple, 1st Marquess of Buckingham, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1782 and 1787.

[3] Dodington left his property to Thomas Wyndham of Hammersmith, who left it all to Henry Penruddocke Wyndham (1736–1819). He published the *Diary of the late George Bubb Dodington, Baron of Melcombe Regis.*

and person, Mr. Bunbury is a singular genius, but I think the pleasure of their company may be too dearly purchased by so many tedious hours of expectation; but it is his fault not hers. At half-past one this really charming woman came, blooming and beautiful as an angel. Mr. Bunbury was obliged to go to Chester about poor Mrs. Lee's will. She told us she proposed passing the day and night here but must go to Oswestry to-morrow after breakfast. A delightful day we spent in her sweet society. We dined at three, sup'd at ten, retired at one. Post-bag from Wrexham. No letters. I was glad when Mrs. Bunbury related some noble acts of generosity and charity of the Duke of Bedford,[1] which convinces us of what we before suspected that the stories of his unnatural avarice were propagated by secret enemies whom he would not be dupe of. Lady E. F.[2] and the D. of D.,[3] her annoying extravagance abroad, always sent her Letters by expresses. Beauty and grace of D. H.; a charming Letter written with infinite spirit in the true epistolary stile by Lady W. W.—P. of W. Ring. Hair set with diamonds and the following letters in diamonds L.A.C.D.—P. of W. and D. of Y. princely in their generosity and so strongly attached to each other. Sweetly unreserved was this dear woman about her own affairs. Surprising and vexatious folly of Mr. L. about Miss H.; the presents of silks, trinkets, watch, etc. Correspondence with A. St. L.; a pity that such a being, whom nature formed for better and nobler purposes, should let herself

[1] 5th Duke of Bedford.

[2] Lady Elizabeth Foster, daughter of 4th Earl of Bristol. She married, as a widow, William, 5th Duke of Devonshire, in 1809.

[3] Georgiana, daughter of John, Earl Spencer. First wife of William, 5th Duke of Devonshire. She died in 1806.

down so low. Odd circumstances of two Ladies in Sussex personating us. Civilities they received in consequence from General and Mrs. Tryon, Col. and Mrs. Gwynn. Sweet account of little Henry Bunbury, nine years old, presented at Court on his appointment of Page to her Majesty. Account of Mrs. Siddons on a visit to General Harcourt, Mrs. Gwynn there. Read *Hamlet* so admirably, so astonishingly well. Pretty idea of a Feston of woodbine, convolvolus and hops taken from the Duc de Biron's garden. Receipt to preserve the Teeth recommended by Lady Fortescue—wash the mouth with Tobacco water.

"*Wednesday, February 13th.*—I awoke at four o'clock with a desperate head, the darling of my heart arose, got me some warm water which gave me a momentary relief, but it returned with greater violence and continued till three, during which time my beloved Sally never left me for a single moment. At three we arose, but I grew ill again yet determined to struggle against it. Read for three hours. Loud storm all day. Frequent showers.

"*Thursday, February 14th.*—The Irishwoman whom we sent to Wrexham returned with a Turkey, six bottles of sherry, Letter from Miss Leslie dated Jan. 11th *with a billet about nothing enclosed.* 'Parler beaucoup et ne rien dire l'ennuyeuse fecondité'. Threw her Letter in the Fire.

"*Sunday, February 17th.*—Rose at seven. A sweet spring morning. Went to see our dear Barretts at Oswestry, the road entirely deserted. Met in the twelve miles only one horseman and the stage coach. Spent a very agreeable day with those excellent friends and their guests Mrs. Disbrone and Miss

Maddock. Mr. Kynaston of Hardwick came in for a moment just before breakfast. Went to church. Mrs. Disbrone went to another seat. *Mem.*—The Vicar, Edwards, reads prayers admirably well, the Curate dreadfully, the latter preached, singing charming.

"*Tuesday, February* 19*th.*—Rose at seven. Misty soft morning. Went in the Hand Chaise to Oswestry, on Chester Hill overtook General Pitt and his sister, passed them and flew on. Breakfasted with our Barretts, walked round their grounds with Mrs. Barrett. Mrs. Disbrone made what she calls coverlet but I know by the name of Lancashire Toughy (toffee). Miss Maddock dressed our hair. We wore our new habits. At three went (Mrs. Barrett in the Chaise with us) to Halston.

Mrs. Lloydd of Aston[1] and her pretty children came soon after. Just before dinner *Miss* Webb made her appearance. I never before beheld anything half so handsome. After dinner Miss Mytton played divinely on the Harpsicord, after tea Miss Webb spoke an epilogue in Percy, another in Douglas,[2] and another in Jane Shore[3] so finely, such a Voice, such gesticulation, a countenance so animated and lovely, every movement so graceful, that every person in company burst into tears. Mrs. Lloydde went away before supper. At eleven we took leave, conducted Mrs. Barrett home. Steped in while the carriage was turning about and at half-past one arrived at our delicious abode. The library, parlour and kitchen

[1] Rev. John Lloyd of Aston, married (1779) Martha, daughter of William Shakespeare, Esq., of London.

[2] *Douglas*, a play by John Home (1756).

[3] *Jane Shore*, a play by Nicholas Rowe (1714). Dramatist and Poet Laureate.

chimneys swept in our absence, a disagreeable job well escaped.

"*Saturday, February 23rd.*—Rose at light. Soft rain. Cloudy but not gloomy. Tim Price, Lady Dungannon's footman, arrived. Letter from her. Answered it. Letter from our Barretts. Lady Th—— gone off with her Priest. A month's warning to Edward. I am sorry. Letter from Mr. Chambre with our account most admirably drawn up. Saucy letter from that old doating garden Woman at Shrewsbury. Wrote to Mrs. Goddard, Charles S^{t}, Bath.

State of our correspondence. Letter due from Lady Anne Butler, from Lady Mornington, from Miss Davies, from Page, from Mrs. Lowther.[1] Letter due from us to Miss Bridgeman. The same length of time which these ladies take to answer our Letters shall we take to answer theirs.

"*Sunday, February 24th.*— . . . Young Downes brought from our Barretts Sheridan's Life of Swift. . . . Post-bag from Wrexham. Letter from the Bishop of S^{t} Asaph dated London 22nd, written in the handsomest most flattering terms and promising to do something for poor Mrs. Jones in whose favour we wrote. Reading Sheridan's Life of Swift. A day of most delicious and exquisite retirement.

"*Monday, February 25th.*—Rose at light. Delicate morning. The stone cutter come to lay the stones in the Hall in the place of the odious Tiles which we have hated so long. Letter from Miss H. Bowdler dated London 22nd. Lawrence[2] the Painter lives N^{o} 41 Jermyn S^{t}, S^{t} James, price eight guineas.

[1] Sarah Ponsonby's step-sister.

[2] Sir Thomas Lawrence (1769–1830). The great portrait painter. President of the Royal Academy. Moved to Jermyn Street 1788.

Letter from Mrs. Goddard, Bath, as usual no date. I wish she were not so tiresomely communicative of her odious dreams. General Medows set off for India, that is left Bath, which was the first and painful step, last Saturday.

"*Tuesday, February 26th.* — Writing, Drawing, Sweet sunshine, blue sky. Soft smoke from the village ascending in spires. . . . Mrs. Jones, our late curate's widow, came to return us Thanks for having procured her a pension from the Bishop of S^{t} Asaph. Made her stay for dinner and coffee. Showed her the gardens, dairy and bleach yard. A sensible, agreeable, modest woman.

"*Thursday, February 28th.*—Rose at half-past seven. Hoar frost, dark cloudy sky. Ordered the Tiles to be removed from before the door, the dirt and rubbish which the stone cutters made cleared away. Spoke to our Landlord who was going up the Field. Told us the Birds in our garden sang as loud and as sweet as in the month of May. Nine breakfast. Letter from Lady Anne Butler dated Kilkenny Castle the 13th, from Miss Davies, Gay S^{t} Bath, the 22nd, from that most excellent friend Lodge Morres Dublin the 23rd with one enclosed to him from Mrs. Lowther.

Mary Davies, our Butcher and Bakers wife, sent us a present of Sago puddings. Fullerton came with compliments from Sir William and Lady Barker, Mr. Ponsonby and Miss Staples;[1] they will be here immediately—how fortunate that the Hall is finished and all the dirt and Rubbish cleared away. In a

[1] Right Rev. Richard Ponsonby, a son of the 1st Baron Ponsonby, married Frances Staples. And Mary (Barker), Sarah Ponsonby's step mother, married Sir Robert Staples as his second wife.

short time after Fullerton had been, Sir William and Lady Barker, Mr. Ponsonby and Miss Staples came, the latter a very pleasing girl with a pretty slight person, delicate skin and fine hair, her manners uncommonly polished for her age. 'Chum'[1] at length manifested himself not wholy unworthy of being Brother to the most perfect being on Earth. Sir William and Lady Barker were all kindness and good humour. They brought us two beautiful engravings handsomely framed, 'Rural Amusement', 'Rustic Employment'. We walked round the gardens and shrubbery. Sir William advised us to trim our Beeches but not cut too near the stem, it will make them grow much more freely. We dined at three. Drank coffee at seven. At eight we went in the Chaise with Lady Barker and Hannah to the Hand. Sup'd and took leave of this agreeable and dear party at twelve. Never saw such an improvement as at the Hand, everything so neat, so well dressed, and such good attendance.

"*Saturday, March 1st.*— . . . Wrote to Lady Anne Butler, Kilkenny Castle, Ireland. Wrote to those civil humble Jenkins's at Wrexham, enclosed them the amount of their Bill, with gratitude to that gracious providence who inspired Chum to enable us to discharge a debt which pressed heavily on our health and disturbed our slumbers.

"*Monday, March 3rd.*—Rose at eight. Beautiful morning. Birds innumerable. Air rather cold and harsh. Nine till three reading, writing. The parish having sent a Warrant to Llandrdglee eight people

[1] William Chambre Ponsonby Barker, Sarah Ponsonby's step-brother. He married Lady Henrietta Taylour, daughter of 1st Earl of Bective.

came last night as witnesses against that unfortunate wretch[1] who is suspected of having murdered her child.

"*Tuesday, March 4th.*— . . . High dry wind. Powder for the plate. Oil for the mahogany Table. Reading, writing. Loud storm. Three loads of muck from the Hand stables for the mushroom bed. Potatoes planted in the west border. Hay for Margaret from Pengwern Hall. . . . Finished *The Tatler*, began *The Spectator*.

"*Saturday, March 8th.*—Sweet day, purple transparent mists. Sun glistening thro' them. . . . Letter from Mr. Chambre, from the Noble Letitia, who enclosed one from Mrs. Bunbury in which she says 'I think our Friends have rather hurt themselves, particularly Mr. Burke,[2] as from the bitterness and Violence of his language contrasted to the perfect quietness and composure of Mr. Hastings'[3] attention to it, makes impartial persons rather feel inclined in his favour'.

"*Sunday, March 9th.*— . . . My beloved and I walked in the field before our cottage. Many decent orderly people hastening to Llansantffraid. A Methodist preacher there. The unfortunate wretch who was suspected of murdering her child taken up last night. The Body of the Infant being found by some persons who were in search of a Fox on the wildest part of the Merionethshire Mountain. The body was covered with sods under a great Rock. How shocking to Humanity!

"*Monday, March 10th.*— . . . Cold and gloomy.

[1] The daughter of Thomas Owen.
[2] Edmund Burke, the great orator, statesman, and reformer.
[3] Warren Hastings.

The Body of the poor Infant brought down the field in a basket. Three men and four women from the mountains with it as witnesses. The Inquest at this moment sitting over the Body in the Church. Reading. . . . Letter from Miss Bridgeman. Coachman taken ill last night which prevents their coming. Her regret sweetly and tenderly expressed. Wrote to her. Inquest pronounced Wilful murder; poor wretched creature to go to Ruthin Jail to-night. Bell tolling for the infant, who is to be interred in the Church yard, having been baptised.

"*Tuesday, March 11th.*— . . . White sky, pale sun. The poor unfortunate wretch sent to Ruthin Jail last night, confessed the Infant was hers, but denied having mangled it in that shocking manner. May the Almighty in his infinite mercy give her grace to repent of this horrid deed. Writing, Drawing. Very cold and windy . . . our excellent Barretts fearing we should be unprovided sent a fine leg of Veal and a Calve's head with a letter written with their accustomed kindness. . . . At half-past four a Rap at the Door. I was very agreeably surprised by seeing Monseigneur who is going to London to see his Brother, and our good Friend, poor Mr. Butler of Ballyraggad, who is in a very dangerous state of health with water on his lungs.

"*Wednesday, March 12th.*— . . . Nine till twelve in the Bedchamber reading, finished 'Letters on Several Subjects' by the Rev. Martin Sherlock. I hope the Rev. Martin Sherlock will never insist upon knowing my opinion of Him and His Letters.

"*Thursday, March 13th.*— . . . Letter from Miss H. Bowdler dated Portsmouth the 9th, from Mrs. Tighe dated Harrow the 7th. Excellent thoughts on

the Slave Trade in Mrs. Tighe's Letter. Those who remain in their native country are treated worse than in the Islands, where, under most of their Masters, they meet with good treatment and are instructed by the Catholic and Moravian missionaries in the Christian religion. A reformation in the manner of bringing them over, and a general attention to their morals, manners, and health afterwards, and having them well instructed in Religion and after some years set free, appears better than an abolition of the Trade.

"*Tuesday, March 18th.*— . . . Soft chill day. A few flakes of snow. Letter from the unfortunate Creature in Ruthin Gaol. What can we do for her? Reading, drawing. . . . We then went the home circuit, told Richard we thought rolling four small Barrows full of gravel into the new kitchen garden was a very little morning's work. He gave us warning, which (to his infinite surprise and evident regret) we immediately accepted, being determined never while we retain our senses to be imposed upon by a servant. Three dinner, boil'd Fowl, boiled mutton. Reading, writing. Richard sent in his keys. We sent out his wages. He went away with great reluctance. But not chusing to let our servants change places with us, We resolved when He gave Warning in the morning that he should take the consequence of it in the afternoon. Soft moist mild night. . . . Nine till twelve in the Bedchamber reading. A day of sweetly enjoyed retirement, the little Fracas of Richard's sauciness not having disturbed us, as we think we acted with becoming calmness and presence of Mind.

"*Friday, March 21st.*—Three dinner. Fresh Flounders, a bad Lobster and Indifferent Oysters.

"*Saturday, March 22nd.*—Celestial glorious spring day. Through the Lenity of Pepper Arden[1] the girl acquitted of the murder of her Infant, which we are truly glad of, as had the Judge enquired minutely into the particulars she must have been hanged this day on the green in this village.

"*Wednesday, March 26th.*— . . . A very extraordinary Letter signed Anne Easly, dated King's Arms Yard, Swallow S^t^ London. Being determined our Swallow S^t^ correspondent should have a surfeit of such a Method of Impertinence, enclosed the Letter under half a sheet of paper directed to the place from whence it was dated.

"*Saturday, March 29th.* — Celestial lovely day. Reading, drawing. Saw a white lamb in the Clerk's hanging Field. The Parlour getting a general scouring, sweeping and cleaning. My Beloved and I went the Home Circuit. Walked round our empty garden many times, liked it infinitely better empty than occupied by that Drunken idle Richard. Sweetest lovely day, close, nay even sultry. Lambs bleating, Birds singing, everything that constitutes the Beauty of solitude and retirement. . . . The Irishwoman whom we sent to Wrexham returned. Soft fine rain. Began Les Mémoires de Madame de Maintenon. I doubt whether the Vulgarity of stile, absurd anecdotes, and impertinent reflections will permit me to read it.

"*Monday, March 31st.*—Heavenly evening. Reading. Drawing. Went to the white gate, still, owls hooting. Nine till twelve in the dressing room read-

[1] Richard Pepper Arden (1745–1804). Became Baron Alvanley. 1776, judge on the South Wales Circuit. Later Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, Chief-Justice of Chester, Master of the Rolls.

ing, finished Les Mémoires de Maintenon. Began Her Letters.

Company Here since the 1st of Janry.

Lady Bellamont drank coffee and breakfasted.

Lady Anne Butler came—went away the 29th.

Mr. Lee came for a moment. Lady Mary Fitzmaurice.

Mr. Myddleton breakfasted here.

Mr. Wesley breakfasted. Lady Dungannon breakfasted, dined and supped. Our dear Barretts breakfasted here.

"*Tuesday, April 1st.*—Mr. and Mrs. Baker, little Henry Tucker, came at one. Dined. Drank coffee and went away at 6. I fear they dined here for the last time, as they have let Glynn for 21 years and leave it in a few days. . . . Mr. Baker told us of the Beautiful Painted Glass at Birmingham, Conversion of St. Paul, designed by West[1] for the Church there. Several ovals for windows from Angelica's[2] drawings. Very expensive but some which had flaws in them to be had cheap.

"*Thursday, April 3rd.*—Letter from Lady Dungannon. It is at length determined that she leaves this country. She is to have an apartment at Hampton Court. Poor woman, we shall miss our old very good friend and neighbour, but 'thus the wheel goes round'. Wrote to express our great regret. Its late in life to move, but she will perhaps find it pleasanter than the uninterrupted solitude of that old and lonely mansion.

"*Thursday, April 10th.*—Fine evening. Gentle wandering light on the mountains. . . . My beloved

[1] Benjamin West, 1738–1820.

[2] Angelica Kauffmann, 1741–1807.

and I took a delightful walk, ascended the Hill then descended into the narrow deep valley which leads to Llansantffraid. Steep hills on either side clothed to the summit with wood. The Cyflymen gushing rapidly over the Rocks and hastening to the little Mill of Pengwern. That mill, a wooden bridge, our Landlord's cottage closing the scene at one end, the other terminated by the small hamlet of Blaen Bache, the Berwyn Mountains rising behind. Walked by the brook side to Pengwern. Our Landlady came out with great expectation of joy in her countenance, said she was rejoiced to see us, that she thought it a long while since she had that satisfaction. When we had returned her greeting crossed the large wheat-field, then the Miller's field of Peas, the meadow, crossed the lane, returned hence by our own field. Met besides our Landlady the Hand Husbandman with his Team, the old man of Pengwern our Landlord's eldest brother, and a civil modest young woman who removed a great stone which closed a gate we were going to climb over.

"*Saturday, April 12th.*—Letter from Mrs. Tighe dated the 6th. . . . Sir Thomas M. being an Oliverian, more of the opposite party lodged the writings of their Estates and Mortgages with him which were never returned nor restitution made by him, or two or three more who succeeded him, and good Sir Richard M. came and would have given every one their own if he could, but the Estates were so settled it was not in his power to do more than to let them long leases at very easy rents, and through many deaths and Very Dirty marriages it came to the present representative of the family.

"*Sunday, April 13th.*— . . . Superb evening. A riot

with the Weaver's Mastiff, ordered him to be shot or sent away. Relented. Gave the man half a crown for sending him away immediately. Thought the woman looked sorry for the Dog. Bid them send for it again on condition that it is to be chained up all day.

"*Thursday, April 17th.*—A large parcel came by the Salop coach forwarded thence by Post containing—'Letters written in Holland' by Mr. Bowdler. 'Thoughts on the Importance of Manners in The Great' beautifully bound.

. . . E. from Chester came to know our commands, thank God this time it was not with a bill. What a character he gave of Miss Cholmondley of Vale Royal. This charming young woman not yet twenty. Her father[1] was thrown from his Horse and killed on the spot, some years since ; her mother died of a consumption last summer twelve month. The entire care of the little family devolved on Miss Cholmondley, who passes her time at Vale Royal and devotes herself entirely to the care of her Brothers and Sisters. There is a report (I hope it may be true) that she is to be married to young Egerton[2] of Oulton.

"*Sunday, April 20th.*— . . . The Library windows thrown open. Gentle wind rustling through the leaves. Cooing of wood pigeons. Sweet pipe of the

[1] Charles Cholmondeley of Vale Royal, died 1779. His wife died 1786. Their son Thomas was created Baron Delamere 1821 ; married, December 1810, Henrietta, daughter of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart.

[2] Sir Thomas Egerton of Oulton Park, co. Chester, married (1769) Eleanor, daughter of Sir Ralph Assherton, Bart. He was elevated to the peerage (1784) as Baron Grey de Wilton (later Earl Wilton). His surviving child, Eleanor, married in 1794 Robert, Viscount Belgrave, 1st Marquess of Westminster, whose second son, Thomas, inherited the dignity of Earl of Wilton. Sir Thomas died 1814, when his kinsman, John Egerton, Esq. of Oulton, inherited the baronetcy.

Thrushes and Blackbirds. Finished 'Thoughts on The Importance of the Manners of the Great in General Society'.

"*Thursday, April 24th.*—Soft grave still day. Letter from Miss H. Bowdler, Mr. Wilbraham, Mr. Whitley of Chester. . . . Mr. Williams of Ruthin desired to see this cottage and garden. Permitted, though we grumbled not a little. . . . My beloved and I went to the shrubbery. While we were thus employed heard loud and repeated lamentations from the Sheep and lambs who were grazing in the little verdant meadow by the Cyflymen. Ran to the pales to see what was the occasion of this plaintive bleating. Saw the entire flock ranged by the brookside, apparently in the greatest distress. At length observed one sheep hanging from the hedge on the other side of the stream just strangling, as the Briar with which it was entangled was got about its neck. Sent instantly and had it released just in time. The moment it was freed all the cries of its companions were appeased. They gazed kindly at it and returned cheerfully to their simple repast. A single lamb attempted to wade over to it, but the tender parent prevented its fond impatience by her own, and rushing thro' the water meekly stood while he plentifully sucked her.

"*Friday, April 25th.*—Reading. Writing. My Beloved and I went the home circuit. A mole caught in the new trap. A Boy in the field with three fine young Thrushes which he took from the nest on Pentrefelin, a piteous sight.

"*Monday, April 28th.*—Rose at six ; delicious dewy morning, bright sun, blue sky. From Wrexham new spade. Parcel from Appleyard containing one quire super royal paper for mounting drawings, hundred

quil Pens. Parcel for me from B. Denis de la part de St. Stanislas, 'Lettre sur la Mort de Madame Louise Marie de France.' . . . Nine Breakfast. Letter from Mrs. Tighe dated Harrow the 25th. Half-past nine till three beauteous day. Wrote to Mrs. Kavanagh,[1] Ballyheil,[2] Thomestown, Ireland. . . . My Beloved and I went to the garden, sowed the tender annuals in their hot bed. The Irishwoman whom we sent to Chirk gardens at 7 this morning with a letter to Lever returned with three pots of cucumber plants. Planted them. Sowed three sorts of cucumber seeds. Reading. Drawing. Oiled the Parlour eating table with the Spinhamland receipt. Dined in the kitchen to let the oil soak in it. Shut the shutters of the kitchen window and dined very comfortably on lamb and cold mutton. . . . Delicious heavenly evening. A present from Knight (our late Butcher's Brother) who lives in Cornwall of the spars and minerals in that county. . . . My Beloved and I walked round Edward Evans' meadow, then up the Mill lane, turned into the meadow which slopes from the Blaen Bache hill and hangs over the Mill stream. John Edwards, and his little Son with him, repairing the hawthorn hedge. He moved the Stone from the gate. Walked round the field, returned home by the lane. Found Margaret at the gate waiting for admittance. Opened it for her. Walked round our little demesne. . . . In our walk met a little boy, asked him where he was running. To rob a nest which he had observed in the morning. Scolded him and forbad him to molest the birds.

"*Tuesday, April 29th.*—Rose at half-past six. The

[1] Lady Eleanor's sister.

[2] Lady Eleanor is consistently inconsistent in all her spelling.

loveliest blue and silver morning I ever beheld. My Beloved and I went the home circuit. The air perfumed with sweetbriar, violets, and the Blossoms of the various kinds of Cherries. A Choir of Birds. The Cuckold for the first time this year. We visited our cucumber plants and tender annuals. Then walked in the field before the cottage. The country in a blaze of beauty.

"*Thursday, May 1st.*— . . . Went into the Weaver's garden. Never saw anything more neat and comfortable. A great quantity of Thread whitening on the grass. A neat sodded hovel with a good bed of straw for the Dog who guards this little property. The honest man just returned from Oswestry Fair where he had been to sell a piece of Cloth, three little children cleanly drest playing before the door. The Wife scouring her chairs and Tables.

"*Saturday, May 3rd.*— . . . Mr. Woolham from Wrexham came with his bill. A very good sort of man, sensible and intelligent. Asked him many questions concerning Charlestown, South Carolina, where he resided some years. He gave us an account of the Rattle snake and the discovery which a Negro accidentally made of a Cure for the Bite, which before was thought Mortal. This man was bit in the woods and in the Anguish of mind and Body pulled up some leaves of American Plantain which grew near him; he chewed their leaves and applied them to the Wound. He returned to his master and informed him of what had happened and prepared to die, which was always the consequence a few hours after the bite, but to the Surprise of every person the negro felt no inconvenience from the wound. Which attributing to the Virtue of the Plantain, he

suffered himself to be twice bit by a Rattle Snake, and each time applying the leaves, as at first, felt no Pain from the Wound. This discovery was of so much importance, so many dying every year by the Rattle Snakes, that there was an assembly held, the negro was freed, fifty pound per ann^{m}. settled on him, and the Cure has been every year published in the Almanacks of that Country

"*Monday, May 5th.*—Edward Evans of whom we enquired for his eldest son, a lad about fifteen, told us he has gone to London with a youth of his own age, son to old Jonathan Hughes the famous Welsh Poet. They walked to Birmingham, then got on the Stage Coach, arrived in London on Monday, and the Wednesday after both got places. Edward Evans' son hired to a person who keeps a lace shop.

"*Wednesday, May 7th.*—The Irishwoman brought us a letter which Francis the Carrier got at Oswestry. It was from the Barretts and written on Sunday, but forgot by Mr. Francis Berkeley, the postman, in his Bag. How very provoking. Writing in a rage to complain of the postman to the Barretts, who probably are raging at us. Went again to the Shrubbery and Potager. As we were going to our new Potager met a large Bundling fat elderly woman toiling up the lane, who apologised for the liberty she took in looking about her. Told her she was very welcome to see the shrubbery. Rang the Bell to have it shewn her. We came in. Glorious light and shadow. A thin spare upright figure from the Village who conducted her up told us her name was Payne, that she was a relation of Lord Bulkeley's[1]

[1] Thomas James, Viscount Bulkeley of Cashel, married Elizabeth Harriet, daughter of Sir George Warren of Chester.

and was going in a *Chaise* to the Island of Anglesea.

"*Saturday, May 10th.*—My Beloved and I went to walk in the fields by Pengwern. Met Davy, the Miller. Asked him for his Father (old Silenus).[1] Very ill was the reply, which I am sorry for. Walked sometime in the delicious meadows under Pengwern wood. At our return met our Landlord in the Mill lane. Made him come back with us. Ordered him ale, and sent him round our Shrubbery and Gardens. The Venerable worthy man prayed fervently for our health and happiness. Heavenly evening.

"*Sunday, May 11th.*— . . . As we were returning from the Shrubbery met old Parker, who came with compliments from Mr. and Mrs. Cooper desiring permission to see the cottage and shrubbery. Our compliments. They shall be welcome. We retired to the State Bedchamber till they were come and gone. Observed them from the window. He a tall man (a Clergyman), she a little woman in deep mourning. They left their Compliments and thanks. Said Lady Anne Talbot was very well and with her children would soon be here. . . . My Beloved and I walked in Edward Evans' cornfield and meadow. Then before our Cottage. All the pretty neat Peasants in their best apparel returning to their mountains from the Village. The elders soberly conversing returning from the Methodist Chapel.

"*Tuesday, May 13th.*— . . . Went to those enchanting meadows under Pengwern wood. In the Lane the Tanner's son, a creature whom when we first came to this country we frequently took with us as a

[1] Lady Eleanor has written "Silenus", though "Sulien" seems more probable.—Ed.

guide on the mountains. Asked him where he had been these three years that we had not seen him. Told us that he had married a young Woman in Llansantffraid, that his wife and he were parted, the cause of their discord his 'Ebriety,' of which he acknowledged himself too frequently guilty. Met Davy the Miller. Enquired for his Father (old Silenus). Something better. Proceeded to our walk through the sweetest meadow, shady, a small narrow rivulet gurgling on one side. The meadows in more splendid Beauty than I ever remember them. Pengwern Wood hanging over them dark and gloomy. The Boughs rustling with the wind. Rooks cawing, Kites screaming. . . . Moel Morfydd with its rich purple heather and golden yellow gorse. The Village smoke. Church Steeple. Dinas Bran. The rocks, cottages, gardens, pastures interspersed, clumps of wood, single trees, quarries; with sheep, goats, cattle scattered about. When we had walked many times round these enchanting fields returned slowly towards our cottage. At the Termination of the little Lane met Peggy running to inform us that some Company were coming to our House (her expression) ; a few yards further met L. in the same breathless state to acquaint us that a Chaise and Four with many attendants were just arrived, an old gentleman and a very genteel young one alighted, and waiting for us in the Library. We hastened home with some degree of anxiety, endeavouring to guess who our guests could be. At the little gate met Lord Nugent[1] who, with great politeness, said he came this Road on purpose to pay his compliments to us.

[1] Robert, Earl Nugent. His daughter, Mary Elizabeth, married George, 2nd Earl Temple and Marquess of Buckingham.

Then introduced his kinsman, Mr. Nugent, who I think without exception one of the prettiest young men I ever saw. They staid an hour and then made their Bow.

"*Friday, May 16th.*— . . . High blustering wind. Splendid sunshine. Reading, drawing. Compliments from Mr. Pierce (of Ruthin), desiring to see the cottage and Shrubbery. Our Compliments. He may see the Shrubbery but not the Cottage. We have no notion of being disturbed by Welsh parsons.

"*Saturday, May 17th.*—Cut the hedge of the Bleach and Fowl yards. Lovely, delicious day. A very genteel looking young man attended by the Hand driver walked about the field, advanced to the new garden, but seeing us in it politely retired. Reading. Drawing. Compliments from Mrs. Mytton. If we are at Home will wait on us. Our Compliments, are at Home and shall be pleased to see her. She came with her two nieces, twins, Pigotts.[1] Very pleasant unaffected good girls. Went the home circuit. They were lost in astonishment and admiration of the profusion of Lilacs in full Bloom. Prevailed with Mrs. Mytton to stay for dinner. My sweet love went with the Piggotts to the Bridge. We dined at four. Conducted them to the little Bridge where the Phaeton waited for them. . . . When this very agreeable and friendly party drove off we went into poor Mrs. Jones, asked her and Miss Pryce how they did. Returned to our Shrubbery and kitchen garden. Saw a Lady walking before the door. Mrs. Otway's com-

[1] Rev. William Pigot, rector of Chetwynd and Edgmond, married Arabella, daughter of John Mytton of Halston. His daughters were Arabella, Anne, and Mary Harriet.

pliments. Beg'd leave to see the garden. Permitted. Staid in the potager till she, her little girl, and Dog were gone. Lovely evening. My Beloved and I went our accustomed walk and returned by moonlight—but such a night! The Moon hanging from the richest clouds and casting her silver light over the mountains, the summits of which were flaming, the farmers having kindled fires to destroy the Heath and procure grass and herbage for their sheep and goats.

"*Monday, May 19th.*—Splendid beauteous morning. Bells ringing for young Myddelton, who is expected in the village from Chester on his way to Denbigh, for which town he is to be elected tomorrow, his Father having vacated his Seat. . . . Three dinner. Roast lamb, asparagus, peas porridge. Celestial evening. My beloved and I went to the Shrubbery. Heard loud shouting. Went to the pales. Saw young Myddelton make his entry preceeded by the village Bailiff with twenty men under arms. Blue and yellow Cockades in their hats, a great number of the Tenantry on horse back. Young Myddelton in his own Carriage. A great mob shouting, bells ringing, etc., etc. Reading. Drawing. The Bailiff and his twenty armed men came up to our Cottage and saluted us with two rounds according to *his* custom when there is any rejoicing in the Myddelton family.

"*Wednesday, May 21st.*— . . . Lovely day. Glorious light and shadow. Birds harmonious. Reading. Drawing. Loud rap at the Door. Mr. and Mrs. Kynaston of Hardwick. Mr. Kynaston when he had sat a moment went down for Miss Williams, that pretty Miss Webb, and a little Pigott—Walked about,

all enchanted with the beauty and sweetness of everything. Message from Lady Anne Talbot. She came with her three sweet Boys and one Daughter. The Kynastons went away. Made Lady Anne Talbot stay for Dinner. Sent for Miss Thomas. After dinner this dear and excellent woman proceeded on her journey. She is going to M^t^. Talbot.

"*Friday, May 23rd.*—Little Gillian kittened in the Cow's stable this morning.

"*Saturday, May 24th.*—Mr. Edwards of the Hand to announce Mrs. Kelly just arrived, with her compliments desired to know when we should come over to her. Entreated she would dine with us. . . . An elderly very sensible agreeable pleasing woman with goodness of heart strongly depicted in her countenance. We made her walk round the garden. She told us of their Majesties great goodness to Mrs. Delany,[1] extended to her old servant maid. Lady Spencer's great and noble character. Her Wonderful attention to the Sunday Schools, Alms House at St. Albans. The Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Duncannon's[2] anxiety when she was ill. Poppy Lozenges brought from France by Mrs. Hare. Lady Herbert, Lady John Russel and Lady Mulgrave all staying at Lyon Inn. After dinner this good woman proceeded on her Journey to Ireland.

"*Monday, May 26th.*—My beloved and I went to

[1] Mrs. Delany (1700–1788), daughter of Bernard Granville, brother of George Granville, Lord Lansdowne. She married first Alexander Pendarves, and secondly Rev. Patrick Delany. She lived with him at Hel Del Ville in Ireland. Spent much time with the Duchess of Portland (Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, daughter of Edward, 2nd Earl of Oxford, wife of 2nd Duke). Given a pension of £300 a year by the King. Friend of Miss Burney.

[2] William, 5th Duke of Devonshire, married (1774) Georgina, daughter of John, Earl Spencer. Lady Duncannon was her sister.

the sweet hanging meadows over the Mill; what a pretty simple scene did we behold. Between the branching oaks just over the Wheel the Bridge of one arch; the young Miller, his wife and children, sitting on the battlement. An ancient man resting on his crutch, his wallet and faithful dog lying at his feet. Beyond Edward Evans' farm yard; his cows all standing to be milked. The Team led home by his youngest son. Himself bringing out sheaves of straw from the barn. Lovely still night, all the Thunder clouds gone.

"*Saturday, May* 31*st.*—Compliments from Lord Kenmare[1] on his way to Cheltenham. Letters for Post written last night and this morning—To Mrs. Tighe, Harrow, Middlesex, Mrs. Goddard, Charles St. Bath, Mrs. Tucker, Nicholas St. Chester. Fair in the Village previous to the Wakes which begin to-morrow. Millions of Country girls and swains hastening down the sides of the mountains to make preparations for the approaching festivity. Letter from Mrs. Keatinge (formerly Miss Bagenal) desiring permission to introduce herself to our acquaintance. She is my relation, but I never saw her. . . . We thought it but proper to go down to the Hand to invite her here. We went . . . and found Mrs. Keatinge in the Great Parlour of the Hand, writing. A beautiful Tame Fox in one corner of the room. She sent for her daughter who was in her room. She came directly. Very tall fair girl about fifteen years old, very pale and delicate. A beautiful little girl of about five years of age, natural daughter to her Brother Mr. Bagenal. She

[1] Thomas, 4th Viscount. His mother was a daughter of Thomas Butler. His daughter Catherine married Count Durfort Severac. His son married Charlotte, daughter of 11th Viscount Dillon, aunt to Henrietta Lucie Dillon (Comtesse de la Tour du Pin).

ordered her servant to bring in her Dogs; three Beautiful harlequins, and a noble newfoundland dog. Then the cat was led in on a Collar. They all came from the Stables where we went also to see her charming Merlins and a magnificent horse which Mrs. Keatinge always rides.

"*Tuesday, June 3rd.*—The Taxgatherer came—paid him. At two retired to Powder and dress our hair, dined at half-past two, at three the Hand Chaise came. My beloved and I went to Hardwick thro' Chirk and Whittington to Halston. Lovely evening. The road new to us after Halston, fine verdure, large enclosures, well planted, cattle grazing, clumps of fine oak. . . . Arrived at 5. Mr. Kynaston met us at the hall door. In the Hall we found Mrs. Kynaston, our Barretts, Miss Davies, The three Miss Pigotts of Undervale, Miss Vaughan of Oteley Park, Miss Charlotte Istoyede, Miss Webb, a little Pigott girl, Dr. Boyd, Mr. Blakeway of Shrewsbury. We went to the drawing-room, sat there some time, then went to the Dairy. *Mem.*—I like the Oval Table with the leaden cistern for cream, a plug in the middle by means of which the milk is drawn from the cream. Drank Tea in the Cottage. Miss Webb spoke two Prologues; a scene between Alicia and Jane Shore, the first scene in Lady Randolph, I mean Douglas. Most divinely she looked and spoke, and I pronounce that for beauty and manner I seldom beheld her equal. Tea over we walked round the entire domain, one mile and a half, beautifully wooded. Some good views. In particular one into the Vale of Llangollen, a sweet morning scene. View of Brydon, another of Wrexham Steeple. Saw the cold bath and Mrs. Kynaston's dressing-room. At nine we all dispersed,

returned to our several abodes. Miss Vaughan to Oteley Park, the Venerable seat of the Kynastons. Our Barretts to their handsome mansion in Oswestry, and we to our quiet and delicious Cottage. What a night! And what a Country! The Lime Kilns blazing like so many volcanoes, glow worms on the Mountains."

CHAPTER V

"*Wednesday, June 4th,* 1788.—At nine my beloved and I went to the dressing-room, the air being cold. We got a fire intending to write. Finished a letter to Lady Dungannon, and her letter to which ours was an answer lying on the Table we threw it in the fire. It blazed violently, and the flames communicating to the Soot the Chimney instantly took fire and roared internally with the most fearful noise Imaginable. Our agony at this is not to be described. We sent to the Village for assistance, but before we thought the intelligence could reach there we saw Mathew Morris and his wife, Jane Fisher, Harry Morris, his daughter, the Potter's wife, her son and two daughters, Simon, Peggy's father, his wife. Every one of these good people with a pail of Water on their head running to us. The potter's son had Perceived the flames from the field whither he had conducted his team and he ran to the village, gave the alarm, and having procured a ladder stripped to his shirt, mounted on the roof of the house and by pouring pails full of water down the Chimney at length extinguished the flames. This effected they got a long rope to which they affixed a Holly Bush and, having fastened a large stone at the bottom, let it down the chimney. By this means bringing down all the burning soot. This was the work of three agoniz-

ing hours to us. In the meantime all the village was assembled in the field before our Cottage and in our Shrubbery. But all was quiet, all concern. Silently and kindly affording their assistance, expressing their regret at our fears, and comforting us by repeated assurances that there was no danger. When all was over they removed their Ladder, ropes, Pails, etc. We ordered them plentiful potations of Beer. They drank our Health, wished us long life and health. After returning thanks to the Almighty for our great deliverance we composed ourselves to rest, the Village clock striking two.

"*Tuesday, June 10th.*—The couple who walked up the field and appeared so genteel were Mr. and Mrs. Christian from Northumberland. I suppose the gentleman who married the heiress of the Great Island in Windermere Lake, Westmorland.

"*Wednesday, June 11th.*—We walked to the Joiner's. Found him and his wife sitting at dinner in the cleanest of all kitchens. A comfortable dish of boiled meat and new Cabbage, large loaf of household bread, jug of Beer. Waited in the garden till their repast was ended.

"*Friday, June 13th.*—Went to the Joiner's shop. Gave him directions about the Bench. Just as we returned a party of Soldiers, fifes playing, Drums beating, marched into the Village. Thought ourselves very fortunate that we had just left it.

"*Saturday, June 14th.*—Compliments from Mr. and Mrs. Pope and Miss Saville desiring to see the Cottage and Shrubbery. They came. Saw from the State bedchamber window whither we retired till they were gone. Mr. Pope tall gentlemanly handsome man, Mrs. Pope in a green Capotte, Miss

Saville scarlet habit. A beautiful large brown and white spaniel which they politely carried in their arms. They expressed the highest admiration of the place.

Beautiful evening. Went to the Shrubbery. Then sat in our delicious seat over the Cyflymen. . . . What a scene! On the side of the mountain immediately opposite our hall door a crowd of people, clustered like a swarm of Bees, were seated to behold a Stage play. The Stage erected under a clump of trees on the edge of the Precipice. A party of recruiting Soldiers, with drums beating and fifes playing, marching up the undulating path of the mountain to join them. Herds of Cattle grazing above their heads and spread over the pasture beneath them. The Shouts of the happy multitude, echo of the drums and fifes, singing of birds. . . . I returned to the Shrubbery. My beloved was returning to me when a pretty young woman accosted her and, presenting a neat Basket full of eggs, said: 'They were sent by poor Mary Green who daily prays for you and your companion'. . . . Reading. Writing. A lad, quite breathless to let us know our Cow, our Margaret, had just calved in the fields of the Cilmedw.[1] What an event! Sent to desire Mr. Edwards of the Hand would dispatch some careful people to bring her and her calf thence. Sent to the old Man of Bala to know what we should give her. Had her Stable prepared for her, the Turkey Hen and her eleven chickens moved to the loft. About half-past eight Margaret arrived and her Great Son. Put them in the Stable, gave her a drench of warm ale, butter and sugar. Milked her, then at eleven gave her a

[1] Cilmedw—retreat of the anchorite.

mash. Delicious night, sun set in flames of crimson and gold. Moon rose calmly and cast her silver light on our Cottage and Shrubbery.

"*Sunday, June 15th.*—Reading, drawing. Rap at the Door. Compliments from Mr. Stuart (Lord Camden's son-in-Law). Reading and drawing. Rap at the Door—Mr. Stuart[1] (Lord Hertford's nephew, *son* to the Mr. Stuart we thought) and Mr. Holford, two charming young men, particularly Mr. Stuart who I think beautiful, a handsome graceful Conway. Gave us an account in such elegant language of Herschel's[2] Wonderful discovery. Hastings' trial. Lord Cornwallis's[3] account of the dreadful state in which he found India, which has prejudiced Hastings more in public opinion than all that Mr. Sheridan, Fox and Burke had said against him. Duke of Bedford to be married to the Princess Sophia, Duke of Gloucester's daughter. Duke of York Stupid. Great friend of our dear Billy, French, and Davies. The latter gone abroad with Lord Leslie.[4] We went the home circuit with them. Quite delighted with everything. Stuart found the trees much grown since he was here with Lord Camden.[5] Holford never saw a mountain before this day.

"*Monday, June 16th.*—Compliments from Mr. Stuck (a gentleman who with his Mother and sister

[1] Afterwards the great statesman, Viscount Castlereagh, 2nd Marquess of Londonderry, 1769–1822. His mother's grandfather assumed surname and arms of Conway. Her father was 1st Marquess of Hertford.

[2] Friedrich Wilhelm Herschel, 1738–1822. Astronomer. Discovered Uranus and two of the satellites of Saturn.

[3] Charles, 2nd Earl and 1st Marquess, Governor-General of India, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and Commander of the forces there, 1799.

[4] Lord Leslie, son of Countess of Rothes.

[5] Lord Camden, 1st Earl, father of "Mr. Stuart's" stepmother.

came to the Village last night) requesting we would give him an Irish Almanack. Our compliments, were sorry we had none of a later date than 85 which was at his Service. His compliments in return, was much obliged. He is a Captain in the 95 Regt. A relative of mine in the same regiment. Mensonge. I have no relation in the army since Lord Carrick's[1] brother left it.

"*Tuesday, June 17th.*—Saw Edward Evans and his son coming down the field with sticks. Went with them to the place which had hitherto been appropriated to keeping Pea Sticks, slates, tiles, etc. and was overgrown with nettles and thistles. Cleared all away. . . . Edward Evans and his son enclosed with sticks and boughs of Ash Oak and hazel the whole place. While he was at work a man came to him to desire he would go to Mathew Morris, whose son was to be christened this evening and Edward Evans was to be one of the sponsors. We bid him go directly and leave the Messenger to work in his place. To say the truth, Edward Evans was so clumsy a Workman we were glad to get rid of him. Found we had made a blessed exchange—the one we preferred being active, diligent, modest and expeditious. Asked him his name. William Jones. Where do you live? On yonder bank, beside the tall trees. How long have you resided there? We do not recollect having seen you before? I have been but a year here; I am a labourer from Chirk Parish. Are you married? Yes, I married a Woman who was Servant at the Crown and Glove. When the fence was effectually made and the ground

[1] Henry Thomas, 2nd Earl of Carrick, born 1746. (His father married Juliana, daughter of Henry, 1st Earl of Shannon.) He had a brother, Pierce, who assumed the additional name of Cooper.

made level, brought the Turkey and her eleven young ones, the Bracket hen and her clutch, into it with a good bedding of straw and a wooden house for them to retire to occasionally with water and corn. Their Transport at being liberated, their musical congratulation and delight, cannot be compared to anything but our own feelings at having made them so happy. Sent our new acquaintance William to the Spout for water for the Tub in the Melon ground. Then Visited our Cow, saw her suckling her Son, and licking him with the most affecting fondness all the time. Went to the new garden, gathered gooseberries.

"*Thursday, June 19th.*—Letter from Miss Davies, Oswestry, enclosed one from Miss Bowdler, Plymouth. Newspapers. On Tuesday the 13th died at his House in Portland Place, London, Robert Butler Esq., my cousin germain whom I regret very sincerely, having known him long. Put on our black habits.

"*Saturday, June 21st.*—Letter from Miss Davies, from Mrs. Tighe, Harrow, 17th. Mr. Sandford's present of 'Lectures on History and General Policy' to which is prefixed an 'Essay on the course of liberal Education for Civil and Active Life', by Joseph Priestley.[1]

[1] Joseph Priestley, LL.D., 1733–1804. Theologian and man of science. His father was a cloth dresser, and his mother (Mary Swift) a farmer's daughter. Ordained. Married Mary Wilkinson at Wrexham. Founded Leeds lending library. William, 1st Marquess of Lansdowne, appointed him his librarian and he catalogued the Lansdowne MSS., now in the British Museum. Burke said he was "the most happy of men". He attacked the slave trade and vindicated the French Revolution. In 1791 his house was mobbed and his papers and library destroyed. In 1794 he emigrated to the U.S.A., but never became naturalised.

"*Sunday, June 22nd.*—A strange note from Mr. and Mrs. Sharpe desiring to see our Shrubbery and cottage. Consented. Retired to the State Bedchamber till they were come and gone. They did not stay long, thank heaven. I believe their name was Sharpe—they are none of the Sharpest. They said they had been informed we did very curious work in the Worsted and Silk way and beg'd to see them. They were answered that we never worked in that Way, and moreover whatever drawing and writing we amused ourselves with were never permitted to be shown. What sentiment and taste they must have to come to North Wales and Enquire for needlework!

"*Saturday, June 28th.*—After our return from John Edwards' field a genteel serious-looking clergyman, very well dressed, presented a paper which he requested we should read. It contained an account of his distresses, setting forth that he had been many years a Curate in the Diocese of St. Asaph, that a violent Asthma with which he was affected prevented his officiating any longer in that Capacity, by which he and five children were reduced to the greatest distress—Signed, Owen Jones. On the other side were a list of the most respectable names in this country who had contributed very largely to his relief, among the rest Mr. Owen of Porkington besides pecuniary assistance gave him a gown. We had it not in our power to present him with such a sum as our *Heart* and our Pride would have led us to offer, but the little We did give was received in the handsomest manner.

"*Tuesday, July 1st.*—My beloved and I went to the quarry. As we were going we met a young man with a Spade on his Shoulder, asked him if he would

come with us and assist our workmen. 'Aye, Sure, with all my Heart.' Thanked him and asked his name. 'William Evans, I was a servant at the Mill of Dee Side when you came to settle here, and I was the man who ground the first batch of corn you had in this country.' . . . When our workmen went to dinner, as we were crossing the Bridge over the Cyflymen, saw a venerable tall grey-headed man assisting a youth (who proved to be his son) to walk who had just fallen from the roof of Pengwern Hall and broke his arm.

"*Thursday, July 3rd.*—Mrs. Hunt told us of Mr. Locke's[1] House in Surrey near Boxhill. Mr. Locke wrote from Rome to Sandby[2] to build him a house in a particular part of his ground which he mentioned. Sandby executed it, sent him a ground plan, elevation, and drawings of the views from several windows. He has built a room en octogone, the inside to represent an arbour, the rising and setting sun on either side. The figures by Cipriani,[3] animals and birds by Gilpin,[4] and landscape by Barret[5] and

[1] William Locke, 1732–1810. Art amateur. His house was Norbury Park, near Mickleham. His pictures included St. Ursula by Claude, now in the National Gallery.

[2] Thomas Sandby, 1721–1798. Draughtsman and architect. He served in the military drawing department, Tower of London. Became private secretary to William, Duke of Cumberland, accompanied him to Flanders and Scotland, 1743–48. Was in the battle of Dettingen. Became Deputy-Ranger of Windsor Great Park. A number of his plans and drawings are preserved in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle. He devised extensive alterations in the Park and the formation of Virginia Water. His brother Paul was the well-known engraver and water-colour painter, who, in 1760, issued twelve etchings, "The Cries of London".

[3] Giovanni Battista Cipriani, 1727–1785.

[4] Sawry Gilpin painted the horses.

[5] George Barret, 1728–1784. This was his most famous work.

flowers by Pastorini.[1] Lady Fane, an old woman who cannot walk without assistance, nor turn her neck, yet her look, her smile, an air of dignity and affability which she assumes when addressing anyone, superior to any bow or curtsey they ever saw. Hastings trial. The revolutions in Sweden and Holland. Lady Littleton. Howard. Lavater.[2]

"*Thursday, July 3rd.*—Writing. A little boy came to us with a present of five plants of White Foxgloves which he found in the Tanks (wet meadows). He took them up very carefully with soil about the roots. The boy's kindness in thinking of bringing them to us was more flattering than the gift was acceptable; the white foxglove is a very great curiosity and Very beautiful Plant.

"*Saturday, July 5th.*—Rose at six. Showery all night. Heavy clouds. We shall have more rain I fear. Got two plates of cherries, one white and the other the Orleans cherry, for breakfast. Got a bundle of Moss Rose buds. Threw them in a careless manner over the Library table, which had a beautiful effect. Nine the Bishop of St. Asaph, Mrs. Shipley, two Miss Shipleys came. Went the home circuit with them. Sat in the new seat. Examined our vines, melons and mushroom bed, our back yard, fowl yard, stable, dairy. Then returned to the Library. Looked over our books and drawing. They staid till one. We felt quite sorry when they took leave. Most charming and wonderfully accomplished family, perfect mistresses of Latin, Italian, French and painting.

"*Monday, July 7th.*—The day was fine. Country in the highest beauty, well washed by the late rains.

[1] Benedict Pastorini, died 1810. Draughtsman and engraver.
[2] Johann Kaspar Lavater, 1741–1801. German poet and mystic.

Verdure glowing, fields filled with Cattle or new mown hay. Saw several groups of Simple figures. No carriages. At two arrived at the Venerable mansion, which never appeared more solemn. Poor Lady Dungannon was writing in the Parlour. Received us with open arms. Walked round the Lawn to the gate, etc. Dined at four; at Seven with great regret bade her adieu, I fear for the last time. She thought and said so herself with Tears, which caused ours to flow.

"*Tuesday, July 8th.*—A rainbow over the quarry. Glittering rain. Mr. Edwards of the Hand brought up a note from Mr. and Mrs. de Luc[1] who were just arrived. Sent to invite them up immediately. Mr. and Mrs. de Luc came, staid till eleven. Very agreeable charming couple. Went the home circuit with them. Very cold and stormy. Subjects of conversation: the Emperor. Troubles in France. Character of the Queen of France. Louis 16th. Monsieur. Account of Lavater. Of the German language. . . . Noble institutions in the protestant dominions of Germany, like Monasterys without their abuses.

"*Wednesday, July 9th.*—Mr. and Mrs. de Luc dined and suped here. Went away at twelve. Showery misty gloomy day. Mrs. de Luc came first. Went the Home circuit with her. Every bough dripping. Walks soaking wet. Such weather! Sat in the library. Mrs. de Luc gave us some sweet sonnets she had translated from Carlo Magi. Mr. de Luc came before three. Continued rain till six, when it stop'd for a moment and Mrs. de Luc and I went to the White

[1] Jean André de Luc, 1727–1817. Swiss geologist and meteorologist. Born at Geneva. Went to England, 1773. Fellow of the Royal Society. Made Reader to Queen Charlotte.

Gate. Subjects of Conversation: A full account of Rousseau, his acquaintance and marriage with Mdlle Levasseur,[1] etc. Haller[2] on hatching chickens. The small red speck in an egg the heart of the chicken. Gesner.[3] Affecting story of the man who invented the machine for measuring the number of miles in travelling. Travels in Languedoc. Dauphine. Switzerland. Herschel's telescope for viewing the moon, another for stars. Doubts whether the spots on the moon are Volcanic, or light reflected from some distant planet. Sun not a body of fire. Heaven. Experiments on water. Voltaire, Maréchal de Richelieu, their disgusting amours at Ferney. Voltaire's guilty terrors whenever he was ill. . . . At Twelve this delightful couple went away.

"*Thursday, July 10th.*—Letter from Miss Davies, Mrs. Barrett, ill of a Cold and soar throat. Letter from Mrs. Mytton, Halston, July the 7th. Met Lady[4] and Mrs. Pery at Buxton. Letter from Mrs. Goddard dated Bath, Thursday. Mrs. Lowther very well able, and could with ease, perform her promise to my beloved. Avoids Mrs. Goddard, unfeeling, barbarous mean Woman.

"*Friday, July 11th.*—Mrs. Price from Brynkinallt came, brought Phillis, Lady Dungannon's little yellow Spaniel, which she has besought us to keep and cherish for her sake, she not being permitted to bring it to Hampton Court.

[1] Thérèse Levasseur, a servant whom Rousseau married.

[2] Albrecht von Haller, 1708–1777. Swiss anatomist and physiologist.

[3] Johann Matthias Gesner, 1691–1761. German classical scholar and schoolmaster.

[4] Elizabeth, daughter of John, Lord Knapton, 2nd wife of Edmund Sexton Pery, elevated to the Peerage as Viscount Pery, 1785.

"*Saturday, July 12th.*—Reading. Finished that 'Emmeline',[1] a Trumpery novel in four volumes. If I can answer for myself I will never again undertake such a tiresome nonsensical piece of business. My morning and evening lost in perusing the stupid work.

"*Sunday, July 13th.*—The sun unexpectedly breaking forth and dispelling the mists gave us hopes of a fine evening, and being very anxious to know about poor Mrs. Barrett, whose health we have reason to fear is very indifferent, we sent to order a carriage from the Hand; and having no other alteration to make in our dress than powdering, being in mourning for poor Robin Butler, we set off. Weather delicious. Sighed as we passed the again desolate Mansion of Brynkinallt where we have spent so many, many hours; some agreeable, some the reverse. Arrived at Oswestry at half-past 6. Found the Barretts, Miss Davies, and Miss Jones of Finart in the Bedroom. Miss Jones departed as we entered. Mrs. Barrett not at all well. Her throat still sore, glands swelled and inflamed, the Fever however happily abated. When we had sat some time, beholding an amazing number of Oswestry masters and misses parading on the Bowling green in all manner of dresses and with all manner of gaites, went down to the Eating parlour. The drawing room still unfinished. Contrary to our expectations, found the Book Case is a considerable improvement. They showed us Various patterns they had received from London of Woodmason's new invented paper. Never more disappointed. Dingy. Wholly deficient in Colour, lustre, and effect. Madam Bess accompanied

[1] *Emmeline, or the Orphans of the Storm*, by Charlotte Smith, 1749–1806.

us to the garden. Evening sun gleaming on the Hay Cocks with which the meadow was overspread. A tremendous cloud threatening a deluge we hastened in. Spent a Very agreeable Evening, suped at 9, departed at 10 with the satisfaction of thinking we left Mrs. Barrett still better than when we came. Mrs. Barrett related to us that she had been awakened on Thursday night by a most violent tumult among the Chickens, which disturbed her so much she came to enquire into the Cause of it. Found all the little Poultry mournfully exclaiming under the Cherry tree in which they roosted every Night. The Turkey hen lying dead among them (Supposed to have been killed by a Weazle). The Turkey Cock, now a Widower, at some distance joining in the Lamentation. From that time he has taken the charge of the Orphans to himself, watching them with the most affectionate attentions the entire day, at night Collecting them around him and sheltering them under his Wings. An Instance of Sense and Affection unparalleled in the Annals of the Feathered Tribe. At 12 we arrived at our beloved and peaceful cottage.

"*Tuesday, July* 15*th.*—Our Landlord, his son John, their hind, all cutting hay in the field before this Cottage. A long conversation with them. Delicious day. Our Landlord said, 'The Springs begin to stir and gush freely, we shall have fine weather'. . . . Walked up the field. Met old Sarah of the Mill. Enquired for her husband. Answered with tears, very bad.

"*Saturday, July* 19*th.*—Letter from Lady Dungannon dated Hampton Court July the 17th. Arrived at Hampton on Tuesday the 15th; Lord Dungannon, Lady Mornington and Mrs. Pole there to receive her.

Our newspaper, The Star.

"*Sunday, July 20th.*—Col. St. George, his wife and sister-in-law have taken lodgings at I——; please the Lord it shall not affect us.

"*Tuesday, July 22nd.*—Rose at seven. Delicious soft grey morning. If it would but continue fair! Rooks cawing, sheep bleating, rush of waters. Weaver's loom. Village bell Tolling. Such an assembly of rural noises.

"*Wednesday, July 23rd.*—Letter from Mrs. Ponsonby[1] dated Dublin July the 14th, just going to Spa by Park Gate. Two beautiful drawings of her two sons, John and William. Lady Betty Ponsonby and her daughter going with Lord George Cavendish to Holker in Lancashire. Sent the pictures by Mrs. Tucker. Letter from Mrs. Tucker dated Parkgate the 17th. Col. and Mrs. St. George and Miss Stepney purpose settling in the neighbourhood of Llangollen if they can get a House. We shall take care not to be troubled with their visits. Lord Mornington landed there and Lord Lifford with his family returns no more to Ireland as Chancellor.

Altered the pictures, hung the two Boys as pendents to Miss Ponsonby and Lady Anne Wesley's[2] pictures over the chimney. . . . At one our dear

[1] Louisa, daughter of 3rd Viscount Molesworth, married (1769) William Brabazon Ponsonby, created 1st Baron Ponsonby of Imokilly, eldest son of the Right Honourable John Ponsonby. Their son John succeeded his father 1806 and married Lady Frances, daughter of 4th Earl of Jersey. Their second son, William, became a Major-General in the Army (K.C.B.) and married Georgina, daughter of 1st Lord Southampton. Sir William fell at Waterloo. His daughter, Anne Louise, married (1832) William Tighe Hamilton, son of Caroline and Charles Hamilton of Hamwood.

[2] Daughter of 1st Earl of Mornington. Sister of Duke of Wellington.

Barretts and Miss Davies came. . . . Miss Davies read some passages of a letter from Miss Hoare of Bath. Account of her brother Prince Hoare's[1] journey thro' Spain and Portugal. The Fandango the most graceful of all dances. Mr. Throgmorton's death at Lisbon. Carried to the Church under a black velvet and silver pall, face uncovered. When the Coffin was closed there was a lock fastened to it, the key of which was given to his nearest relation. The Custom in Portugal. The English always attend the burial of every person of their own Nation. Number of Funerals at Lisbon during the Hoares' residence there, short as it was. Bad accommodation on the roads in Spain, excessively dear.

Lady Miltown,[2] Lady Cecilia,[3] Lady Frances Leeson[3] came lastly from Cheltenham. Tiresome royal anecdotes which I hate.

"*Thursday, July 25th.*—My beloved and I walked in the delicious meadows under Pengwern Wood. Our Landlord in one of them like a Patriarch—making hay surrounded by his entire household. . . . Met the Vicar, invited him in. He stayed half an hour. Three dinner, boil'd corned Beef with all sorts of vegetables in profusion, boiled fresh salmon. Reading. Drawing. Fine sunshine, light and shadow. The Clerk's Harvest cart with scarlet wheels removing the Hay. My beloved and I walked in the beautiful mill fields.

[1] Prince Hoare, 1755–1834. Dramatist and artist, son of "Hoare of Bath", the portrait painter. In 1788 took a voyage to Lisbon for his health.

[2] Widow of 1st Earl of Milltown. She was his third wife and the daughter of the Rev. W. French.

[3] Lady Cecilia, married in 1789 David La Touche, Esq. Lady Frances married (1790) Marcus Beresford, Esq.

"*Friday, July 26th.*—Rose at 7. Lord Clifton[1] came, hastened downstairs as soon as we heard of his being below. He breakfasted, went the home circuit and staid till eleven. Account of Strawberry Hill; the Eagle carried by Mrs. Damer.[2] A Latin inscription by Horace Walpole to this purpose: 'Not done by Praxiteles, done by Damer'. Scandalous affair of the P. of W. and L'Abbé St. Fare, natural Brother of the Duke of Orleans. The P. had given his word of Honour to the Abbé that he would not throw him in the water. The very minute he had done it he ran away and dropt his Hat. The Abbé kicked the Hat and said he would do the same to the Owner of it. Usury of the Duke of Orleans; with an income of three hundred thousand pounds a year bought fifty thousand pounds worth of Coal to sell at Paris. At Law with his sister for her share of the celebrated gallery of Pictures.

"*Saturday, July 27th.*—My beloved and I walked in the lane and meadows; saw a little, pale boy climbing over our gate with a bundle of sticks on his back. Where are you going? Home. Where do you live? With my Dad and my Mam. What is your Name? Tommy, son to John Edwards. Have you any brothers? Yes, Bobby and Jacky and Neddy and Dick. What is your mother's name? Blanche. Sat on the rock which rises abruptly in the meadow.

[1] John, Lord Clifton (nephew of Lady Mary Tighe), who succeeded his father as 4th Earl of Darnley. His son Edward, Lord Clifton, afterwards 5th Earl of Darnley, married (1825) a daughter of Sir Henry Parnell.

[2] Only child of Field-Marshal Henry Seymour Conway by his wife, Lady Caroline Campbell, widow of Lord Ailesbury and daughter of 4th Duke of Argyll. She was executrix and residuary legatee of Horace Walpole, who left her Strawberry Hill for life. She married John, eldest son of Joseph (Damer), Earl of Dorchester.

Returned by Pengwern Mill and our Landlord's, then walked in the little fold at the back of their cottage. John Edwards' wife came to us with cherries. She was going to Visit her mother on the Mountains. Our Landlady came to us, walked to her Barn with us. Met our Landlord returning from Llandyn. Spoke to him. Then the Venerable worthy old Couple walked home arm in arm.

"*Sunday, July 28th.*—Note from Col. Mansergh St. George (who it seems arrived last night at the Town) pleading indisposition for not having been to wait on us this morning and desiring to know whether we had heard from Fueselé. This is a very modest way of signifying his arrival in our neighbourhood. We returned a very civil and cool answer.

. . . We walked to the new waterfall by the Mill, sat on the wall beside it and then returned to Pengwern. Our Landlady brought us cherries. Sat beside the great ash tree and made our Landlady sit with us and relate her Courtship and Marriage with our Landlord. . . . My Beloved and I walked on the Lawn. Saw two Ladies (one in a black capotte, the other one in white muslin, short dress, Each with large straw bonnet) coming up the lane, guessed them to be our neighbours Mrs. St. George and Miss Stepney, noticed they walked round the clump before the pales, stared[1] into the windows, and behaved with a degree of vulgarity peculiar to the stile and line of Life those Ladies have wilfully adopted.

"*Wednesday, July 30th.*—Writing. Drawing. My beloved and I went the home circuit then visited the waterfall. . . . Met a child gathering wild flowers on a bank. Looked[1] in a Cottage by the brook side.

[1] Well, well!—ED.

A young woman winding thread, a little boy beside her rocking a Cradle.

Three dinner, boiled mutton. Cauliflowers, mushrooms. Potatoes.

Just as we had dined the Letters were brought by Mrs. Kynaston's servant from Mrs. Kynaston, dated The Lyon, to say she and Mr. Kynaston would wait on us this evening, and desiring permission to introduce their friends Mr. and Mrs. Smith. Letter from Mrs. Mytton to say that she and Miss Mytton would dine here to-morrow. Returned our Compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Kynaston. Shall be happy to see them and any of their friends. Evening delicious. While we were expecting them, note from Mr. Lewis of Shrewsbury, acquaintance of the Pigotts, desiring permission for himself and a friend to see this place. Permitted on condition they came immediately. They came. Saw them through the window. One a clergyman, the other a shabby dirty officer. My beloved and I went to meet the Kynastons. They were coming down the street as we were coming up. They introduced Mr. and Mrs. Smith of Havering at Bower in Essex. Conducted them by the Vicar's to Cottage. Lewis and his drunken friend still in the shrubbery. Sat in the Library till this ill-behaved couple were gone. . . . Mrs. Smith delightfully pleasant, agreeable and careless. He elderly, sensible, grave. An Asiatic complexion. Came from Buxton, whither they return to-morrow for her health. Caught cold at a Ball a year ago, never from that time been free from the rheumatism. The Perys,[1] Lord

[1] The Right Rev. William Cecil Pery, Bishop of Limerick, was created Baron Glentworth, 1790.

Mornington, Mrs. Gardner at Buxton with other Irish innumerable.

"*Thursday, July* 31*st.*—Gathered vegetables, pulled apples. Went to the Dressing-room, frizzing, powdering. That operation over, read till twelve. Mr. and Mrs. Mytton arrived, brought Johnson's Letters, published by Mrs. Thrale, now Mrs. Lynch Piozzi. Went the home circuit. Sprinkling rain. Mr. Mytton gave account of Madame Morine the little Frenchwoman at Hatcher. Mrs. Smith's name Burgess, a City fortune. Mr. Smith and his two brothers all overflowing with Asiatic riches. Niece married to Lord Compton.[1] Account of Buxton. Lady Derby[2] there: limbs paraletic. Cannot walk without the assistance of two persons, not yet thirty. What a melancholy, what an awful lesson. She was sitting by the door of her Lodging one day, the Duchess of Devonshire was driving by in her carriage and seeing Lady Derby in that forlorn situation she instantly alighted, went to her, embraced her and each burst into tears. Lady Betty Stanley, her daughter, a child, lives with her. The Duke and Duchess of Argyll[3] came to see her and passed three days at Buxton. At eight Mrs. Mytton went away. Conducted her to the Bridge, her carriage not there. While we were Walking about Waiting for it Mr. Edwards of the Hand came with compliments from Mr. Lyster, his son and another gentleman, desiring permisison to see the garden;

[1] 9th Earl and 1st Marquess of Northampton, married Mary, daughter of Joshua Smith, 1787.

[2] Elizabeth, only daughter of James, 6th Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, married 12th Earl of Derby, 1774. She died 14th March 1797, and he married Miss Eliza Farren, the actress, a few weeks later.

[3] John, 5th Duke of Argyll, married Elizabeth, widow of James, 6th Duke of Hamilton, one of the beautiful Misses Gunning.

permitted. As we were still waiting a Servant came with Compliments from Lord Kenmare and his daughter La Comtesse de Civrac. They were just arrived, and would wait on us this evening. Madame de Civrac was so fatigued she was obliged to retire to her room, but they would breakfast with us tomorrow morning if we were disengaged. Our compliments, etc. etc. Mrs. Mytton gone, we returned and went to the State Bedchamber till the Lysters were gone.

"*Friday, August 1st.*—Half-past eight Lord Kenmare, Madame la Comtesse de Civrac, Mr. Griffin, chanoine de Cambrai, came, breakfasted, staid till twelve, then proceeded to Ireland. Came from Ludlow, from Cheltenham. Account of the troubles in France: not so great. Duke of Orleans created High Admiral. I asked Mr. Griffin about Cambrai, sent my love to all in the Convent who remembered me. Went the home circuit. . . . Heavy white clouds, but dispiriting as is the weather we may thank God it is no worse; the Chanoine de Cambrai told us that the storms in France did more damage than the kingdom was likely to sustain from the internal feuds of which the English papers say so much.

Nine till twelve in the dressing-room Reading. Finished Letters to and from the Late Samuel Johnson LL.D. published by Mrs. Thrale, now Mrs. Piozzi.

"*Saturday, August 2nd.*—Donnes came, poor man related his melancholy story and the villainy of Pryce. Riots in London. Bribery of Lord John Townshend's[1] Party. Promised the poor man every assistance in our slender power towards discharging our account.

[1] Son of George, 4th Viscount and 1st Marquess Townshend.

"*Wednesday, August 6th.*—Writing. Rap at the Door. Dean and Mrs. Coote and the prettiest nicest little dog I ever beheld. . . . Mrs. Coote looks better than I ever remember to have seen her. Friendly as usual.

"*Sunday, August 10th.*—Brown the Wrexham grocer came with his little Bill. Paid him, thank heaven. Holiday, the Chester hairdresser whom we sent for to Wrexham, he being at the assizes there, came. Cut and powdered our Hair, dress'd it. Got slides and a pot of Rose Pomatum. Holiday is a Roman Catholic born at Preston in Lancashire. Has been in France. Account of the two annual Races at Preston, the first where the Roman Catholics preside, the second the Protestants are Stewards. Miss Clifton the Beauty of the former meeting just come from France. Lady Mostyn going to send Holiday's son to College, offered to send him to Lisbon or Valladolid which he prefered. Lancashire servants the best in England, prefered to any others. William Holiday a Lancashire man.

"*Monday, August 11th.*—Rose at four. Holiday dres'd our hair. Went in the Hand Chaise and four. Morning chill and grey. Arrived at Ruthin at seven. Did not get out of the Chaise while the Horses were resting. Enquired for the Suttons of the Maid of the Lyon, she informed us they had quitted their old house and removed to the Churchyard. Arrived at the Palace of St. Asaph at half-past nine. We were received at the Hall Door by the most Benevolent and Reverend of all Prelates[1] in his gown and black

[1] Jonathan Shipley, 1714–1788. His mother's family owned Twyford House near Winchester, which the Bishop of St. Asaph inherited. He married Anna Maria Mordaunt, niece of the 3rd Earl of Peterborough and Maid of Honour to Queen Caroline. He was a Whig, voted against the continuance of the war in America, and for the

velvet cap. Mrs. Shipley and her two sweet daughters who all exclaimed at our expedition. Found breakfast ready. Mr. William, the Bishop's Chaplain, there. After Breakfast we went round the garden, then into the Cathedral, newly fitted up purple velvet and gold cushions, etc. Walked round the garden, then went to Miss Shipley's room. An epitaph in Italian on a Horse by Miss Ogle, daughter of Sir Chalenor Ogle. Beautiful. Some very sweet French Lines. Ode to Hope by the Duchess

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repeal of all laws against Protestant dissenters. Burke was his friend. He seldom spent more than a month at St. Asaph. William Shipley, his son, was, like his father, a great Plurist. Dean of St. Asaph. Published a political tract entitled *The Principles of Government, in a Dialogue between a Gentleman and a Farmer*. Indicted at the Wrexham Great Sessions, 1783, for seditious libel. Discharged from the prosecution two years later. As a result of the interest aroused, the decision of what is libellous was transferred from judge to jury. His third daughter married Reginald Heber, who wrote "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," in the Wrexham vicarage. The Bishop's eldest daughter, Anna Maria, married (1783) Sir William Jones (1746–1794). He won a brilliant reputation at Harrow and became tutor to Lord Althorp, eldest son of the 1st Earl Spencer and brother of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. He was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple, was Fellow of the Royal Society, and a member of the Garrick and the Literary Club. Intimate with Burke and Gibbon. Spent 1783–1794 in India. A great Oriental scholar. He founded the Bengal Asiatic Society. His monument by Flaxman is in the ante-chapel, University College, Oxford. Georgiana Shipley married Francis Hare Naylor. She had a remarkable talent for painting and studied in Sir Joshua Reynolds' studio. Her husband was a friend of Fox. The Bishop invited him to Twyford, and he was arrested for debt when driving in the Bishop's coach. He was forbidden the house, but disguised himself as a beggar and met Georgiana. They married, and the Duchess gave them an allowance. Mrs. Hare Naylor lived abroad and at Hurstmonceaux. She was the mother of Julius and Augustus Hare. Her children's governess was a sister of Flaxman. When the Bishop of St. Asaph was Dean of Winchester he was nearly always present at the Chapter meetings. On one such occasion, 20th November 1763, a special order was passed against the hanging of linen or wearing apparel on lines on the ground north of the Cathedral.

of Devonshire. Epitaph on Lord Spencer by the Duke. Returned to the Dressing-room. Mr. Crowe came, after him Miss Young from Llannerch with little William Shipley, he read two chapters in Black Letter of the History of Prince Arthur. Dined. After dinner again to the Garden, then the Drawing-room, and Miss Shipley's room. Her Edition of Dante, of Petrarca. The Bishop read Prayers. Sup'd at nine. At ten we returned Home, got to our own delicious abode after stopping at Ruthin to feed the Horses at two o'clock. *Mem.*—The Country in most astonishing beauty, several new cottages built near the Bwlch, corn cutting near Ruthin, the great appearance of industry in the Vale of Clwyd, large fields well enclosed of corn, turnips, french or black wheat, potatoes. Reapers and Haymakers all employed on either Side of the Road. Hedgerows of tall Poplars, fine lime, elm and oak trees. Mountain ash in full berry. Charming view from Pontruffydd bridge. Hanging woods, fine meadows, the Spire of the Cathedral rising amidst trees. The Bishop related his having found when Dean of Winchester the Body and Ring of Cardinal Blois, brother of King Stephen, son to the Comte de Blois and grandson of the Conqueror by his daughter Adela. The Ring the finest saphire. . . . the most agreeable the most delightful day, never consorted with so amiable, so accomplished a family.

"*Thursday, August 14th.*—A very polite note from Col. St. George enclosing a letter from Boydell[1] and the proposals for Shakespeare. . . . Mr. West[2]

[1] John Boydell, Salop. Famous for his illustrated edition of Shakespeare.

[2] Benjamin West, American artist, 1738–1820. Secured the patronage of George III and succeeded Sir Joshua Reynolds as President of the Royal Academy.

engaged at Windsor finishing some work for his Majesty.

"*Saturday, August* 16*th.*—At half-past seven went in the Hand Chaise to Halston. Met a multitude of waggons, coal carts, one caravan—a young couple in it who appeared innocent and interesting. Arrived at Halston precisely at nine. Mrs. and Miss Mytton in the beautiful parlour, with a little old Frenchwoman who is come to Halston for the purpose of instructing Miss Mytton in the French and Italian languages. . . . Mrs. Mytton showed us several letters, particularly one from A. Webb very well written indeed. From Judge Buller to Mrs. Powys of Berwick giving the highest character of Mr. Greenwood. . . . At two went in the carriage to Hardwick; our Dear Barretts and Miss Davies there. We found Mrs. Kynaston sitting on a sopha in the drawing-room unable to move without assistance, from the sting of a wasp. . . . *Mem.* of conversation.—Mr. Bolton who has brought the manufactures of Birmingham to such an astonishing degree of perfection has no natural or creative genius, merely perseverance and application. Mr. Yorke of Erddig has bespoke two fine windows at Birmingham for the Church at Marchwiel near Wrexham. In former days when the kings of England travelled like Monarchs the expense of a Royal progress was computed at a thousand pounds a mile. James the Second's visit in Staffordshire to Mr. Fleetwood, where he pass'd three months and was the Ruin of the Family.

"*Tuesday, August* 19th.—Mr. Edwards of the Hand came up with compliments from Mr. Lloydde of Aston and an apology for not calling as he was under a necessity for going on at daybreak. Poor Lackey,

Lady Anne Talbot's trusty servant, went through the village in the stage Coach, sent to inform us that all our *Friends* (what a prostitution of the sacred name) were well, that he had left the Boys at Winchester.

"*Wednesday, August 20th.*—Breakfast over, we were agreeably surprised by the appearance of Butler[1] who told us his brothers Wandesford and James were coming, as they did while he was speaking, and brought with them his Picture beautifully done by Downman.[2] Butler is, we think, still handsomer than when we saw him last and from every word he spoke we have reason to believe he will do honour to his ancestors. Wandesford tall, well made, good hair, plain face. James the image of his grandfather. I trust he will resemble him in his mind as he does in his person and then indeed his family may be proud of him. Tho' straiten'd for time they staid with us till half-past twelve and then posted on to the Hand. My Beloved and I sent for the joiner, hung up Butler's picture beside Lady Anne Wesley's. Mrs. Ponsonby next him.

"*Saturday, August 23rd.*—Letter from Miss Shipley dated the Palace St. Asaph on Le Chap. 3 'L'importance des Opinions Religieuses', par M. Necker,[3] very obligingly transcribed by her.

[1] Walter Butler, later 18th Earl of Ormonde, born 1770. Son of Lady Eleanor's brother.

[2] John Downman, portrait and subject painter. Trustees of the British Museum acquired by purchase in 1884 a volume containing numerous coloured drawings by Downman. Died at Wrexham, 1824.

[3] Jacques Necker. French statesman. Director of Finances, 1777. Married Mlle. Curchod. Their daughter, Mme. de Staël, interested the Ladies greatly. In 1788 Necker was recalled to advise in the financial crises.

"*Sunday, August 24th.*—One of the Llannest drivers came to let us know that Butler and his Brothers had left their keys in the pockets of Mrs. Mousley's Coach at the Eagle.

"*Monday, August 25th.*—Compliments from Mr. White desiring permission for himself, his Son and Daughter to see this place; permitted. They came. An old man with spectacles, a flaunting Daughter in a brown and gold Capotte, a school Boy. He left a Poem (which please God I shall not read) signed Samuel White. When they were gone went to the Library. Mrs. Mytton, Mr. Broughton (son to Sir Thomas),[1] Mr. Shakerley came for half an hour. Then Miss Vaughan and Miss Istod. When they were gone, the Bishop of St. Asaph, Mrs. Shipley and the two charming Daughters arrived. They dined, sup'd and staid till eleven. We walked to the Lyon with Miss Louise, delicious night. Bell tolling, river murmuring, Harper playing in the Hall of the Hand.

"*Tuesday, August 26th.*—Note from Miss Louisa Shipley to request in the Bishop and Mrs. Shipley's name that we would go in the Coach with them to Oswestry. Consented and walked to the village. Met Miss Shipley going in the chaise, her ill health not permitting her to be of the Coach party, to our extreme regret. Stop'd to converse with her, heard the Coach had gone to our Cottage. Shocked at the trouble the Bishop had taken. We waited its return, and got in when it arrived, proceeded to Oswestry. Stop'd at the Cross Keys. Staid there till Two, when with the greatest and visibly truest regret we parted, having been first enriched by the Blessing of the best

[1] The Rev. Sir Thomas Broughton, 6th Baronet. His second son married Miss Pigott.

of Men. Went to our Barretts, dined, suped, spent the day there; went to Mr. Chambre for a moment. He made us drink a cup of coffee. Went for *Tatlers*, got December's. Linen. German Almanak.

"*Wednesday, August 27th.*—Rose at eight, pensive grave day. Compliments from Col. Syms. Nine Colonel Syms came. Breakfast. Col. Syms the most agreeable man I ever conversed with. Account of Hastings. He proved to us without a doubt that he is innocent.

"*Friday, August 29th.*—Damp, heavy and still. A Toad on the Cellar window, a frog on the steps of the Hall door, a certain sign of rain.

"*Saturday, August 30th.*—Message from Mr. Crowe, will come in an hour. Message to him, He shall be welcome. Sitting in our parlour window we beheld a very affecting sight—at least the burial of our old neighbour Mathew the Miller was to us an affecting sight. The Funeral[1] was preceded by the Vicar and the head farmers of the Parish, then came the clerk and all the members of the Club to which the poor Miller belonged, bare-headed, each bearing a Staff and singing a solemn Dirge; immediately after was the Body borne on a Bier, his old widow habited in black and in the most piercing afflictions close behind it. Many women accompanying her. This mournful procession came slowly along the undulating path through our field, the passing Bell solemnly tolling

[1] Lady Eleanor's diary reflects the interest the village took in funerals. Wordsworth, in a postscript dated 1835, writing of the Poor Law Amendment, shows what a drama of pride lay behind such scenes. "A case was reported the other day from a coroner's inquest of a pair who, through the space of four years, had carried about their dead infant from house to house and from lodging to lodging, as their necessities drove them, rather than ask the parish to bear the expense of the interment."

all the while; it drew many tears from us and left an impression of tender melancholy which we would rather cherish than seek to dissipate.

"*Monday, September 1st.*—Oswestry. Oteley Park. Went at half-past eight to Oswestry in the Hand Chaise. Sweet day. Arrived at our dear Barretts at Ten. Madam Bess with the workmen in the new place they have lately purchased joining their field. . . . Miss Davies with the upholster in the Drawing-room. Mr. Crowe came in soon after us. Young Myddelton of St. John's Cambridge, Dr. and Mrs. Close came in to see us. Dr. and Mrs. Close we have long been ambitious of knowing from the character we had heard of them from Lady Dungannon; they staid but a short time, then proceeded to Llangollen, we gave them an order to see our house and garden. My beloved and I went to Mr. Chambre's for a moment. Returned to the Barretts and at half-past nine we set out for Oteley Park. The Country from Hardwick to Ellesmere beautiful, freely varied well planted enclosures, neat cottages, the part of Ellesmere through which we drove well built; drove along the banks of the Mere then turned into the park. Oteley, the Venerable Seat of the Kynastons, is situated on a Bank a few yards above the Mere, the House is beautifully surrounded by a Park finely wooded, Herds of Deer[1] scattered about the grounds grazing, standing, lying under clumps of the most majestic oaks. The Mere glides beside it—on the opposite side is the Town of Ellesmere, the Church a Gothic building on an eminence, the Bowling green and banquetting room forms another object, all reflected in the silver waters of the Mere, which is

[1] There are still red and fallow deer in the Park.—Ed.

exactly like an arm of the sea. Mrs. Vaughan has altered the front of the house and built an Eating-Parlour and Drawing-room. The entrance is thro' a singularly pretty Portico to a large Hall (at present made use of as a parlour), the arms and different quarterings of this ancient family emblazoned on the window and wainscot, from there you proceed to a narrow passage and ascend a Very antique staircase, the arms of the Family with those of Queen Elizabeth on the long windows. In the drawing-room which looks to the avenues in the Park is a Portrait of the late Mr. Vaughan by Opie[1] so wonderfully well done that it appeared quite alive. A very large engraving of Louis XIV done by Simon from a drawing of Le Brun. I cannot, nor will not, suppose it like. In the drawing-room we found Mrs. Vaughan and Miss Charlotte Istod with the beautiful Pomeranian Fanny. We were received in a manner peculiar to the Heiress of Oteley. Soon after arrived Mrs. Mytton, Mr. Mytton, Mr. Greenwood his worthy tutor. Then came old Hatchet of Lee, then Mr. and Mrs. Kynaston of Hardwick, and lastly Mr. Lloydde of Aston. Dinner was served soon after. We then returned to the drawing-room; Mrs. Vaughan showed us her Bedchamber in which was a picture of herself by Opie, not so striking a likeness as that of her Father but very well done. She then showed us the new rooms and the Walk through the woods, a third of a Mile all by the Mere side; returning to the Drawing room at half-past six, took leave of this agreeable party. Returned to Oswestry. Sup'd with our Barretts, left at eleven and arrived at our peaceful humble mansion at one.

[1] John Opie, 1761–1807. Born in Cornwall.

"*Thursday, September 4th.*—Very kind and flattering message from Lady Uxbridge,[1] a very civil one from us. The Lady Pagets[1] came up; prevented by the Tooth ache from seeing them. . . . Lord Rochford[2] at the Hand, went to him for a Cover for Miss H. Bowdler. Very civilly got out of his Phaeton and wrote it.

"*Saturday, September 6th.*—Celestial day. Compliments from Lord Scarbrough[3] desiring to see this cottage and shrubbery. Permitted, with our compliments. Retired to the State Bedchamber till he was come and gone. Observed him from the window. Brown, thin, military-looking man with short hair. Received Wrexham dispatches. Letter from Mrs. M. Kavanagh, Kilfane, the 28th.

"*Monday, September 8th.*—The Barretts and Mrs. Davies came. . . . After dinner the Barretts went away, left Margaret with us. At nine we walked in the shrubbery, admiring the Moon and the sweet sound of a Pipe on the Mountain.

"*Tuesday, September 9th.*—After breakfast Margaret took out her work, my beloved her drawing, and I read to them till one. . . . At two compliments from Mr. Crowe, he was just arrived, would wait on us either before or after dinner, which ever was most agreeable. Silly message—our politeness took place of our inclinations, invited him to dinner. Crowe came, tiresome enough the Lord knows.

[1] Daughters of the 9th Baron Paget, 1st Earl of Uxbridge, who married Jane, daughter of the Very Reverend Arthur Champagne.

[2] William, 5th Earl of Rochford. Son of Hon. Richard Savage Nassau de Zulestein by Anne, Dowager-Duchess of Hamilton; succeeded his uncle. Died unmarried.

[3] Richard, 6th Earl of Scarbrough, married (1787) Henrietta, daughter of Henry, Lord Middleton.

"*Thursday, September 11th.*—Influenza.

"*Friday, September 12th.*—Mr. Chambre's clerk came, with our Warrants for the Pension and Letters of Attorney for us to sign, which we did. Mr. Edwards of the Hand witness. . . . Met the Vicar, gave him two Mushrooms which we found on the Green, I hope they are not poison. . . . After supper adjourned to Margaret's room. Sat there till one, then when all our household was in bed we went with Margaret to the Kitchen, admired its neatness, opened the window, Contemplated the Moon and then retired.

"*Saturday, September 13th.*—Parcel from Halston, containing a Poem, written during a shooting excursion in Northumberland by Greenwood, with a Letter from this gentleman, who is travelling Tutor to Mr. Mytton. Neither Letter nor Poem do much honour to his imagination, his genius, or his Modesty. . . . At six the Barretts went away and to our infinite regret took Miss Davies with them. After they were gone my beloved and I went the home circuit, then retired to the Dressing-room for the Night, quite pensive and sad for the departure of our Dear Margaret.

"*Sunday, September 14th.*—At one o'clock received a very Polite note from Sir William Dolbin and Mr. Burgess requesting permission to see this Cottage—our Compliments to them, they were very welcome, and retired to the State Bedchamber till they were come and gone; as they are both in Parliament—the Baronet for the University of Oxford, Mr. Burgess for Halston, we left a Cover on the Table for them to fee to Miss Bowdler, which they did with the utmost politeness. . . . Sent to enquire how our Landlady was? Something better. All her old neighbours

were come to ask her how she did. Among them a little old woman aged Fourscore-and-eight who was perfect in health and intellects. She has thirty grandchildren, and eight great-grandchildren. She was twenty-seven when she married and from the Night of her Marriage to that of her Husband's Death (she said) they lay side by side Forty-seven years, she has been a widow fifteen years. She holds a farm for which she pays one hundred pounds a year Rent.

"*Tuesday, September 16th.*—Reading. Finished 'Les Mémoires du Comte de Grammont'.[1]

"*Thursday, September 18th.*—Mr. Maguire came for half an hour. I never saw him before tho' son to my aunt. A very pretty young man, Tall, elegantly made. Sensible countenance. Foreign manners, having been educated abroad and resided there for the greater part of his life.

"*Monday, September 22nd.*—Pryce[2] of Brynkinalt came according to our desire. We delivered him Lady Dungannon's Message relative to his wife and child, but he would not consent to leave his wife with her, or send up his Daughter; he spoke sensibly and modestly. We could not blame him or urge him further.

"*Tuesday, September 23rd.*—Another conversation with Pryce. Pity him very much.

"*Wednesday, September 24th.*—My beloved finished her Transcript for Miss Louisa Shipley of 'The Advantages of Sickness', by the late Miss Bowdler.

[1] *Mémoires du Comte de Grammont*, by Anthony Hamilton (his brother-in-law), a grandson of James, 1st Earl of Abercorn, and great-grandson of 11th Earl of Ormonde.

[2] Sometimes spelt Price. His wife was Lady Dungannon's waiting-woman.

"*Thursday, September* 25*th.*—Our Habits from Donnes, by the Holyhead Coach from the George and Blue Boar, Holborne.

"*Saturday, September* 27*th.*—Letter from Mr. Chambre Brabazon Ponsonby dated Kilcooley Abbey September the 21st. . . . A letter from a Brother worthy of such a Sister as my Sally.

"*Monday, September* 29*th.*—Reading. Writing. Letter from Mr. and Mrs. and Mr. R. Burke desiring permission to wait on us. A letter in reply from us. Mr. Burke (the great orator), Mrs. Burke and Richard Burke[1] came. Went the home circuit with them, the Country in the most sublime Beauty and Majesty, fine light and shadow. Rainbow. Sat in the Library. When they were gone paid our Rent which has been due since May. . . . Three dinner. Roast goose (Michaelmas-day), Roast Kidney. The funeral of that poor young man, son of the Turner of Pengwern, the first who ever attended us in our early walks in this Country, who followed us to Blaen Bache, who was ever attentive to attend us and to serve us, and whom I shall regret. Reading. Writing. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Burke came, drank coffee. Staid till eight, a most agreeable delightful evening in this very entertaining company, quite sorry when they went away.

"*Wednesday, October* 1*st.*—Hurricane. Mr. Edwards of the Hand brought a note written with a Pencil in the Chaise by Mrs. Ponsonby. She with Mr. Ponsonby and their daughter[2] having gone thro' the village on their way from Spa to Ireland, where they are under the necessity of being by a particular

[1] Richard Burke died 1794. Son of Edmund Burke, who spoke of him as superior to himself in talents.

[2] Mary Elizabeth, married in 1794 to 2nd Earl Grey.

day and for that reason have travell'd night and day. This has been a sad disappointment and mortification to us, who hoped to see them on their way from the Continent.

"*Friday, October 3rd.*—Sunshine. Sweet concert of Birds. A person in this village had lost some yarn last Wednesday. Yesterday he went to the Conjurer who lives in the Parish of Ruabon to discover who stole this yarn. The people of this valley attribute the violent storm which arose yesterday to the incantations the Conjurer made use of to raise the Infernal Prince.

"*Saturday, October 4th.*—That little Dirty village quack sent in his Bill. Never paid money with more reluctance. Letter from Lady Dungannon dated Palace, Hampton Court, September the 30th, a fit of gout in her foot.

"*Monday, October 6th.*—Reading, writing. Received a note directed to the Ladies at the Hall House. 'The Comedians in Llangollen[1] present their most respectful Duty to the Ladies at the Hall House, humbly beg leave to Sollicit the Honour of their encouragement for one night which they will ever bear in the Most Grateful remembrance.' There was a play Bill enclosed. 'By a Company of Comedians. At the Theatre in Llangollen will be a concert of vocal and instrumental Music. Between the Several parts of the Concert will be presented gratis a Comedy called "The Provoked Husband or Journey to London". The Characters to the best Advantage. Singing, and other entertainments, between the Acts, to which

[1] Llangollen was a stronghold of art, and withstood the tide of Methodistical condemnation of such entertainments which swept through Wales.

will be added a Farce called "The Devil to Pay". Pit and Gallery 6d.'

"*Tuesday, October 7th.*—Walked round the field before our Cottage. Spoke to the Joiner whom we met directing an old man comfortably drest, well mounted, with good stuffed saddle bags, who was going to Llansantffraid Glyn Ceiriog. . . . Poor Pryce came from Oswestry about his wife and child and Lady Dungannon. We cou'd give him no advice, he says he will go to Hampton for his wife. Blue mists ascending from the River and every Brook and rivulet freezing.

"*Thursday, October 9th.*—Mr. Parry of the Ship sent in his bill previous to that most tiresome Chester Fair. Wrote an Excuse, having paid away all the little money we had. Gloom and wind. The Habits which we returned to Donnes[1] he sent by this days Coach, but altered in such a manner that we have returned them again, with their Petticoats.

"*Friday, October 10th.*—Thin blue transparent smoke curling and spiring up the mountain side through the Trees from the Village. Writing. The Joiner came to fasten the back board of the book case by Lady Anne Wesley's Picture. . . . Artichokes coming up for the winter. Evans of Oswestry's man came previous to this most hateful Chester Fair. We had nothing to give him. Lord help us. . . . Reading, working. My Beloved and I walked to the white gate, delicious calm warm dark evening. Met a little Boy coming down the field with a Basket of Potatoes on

[1] On one occasion young Donnes was instructed to tell his father to call upon Lady Mornington for a pattern. The Ladies were particular to a degree about their habits, critical of the dresses of their visitors, and do not seem to have desired to be eccentric in their own appearance.

his head. We asked him his name. 'Peter Jones, son to Thomas the Lime Burner.' Where do you get these Potatoes? On the Bank, beyond yonder wood, they are my Father's. Shall we take one or two? Yes and welcome; I am very much obliged to you. For what, my good Boy?—It is we who should thank you for your generosity. Indeed you are kindly welcome to the whole Basket. Will you come to our House and we will give you Something? No indeed I will not take anything, but you are welcome to the Basket and I am greatly obliged to you. We made him come with us, took 3 Potatoes and gave him a huge piece of Bread and Butter. We shall always reflect with pleasure on this instance of the kindness and generosity of this poor child.

"*Monday, October 13th.*—Letter from Lady Frances Douglas dated Petersham, September 24th introducing the Dowager Mrs. Crewe[1] and her Daughter, the other letter from Mrs. Hunt announcing Mrs. and Miss Crewe and sending two seals and cyphers, Wedgwood's composition. We instantly dresst, frizzled and powdered. My head splitting all the while; then walked down the Lane . . . we met Mrs. Crewe, Miss Crewe, Miss Needham, coming up. We let them in at the lower door, brought them into the House. . . . Sat there two hours in the most delightful conversation. Mrs. Crewe perfectly amusing. Mrs. Hunt's

[1] Mrs. Crewe, daughter of Richard Shuttleworth, Esq., married John Crewe of Crewe Hall, who represented County Chester in the Parliaments of 1734, 1741 and 1747. He died 1752. His daughter Emma died unmarried. His daughter Elizabeth married Dr. Hinchcliffe, Bishop of Peterborough. His son, John of Crewe Hall, married Frances Anne, daughter of Fulke Greville, Esq. He was elevated to the peerage as Baron Crewe in 1806. His wife was a friend of Burke, Fox, Sheridan and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

description, 'Mrs. Crewe at 79 years of age has all the vivacity of 35, an excellent understanding and a polished one, with the additional blessing of good Health and Strength to a wonderful degree'. It pains us beyond expression that we did not invite them to dinner and I shall always detest the Influenza for seizing me at this time. Subjects of conversation. Mrs. Hinchcliffe, Lavater, the man in London who took Profiles, Les Rochers, Madame Sévigné, Madame de Maintenon, Lady Frances Douglas, Mr. Burke. The minute they were gone I returned to bed, took an emetic which gave me some relief. My Sweet Love never quitted me for a single moment but read to me till I fell asleep. About 7 o'c. the waiter of the Lyon came up with Compliments from Lord Miltown desiring permission to wait on us, having a message for us from Mrs. Henry, whom he met at General Conway's.[1] Our Compliments to Lord Miltown, very sorry we could not see him at night, confined to our room, but request the honour of his company to Breakfast in the morning.

"*Tuesday, October 14th.*—Lord Miltown came . . . staid till one, then made his bow and proceeded on his road to Ireland. Subjects of conversation: he had been these 2 years on a Visit to the Courts of Berlin and Brunswick. He promised the Prince and Princess Royal of Prussia that if ever they became King and

[1] General Conway (son of Francis Seymour, Esq., who assumed name and arms of Conway and was elevated to the peerage as Baron Conway, and his third wife, Charlotte, granddaughter of Sir John Shorter, Lord Mayor of London, a sister-in-law of Sir Robert Walpole). General Conway was a brave and distinguished soldier who fell out with the Government over the Wilkes episode. He built the bridge at Henley-on-Thames, and wrote a prologue to the play *The Way to keep Them*, acted by amateurs at Richmond House.

Queen of Prussia and he became Earl of Miltown[1] he would visit them. He did so. The Queen has given Painted Glass for his window at Russborough —a splendid set of China, a vase cost 90 guineas, with her Picture in front. Etiquette of the German Court, Royal Family in armchairs, with Pages. Mode of Travelling in Germany, the miles four of our Posts through deep and heavy sands, the country flat, Barren, no trees but firs and pines. The Inns horrid, large rooms with 2 chairs and a table, frightful Bed, no fire place, warmed with stoves, provisions kept in a Crock. Mutton, half a hare, pieces of goose that had been heated over several times. Performance at the Theatre, Richmond House execrable except Lord Henry Fitzgerald, his Don Felix equal to Garrick. Ogilvie as if heaven and Earth were coming together. Mrs. Damer detestable. Mrs. Hobart well in some, indifferent in others, horrid in many parts. Dined last week with Lady Mornington, Lady Clermont, Lady Anne Wesley, at Hampton Court with Lady Dungannon, everyone brought their Dish. Her apartments Very Small, good Society. Lady Fitzroy, Lady Schaub, Lady Abingdon. Melancholy death of Lady Lanesborough of a putrid fever at the Hotel.

"*Wednesday, October 15th.*—Beautiful day, azure sky. Lilac and silver rocks, russet green and scarlet and gold valley."

[1] Joseph, 2nd Earl of Milltown, died unmarried, 1801.

CHAPTER VI

"*Thursday, October 16th,* 1788.—Letter from Mrs. Goddard dated October the 6th. Wandesford and James called on her. Wandesford said he had wished to come by Llangollen and spend some days with us, but Lady Anne Butler had insisted on his going from Waterford to Milford, in June however he will be quite his own Master and will then please God visit us.

"*Friday, October 17th.*—Half-past three our Old Chimney Sweeper with the little Prince of the Isles of Ebony was perceived coming down the field, which occasioned a general joy throughout the whole Household. Every Hand was instantly employed in removing the Pictures, globes, Tables, China from the Library preparatory to this very necessary operation. Spoke to the Chimney Sweeper, an intelligent being. Lives in the Town of Corwen when he is at home, which is seldom; his time being principally employed in going round North Wales with his boys.

"*Saturday, October 18th.*—My beloved and I visited our little Workman. A Consultation with the joiner and the large faced Carpenter. Mr. Lloydde of Trevor's hounds on the summit of Dinas Bran in full cry. Sir Watkin Williams Wynn's game keeper rode through the field with Pointers, Spaniels, Terriers, and water dogs following him.

"*Sunday, October 19th.*—Nine our friend Walpole[1] came to Breakfast with us on his way to London. Told us Lord Nugent died last week suddenly. Over eat and drank himself at a Mayor's feast, fit after it, died in consequence. Left two thousand five hundred pounds a year each to the two pretty young Miss Nugents, his natural grandchildren. Died immensely rich. Went the home circuit with Walpole. Gave him apples, pease. . . . Walpole told us the Influenza in Ireland was dreadful. Many people were seized in the head and sent to Swift's hospital. Mr. Swan's suicide attributed to this fearful malady. . . . Fine evening. Harry and George Sandford, our good friends, came in while the horses were getting ready. They come from Ireland, are proceeding to Bath for the winter, to France in Summer. William Sandford[2] going to be married immediately to a sister of Mrs. Sandford's.

"*Monday, October 20th.*—That great worthless old Tyrant the Turkey Cock killed our beautiful Jersey spangled Cock who was the most perfect fowl for shape, size and plumage I ever beheld. A silver white with golden feathers.

"*Wednesday, October 22nd.*—Beauteous day. Hum of bees and Insects, sweet wild notes of birds, bleating of sheep, cackling of geese, songs and whistling of farmers at their Plough, the only sounds to be heard in this lovely spot. Writing. Drawing. Another visit to the garden.

[1] George, second son of 2nd Lord Walpole of Wolterton.

[2] The Rev. William Sandford, born 1752, second son of Henry Sandford, Esq., and Sarah, eldest daughter of Stephen, Viscount Mountcashell. His eldest brother, Henry, was created a peer of Ireland as Baron Mount Sandford in 1800. They both married daughters of Right Honourable Silver Oliver of Castle Oliver, County Limerick.

"*Thursday, October 23rd.*—Letter from Miss H. Bowdler dated Teignmouth the 20th, arrived there the 19th. Madame de Sévigné's Letters are certainly in being, but are very lately discovered and cannot be published yet. . . . Letter from Hampton Court the 19th. On Wednesday the 15th poor Lady D—— was taken up by four Bailliffs and carried to a Spunging House and there remained some time till Lord Mornington and Lord Fairford[1] released her. Poor Woman, may the Almighty give her Strength and resignation to support her trouble in this advanced period of her life. I shall always look with the greatest respect to the Characters of her nephew and grandson[2] who released her from that most dreadful of all situations.

My Beloved and I went the Home Circuit, very dark, inclined to mizzle. Carpenter at work. Mountain Peach nailed. . . . The fig tree nailed. . . . Edward Edwards, the carpenter, and his man hammering the Boards. The joiner and his boy pitching the Posts. William Jones sinking holes for them.

"*Friday, October 24th.*—Francis brought the Post

[1] Lady Dungannon's brother-in-law was elevated to the peerage of Ireland, 1717, as Viscount Hillsborough. His only son was advanced to a British Viscounty and Earldom, 1772, as Viscount Fairford and Earl of Hillsborough. He was created Marquess of Downshire, 1789. He married, 1st March 1747, Margaretta, daughter of Earl of Kildare and sister of Duke of Leinster. His son, Arthur, 2nd Marquess, was born 1753, and in 1786 married Mary, daughter of the Honourable Martin Sandys. He was the grand-nephew of old Lady Dungannon, and was Viscount Fairford in October 1788.

[2] Richard Wellesley inherited the Earldom of Mornington at the decease of his father, Garrett, 1st Earl, in 1781. Created Marquess of Wellesley 1799. Governor-General of India and twice Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. He married, 1794, Hyacinthe Gabrielle, daughter of Mons. Pierre Roland, and secondly, Marianne, daughter of Richard Caton, Esq., and widow of Robert Paterson, Esq.

bag from Wrexham. Letter from Lord Bessborough dated London 16th. Letter from Mrs. Crewe dated Chester the 16th, a letter which we shall be pleased to preserve, as the expressions of regard with which it is replete must do honour from such a character. Letter from Monseigneur dated Mitchelstown, October 13th. Letter from Mrs. H. Hesketh, Chester, 22nd. . . . The Thatcher came, a snuffy, sauntering, lazy creature. I am persuaded he is a vile workman. Double Mountain Peach nailed. Sent William Jones and the sauntering Thatcher to the Mountain for hazel rods to bind the Thatch. . . . A Court Leet in this village at which young Myddelton, the heir of Chirk Castle, presided, *wilfully* presided. Company the Village Quack, Morris, his wife's natural son, Old Parks, the Innkeeper of the Lyon, and all the Vagabonds and half gentry of the neighbourhood.

"*Saturday, October 25th.*—Think the Thatcher horrible. Told him so. Fought him. . . . The large faced Carpenter made a frame for the pendant sides of the Shed. The little workman binds them with hazel. The Thatcher, who has nothing to recommend him as a workman but Simplicity, good humour, and a good Complexion, went on clumsily with his job. . . . A watchmaker from Wrexham (who I hope deals in the marvellous) related several sad disasters in the kitchen, which, he said, happened in the course of last week at Wrexham. In particular of a young Man who had been bit by a Mad Dog and in consequence of that bite seized with so dreadful a Hydrophobie that his friends gave him a Potion. He was buried this day.

"*Monday, October 27th.*—Made a plantation by the shed of Lilaks, Laburnums, Seringas, White Broom,

Weeping Willow, Apple Trees, poplar. . . . Staid with our Workmen till it was quite dark. The shed thatched. The Thatcher paid. . . . The Irish woman (whom we sent to a Farmer who had engaged our carpenter for to-morrow entreating that he would spare him to us for one day more) returned. The farmer very civilly sent us Word that we were welcome to keep him, and tho' he is in great want of having his Cart wheels mended he would suffer any inconvenience rather than disoblige us.

"*Wednesday, October 29th.*—The Barretts and Miss Davies came at Twelve, the Barretts went away at Four, being under apprehension if they staid later of meeting the Robber who infests the Wrexham Road. When they were gone my beloved and I accompanied Margaret in the Home circuit. Sweet evening. Sat by the fire till ten.

"*Saturday, November 1st.*—Dined at three. Reading, writing. Miss Thomas arrived from Trevor. A very pleasant good humoured sensible girl just come from the boarding school. Gave a long and particular account of Mrs. Grignion and her school at White Lands,[1] Chelsea. Fifty boarders, three half boarders. Mrs. Grignion sister to the Engraver.[2] . . . We walked around the garden with her. Drank coffee, and at half-past eight by the light of the stars she galloped home, attended by one servant, to her uncles at Trevor Hall.

"*Sunday, November 2nd.*—Rose at seven, dark gloomy morning. At 8.30 the Hand Chaise came to

[1] An old house on the north side of Marlborough Road.

[2] Charles Grignion, 1717–1810. Among his works is the frontispiece to Smollett's *History of England*. His destitution in old age was one of the causes which led to the foundation of the Artists' Benevolent Fund.

convey us and our dear Margaret to Oswestry. Breakfasted with the Barretts. Went to Church. Dined with them. Returned home at five. After breakfast went the Barretts' home circuit, then accompanied them to Church. Mrs. Lloydde, of Swan Hill, Margaret and Anne Jones met us in the Street. The Mayor's Procession, twelve Aldermen, mace bearer, etc. James Edwards preached. I believe (from the very few words I could understand) extremely well, but there was such loud and such incessant coughing in every part of the Church that it was impossible to distinguish a sentence. Singing charming. When we returned went to see the Barretts' new room, which we approve of very much. Mrs. Barrett gave us as many of the prints as we would accept of the Luxembourg Gallery. Very fine impressions. At 5 we reluctantly departed, being under a necessity of setting out thus early from an apprehension of the Robbers who have of late appeared on that Road. During our absence Miss Monck from Bath, a relation of the Darnley family, came to see this cottage. Compliments from Colonel Otway, and a very polite message. In our post bag from Wrexham two Letters, one for Mrs. E. Tighe, the other for Miss Bligh. None for us. Left our dear Margaret at Oswestry, to our very great regret.

"*Monday, November 3rd.*—Saw in the Papers that Talbot of Malahide, my cousin Germain, died in Dublin the 25th of October.

"*Tuesday, November 4th.*—My beloved and I went to our Farm yard and round the field. . . . When we came in ran to the Kitchen to warm ourselves. The evening being bitter cold. The Kitchen fire excellent.

Heard the gate open, ran to the window, our good Friend Ned Tighe[1] looking better than we had seen him do for many years. He told us that he alighted at the Little Bridge and hastened to ask us how we did and insist on our going directly with him to The Hand,[2] where Mrs. E. Tighe and Miss Bligh were just gone; that they would after dinner return with us to sup here. We accompanied him through very dirty streets and drops of rain to the Hand. Mrs. E. Tighe soon made her appearance. Her looks also most wonderfully improved. Told us Miss Bligh would come down immediately. That she had just received a Letter (which arrived at the Hand last post), from Lord Jocelyn,[3] informing her that her sister Lady Jocelyn was brought to bed of a son. Miss Bligh came in, well drest, more fashionable than the last time we saw her. They dined, drank coffee, and then the Moon and stars shining bright we all walked up here. The Streets horribly dirty. Saw an odd looking man and woman in the Churchyard who frightened us. Observed Peter our Smith standing there, called him, he ran for a Lanthern and conducted us safely to our little abode. Found the candles lighted and excellent fires in each room. The Tighes delighted at the cheerful and comfortable appearance they exhibited. . . .

[1] Edward Tighe, son of William and Lady Mary Tighe. His wife was a Miss Jones of Westmeath.

[2] The Hand still stands by the Dee in Llangollen.

[3] Robert, Viscount Jocelyn, son of Robert, 1st Earl of Roden, and Lady Anne Hamilton (daughter of James, Earl of Clanbrassill). Lord Jocelyn married, 1788, Frances Theodosia, eldest daughter of the Very Rev. Dean Bligh, of Elphin, and niece of the 1st Earl of Darnley. The child, born 27th October 1788, succeeded to his father's honours 1821. He married Maria, daughter of Thomas, Lord Le Despencer.

"*Wednesday, November 5th.*—Breakfasted. Wrote 2 Letters. Mr. E. Tighe came. Wrote out a Very pretty epilogue which Mr. Faulkener, Mr. Jephson, Lord Mornington and he had composed for Mrs. Taylor an actress at Buxton who was their Protegée. . . . Mrs. E. Tighe and Miss Bligh came. Lovely day. At twelve they went away, accompanied by our wishes for their health and happiness. . . . Reading, Drawing. My beloved and I walked to the White gate. The finest Night. Pensive, Steady Moon over the center of the field, pale blue faint sky, constellations, stars, planets, mists rising and gradually ascending the mountains from the Rivers, Brooks and Streams. One large Bonfire on the green. Bells ringing in Commemoration of the Revolution.

"*Friday, November 7th.*—The Vicar's large Dog went mad last night and was shot this morning. There must be some mysterious cause of all these large dogs in the country going mad. I suspect it originates from Potions administered to them by the numerous Vagabonds with which the roads and Villages Swarm, under the appearance of maim'd Sailors, servants out of place, Pedlars, etc., who meditate an attack upon the house and thus remove the incorruptible guardians from them.

"*Sunday, November 9th.*—No letters from Wrexham. Fearful accounts of mad Dogs about Wrexham, Overton. Sir Watkin Williams Wynne has ordered his game keeper and people to go about Wynnstay, Ruabon and The Coal Works and shoot every dog they meet. The same orders have been issued by the Justices at Wrexham and are to be put in Execution to-morrow. The Constable of the Township of Llangollen Vechan came to us about putting a rail

round the quarry. Sent for Mr. Edwards of the Hand. A consultation with him.

"*Monday, November 10th.*—Letter from Mrs. Tighe dated Woodstock, Inistioge, Ireland.

"*Wednesday, November 12th.*—Message from Col. Clements,[1] desiring as we thought to see the house and garden. Permitted. Did not hasten our toilette. When he arrived it was permission to wait on us and receive our commands for Ireland. We sent our apology for not being ready, requested he would walk in the garden by which time we should be in the parlour. We made all possible expedition. . . . Clements genteel, thin, interesting, like his Brother Lord Leitrim, Mr. Croft[2] like Mr. Bunbury. . . . Told us he was compiling an English dictionary and was the author of Young's[3] life in Johnson's Poets. . . .

"*Saturday, November 15th.*—St. James' Chronicle accounts of his Majesty as bad as possible. They are received with universal Terror and Consternation. Gloomy and bitter cold—Writing. Reading. When we heard the Stage Coach come into the village from Oswestry, Sent to enquire of the Passengers from London what account they brought of his Majesty—very ill if alive, which we most sincerely lament, not from interested motives solely but concern for the loss of a Good Man. A King's Messenger went through the village for Ireland. The King alive

[1] Henry Theophilus, Lieut.-Colonel of the 69th Regiment, brother of the 1st Earl of Leitrim. He married, secondly, Catherine, daughter of the Right Honourable John Beresford. He died 1795, leaving a daughter, who married Sir William Milner, Bart.

[2] Sir Herbert Croft, Bart., in Holy Orders, succeeded his kinsman in 1797.

[3] Edward Young (1683–1765), author of *Night Thoughts*.

yesterday but without hope of recovery — How sorry we are!

"*Sunday, November* 16*th.*—Prayers offered up at church this day for the King's recovery. I hope they may be heard.

"*Monday, November* 17*th.*—The universal and unfeigned sorrow for the King's illness—St. James' Chronicle. . . . Letter from Mr. Chambre, pension not to be paid for two months. The Lord help the poor Creatures who have nothing to subsist on but the Royal bounty. I am far from implying any reflection on his *Majesty*; but on his *Money* which his Ministers receive and will not pay—as we miserably experience.

"*Thursday, November* 20*th.*—The St. James' Chronicle a paper I shall ever detest from the Grief a Paragraph (I hope and trust in the Almighty a false one) in it has occasioned me. . . . Planted out the perennials in pots and in the new plantation. Dr. Stock, a Mrs. Stock, the red-headed boy, Miss Palmer, a little man. The moment Dr. Stock appeared we were seized with a tremor, afraid to ask him if the dreadful paragraph in the papers was true. He assured us it was not. Butler had fought a duel, was wounded in the groin, but thank heaven not dangerously.

After Dinner letter from Devenish dated the 12th. Not a word of the Duel, which makes me hope things are not so bad. Letter dated Holyhead the 16th from Herbert Croft with some Lines (post-chaise poetry) which for his honour I will not transcribe. Nonsense and vulgarity."

The financial anxieties of the two poor Ladies

were perhaps a little relieved by this letter from Lord Mornington:

"Lord Mornington presents his compliments to Miss Butler and Miss Ponsonby and begs leave to assure them that he has taken great pleasure in the execution of their commands. He encloses a letter from Mr. Rose which contains a very clear account of the reasons for the delay of which Miss Butler and Miss Ponsonby complain. The fact is, that from various causes, there is at this moment a very great deficiency in the Civil List Revenue, which by Mr. Burke's bill stands separate and distinct from the general revenue of the Nation, in such a manner, that when there is an exceeding in the general revenue there may still be a deficiency in the Civil List. This is better explained in Mr. Rose's letter.

Lord Mornington begs Miss Butler and Miss Ponsonby to believe that he will not fail to interest himself in dispatching the payment of the arrears due to them as soon as possible. He knows that this will not be a matter of much difficulty, as Mr. Pitt is acquainted with their situation, and with the motive which so justly recommended them to His Majesty's favour.

Hertford Street,
November 22nd."

"*Sunday, November 23rd.*—At ten went with our dear Miss Davies to Oswestry. Numbers of hale happy looking people, some on foot, others on horse-back, hastening to our Village. When we arrived at Oswestry found our Barretts agreeable. Poor Miss Davies received a Sad Shock . . . that Mrs. S——, Mr. Hunt's

most Valuable sister, had died in Ireland lying-in of her Seventh Child. Mrs. S—— was Miss Davies' old and Dear (friend). She was a most excellent matron, the best of wives to a worthless despicable wretch. To a Very Soft and delicate appearance she joined a fortitude of mind which would have done honour to any of the ancient Roman—I don't say Matrons, but Senators. Saw in the papers the death of Mrs. Crewe of Crewe Hall, the Very person whose sweetness and gracefulness of manners had captivated us so much. . . . Mrs. Pryce (who had returned a few days since from London) waiting for us. Retired with her to the parlour, where with many tears (she) related the sequel of her poor old Lady's deep Tragedy, who on Sunday last at one in the morning set off for Dover, accompanied by Lady Mornington, Lady Mary Wesley[1] and her (Lady M.'s) governess. She is to be conveyed to some Convent, whether in France or Germany I cannot tell. Lady Mary is to reside with her. Poor unhappy old woman.

"*Monday, November 24th.*—The tax gatherer came. Paid him £4 1s. 6d. Evaded the stamp.

"*Tuesday, November 25th.*—Sent for Mrs. Pryce who with her husband came from Oswestry. Conversed with her about Lady Dungannon. So amazingly unfeeling after the fearful adventure with the Bailiffs who under the pretence of bringing her a letter enter'd her apartment, then conducted her to a Chaise which with two other Bailiffs and six Marshal Men were in the Court waiting for her. They stop'd at Twickenham to Dine, then brought her to a

[1] Mary, daughter of William Wellesley Pole, Baron Maryborough, 2nd son of Garrett, Earl of Mornington. She married, 1806, the Right Honourable Sir Charles Bagot, G.C.B.

Spunging house, whither Mr. Cavendish and his mistress had just before been conducted. Lady Dungannon in high conversation with *La Pucelle* when Lord Fairford and Lord Mornington made their appearance. They brought her to Lady Mornington's. She dined and conversed with the greatest unconcern. Lady Mornington, who was entirely overset with grief, horror, and apprehension, conveyed her to Hampton Court, where she lay that night and returned to Town next morning. Shocked and provoked by her mother's want of feeling or shame. Lord Dungannon's[1] goodness—so little known, his tenderness, his generosity, his continual attention to his grandmother, whose want of economy has involved him and all her family in Trouble and anxiety.

"*Thursday, November 27th.*—Letter from Miss Davies dated Oswestry. Mr. Owen of Woodhouse just returned from Town. Accounts of his Majesty have very little hope of his recovery or release. His insanity being much worse and more settled than the papers will allow, but he is, happily for the Queen and Princesses whose lives were in danger, now under proper care. The Prince of Wales signing all the orders of his Physicians. The Lord Chancellor[2] having declared that whatever Method was proper to take by a private person would not be High Treason with his Majesty.

"*Wednesday, December 3rd.*—Mr. Edwards of the Hand brought us a present of fine partridges. Stormy night. Very cold. Reading. Writing. Letter

[1] Arthur, 2nd Viscount Dungannon, born 1763, succeeded his grandfather 1771, married, 1795, Charlotte, daughter of Charles, 1st Lord Southampton.

[2] Edward Thurlow, created Baron Thurlow 1778.

by the Bath Carrier from Mrs. Hunt, Chester, dated Tuesday, December 2nd: 'I doubt not your receiving every account of our poor King and his malady that transpires, tho' I am informed no one but those essentially necessary see him. All accounts agree in saying there is no Danger of his Death, nor any probability of his returning reason. Hard to pronounce positively, I think, on an Event that is so much beyond the Power of Mortal Skill. This unfortunate malady has certainly been coming on him for some time—Cheltenham waters I do believe repeated his scrofulous complaint which probably might be attended by dangerous consequences to his mind. From a General officer that had attended every Levee since his return from Cheltenham it appears that all he said to his Courtiers (till the last Levee) was Silly and insane to a Strange Degree,—but at the last where he stayed only 6 minutes he appeared quite an idiot, spoke to nobody, looked shockingly like one, and so departed out of the Drawing Room. The poor Queen is more to be pitied than any of her Subjects in the Meanest Line. The last Drawing Room at which she was to have appeared was put off on the King's having set fire to the Bed Curtains after she was in bed, and by her struggling to get the Candle from him one side of her Cap was burnt. This occasioned Violent Hysteric fits, which disabled her (as is natural to suppose) from appearing in Public.'—With the highest respect for Mrs. Hunt's Veracity I give very little credit to this Provincial intelligence, and cannot forego my hope that his Majesty will yet be restored to the prayers of his Nation. Mrs. Hunt sent a number of enigmas and a Receipt how to dress the leaves of the

Mangel Worsel, or Root of Scarcity, like Spinach, with gravy and cayenne pepper.

"*Thursday, December 4th.*—Letter from Miss Bowdler, Bath 29th. In the Chateau de Grignan I mean de la Garde—which did belong to the Grignans, there has been found by the present possessor a considerable number of Letters by Madame de Sévigné and others of her set, but when the President de la Garde will publish them I cannot say.—Anecdote of Necker: As a Protestant he could not regularly be admitted into the Privy Council and it being absolutely necessary to have him there in the present distracted state of affairs, they have informed him that he must change his Religion if he continues in the Ministry, but as they know he has scruples, they have allowed him twenty-five years to consider of it.—The King has little or no fever. He is at Times perfectly rational but at other times dreadfully violent. They wished to have moved him to Buckingham House, but gave up the attempt in consequence of his violent resistance. They, however, mean to do it the first favourable opportunity—St. James' Chronicle.—The King arrived at Kew at half-past five—Sunday last November 30th. I have great hopes from this that his Faculties are not Dead and only sleep.

"*Friday, December 5th.*—Turned into the kitchen where there was a most excellent bright fire. The young woman from Dinbrenisaf, the picture of health and cleanliness, standing with her good crock of Butter by the window. Asked how her Mother did. Much the better for the receipt we sent her. Asked her how old her Landlord, Roberts of Dinbren, is? Fourscore and eleven, rides and walks about his lands every day and in all weather, his sight not so

perfect as it was, but his hearing acute as ever. His wife who is fourscore and two manages the family, attends her Dairy of twelve cows, makes butter and cheese for sale, is as active and notable as a person of forty.

"*Saturday, December 6th.*—Letter from Mrs. H. Kavanagh. Not a syllable of truth in the report of Butler's Duel. For what Fell purpose this horrid falsehood was so disastrously propagated I am at a loss to discover. Mr. Edwards of the Hand sent to inform us that the Dean of St. Asaph had gone thro' this village in the night last Thursday on his way to London, where his most worthy and respectable father, the Bishop of St. Asaph, lay dead.

"*Monday, December 8th.*—Present by the Post of a turkey, of a roasting pig, from the Cross Keys. Writing. Reading. At twelve our dear Barretts and Margaret came. Sweet day. When we had sat some time went the home circuit with them. They admired the new plantation in the new garden. Price, now of Oswestry, walked from thence here to show 2 letters his wife had received from Lady Mornington and Lady Mary Wesley. After dinner the Barretts and our Dear Miss Davies went away. With tender and most sincere regret did we bid her adieu, as she leaves Oswestry next Wednesday. Accounts of the King:—so very outrageous that he almost strangled the Duke of York, who lay senseless for a considerable time after. The Prince of Wales galloped to Town to consult with the Chancellor what methods might be made use of. This is the Pigotts' intelligence, to which I never give credit. Mr. Kynaston of Hardwick said he never was present at so solemn and so awful a scene as the Meeting of Parlia-

ment—There was a profound and affecting silence for a Very Considerable Time. At length the Chancellor of the Exchequer rose and attempted to Speak, but his Voice faltered and he spoke so low that it was with difficulty that he cou'd be understood. The Common people have an idea that Mr. Fox administered Poison to the King and went abroad to await the effects of it. This report has gained credit with those who ought to know better. The Crewes went from Crewe Hall to Nantwich to purchase Mourning for his Majesty, who thank God is still alive.

"*Thursday, December 11th.*—Mr. Edwards of the Hand came to inform us that a King's Messenger called at the Hand in the night. He left London on Monday night. On Sunday last he had been violently outrageous all day. Monday quiet and collected. . . . My Beloved and I went the Farm circuit. Lovely day, rather cold. Somebody, I suspect that vile woman of Penycoed, has stolen our poor faithful hen whom we have fed and cherished so long, for whom we were going to erect a wall in order to enclose her precincts and secure her from annoyance of Dogs and Fowl. But she is gone. My beloved and I went to feed her with oats when we missed her. Sent to search every field, dingle, the banks of every stream, the Penycoed mountain. But this fell Inhabitant whose cottage we were the means of securing has made this grateful return. . . . As my beloved and I were going to see the soil and sod which came in the Pengwern cart from the mountain we were assaulted by the Weaver's Bull Dog. Went down to his House, threatened him if he did not Shoot it, or Send it away this Very Night, he and his Dog should take the Consequence. He was saucy. We were determined and acted as I

think and hope became us. Our poor hen is certainly gone. We fear destroyed by a Fitchet[1] at an hour when we were not near to protect her. I daresay she thought of, perhaps called on us, but we Alas! heard her not. Our Good Landlord, hearing of the affray between us, the Weaver, and his Bull Dog, hastened to assure us no tenant of his (for such the Weaver is) should offend us with impunity. He asked us how the King was. Wondered why the Vicar omitted praying for him the two last Sundays. 'A prayer is a good thing, the King is a good man. Has he had some Palsy? Is not the younger Son to have the Crown? The Prince is so wild.' I like the Political ideas of these Simple People.

"*Friday, December 12th.*—Very gloomy, wet, cold. The Irish woman, whom we sent to Trevor with a letter to Mr. Pleydell about the Bull Dog whom the weaver kept in defiance of us, returned with a Letter from Pleydell which we shall ever consider as an obligation. He also sent his gardener to summon the Weaver and his dog to Trevor Hall, and in every respect behaved as became the *Magistrate* upon whom we called and the *Gentleman* to whom we applied. Reading. Writing. The Bird is Dead that we have made so much on. Robert the Weaver (our old neighbour) found her headless body under an old wall by the brookside where a Fitchet had brought and destroyed her—Poor Thing. This Fitchet is an old offender, the hatred and terror of all the Cottagers possessed of fowls, it inhabits an impenetrable fastness beside the Cyflymen. Reading. Drawing. Splendid heavenly glittering day. The Poor woman from whom we got our Hen, hearing of her dismal

[1] A weasel.

end came (with a kindness, a degree of feeling and sentiment which belongs to this country) with the present of a Hen which she hoped would be acceptable as we were so fond of the old Hen. This was a daughter of hers, rear'd from an egg of her own Hatching. We were grateful for the Intention, sent the Hen to the fowlyard, but did not nor ever shall behold her as the successor of one who has left no Equal.

"*Saturday, December 13th.* — Letter from Miss H. Bowdler dated Bath the 8th. Sir Henry Englefield[1] says we shall not see the Comet long as it has paid its Visit to the sun and is going farther from us every day. It is to be seen at 6 o'c. in the morning blazing in the East. The accounts of the poor King grow worse and worse: they have taken him from the place he loved and he has been much worse since. Those who love him must wish him in Heaven. Dr. Addington who saw him at Mr. Pitt's desire was very earnest that he should see the Queen but could not prevail. He thinks there is no *natural* impossibility of his recovery. Letter from Lady Mary Wesley dated 8th, Lille. Lady Dungannon enraged at the Dirt and Stupidity of the French and Flemish. The cold excessive. Her house like most Flemish houses open to every wind.

"*Monday, December 15th.*—Letter from Lady Mornington, Henrietta Street. The poor King is not likely to recover suddenly, but the last doctor who has seen him says positively that he has no doubt of his getting well. . . . An old nailer in this village who goes every week to Wrexham says yesterday morning he came and went on an eminence near Wrex-

[1] Sir Henry Englefield, 1752–1822, antiquary and scientific writer.

ham on purpose to see the Comet, which he discovered blazing in the East. He described it as resembling a Hauberk, with a tail a yard long. The diameter of the Comet half the size of the Moon. As the Sun rose it became dim and was at length gradually concealed by a circle of mist which enclosed it.

"*Thursday, December 18th.*—Snow. Letter from Miss H. Bowdler: 'the King is not materially better but he is much happier since he was put under the gentle government of Dr. Willis.[1] All the medical people seem convinced that he will be well some time or other.'

"*Saturday, December 20th.*—Letter from Lady Anne Wesley dated Newells Park the 16th. The King not quite so well as usual. Nothing equall'd Pitt's Dignity or Fox's meaness, in the House last Friday.

"*Sunday, December 21st.*—Sharp keen air, blue sky, bright, freezing, slippery as glass. Mr. Herbert Croft came while we were at Dinner. Just come from Ireland. The Duke of Norfolk and the Marquis of Townshend talked of as successors to the Marquis of Buckingham. Duke of Devonshire proposed. The Duchess would not consent—Pitt the greatest character that this or any other age or country ever produced. Careless of money, greatly in Debt. Sheridan's Brother, a Dublin Blackguard, came over in the Paquet with Croft, said he hoped to Dine with the Regent on Christmas Day. Prince William Henry a sad Wretch. Croft wrote 'Love and Madness';[2]

[1] The Rev. Francis Willis, M.D.

[2] *Love and Madness—a story too true; in a series of Letters between parties whose names would perhaps be mentioned were they less known or less lamented.* These letters were supposed to be those written by James Hackman (1752–1779) to Martha Ray, mistress of John

assured us Lady Anne Lindsay[1] wrote 'Robin Gray'. Young the Poet a bad man, thought of nothing but his Poetry and drinking, and entirely neglected the Education of his Children. In consequence of that neglect, his Son born with genius and talents, died in jail; on an income of four hundred a year spent twenty thousand pounds. Croft must be at Shifnal this night, therefore could not stay for coffee. Like him most exceedingly, pretty manners, sociable, accomplished. If he survives the present baronet, Sir J. Croft, will inherit the Title, but the estate goes in the female line by a sad piece of injustice. When he was gone, looked in the Baronetage for his Pedigree —ancient. Possessed of Croft Castle in Herefordshire before the Norman Conquest. Sir J—— sold this splendid domain.

"*Monday, December 22nd.*—Recollect that Mr. Croft told us yesterday Dr. Willis has no doubt of the King's recovery as he never knew an instance of

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Montagu, 4th Earl of Sandwich. Hackman entered the army, aged 19, as an ensign in the 68th Regiment. While with a recruiting party at Huntingdon he was invited by Lord Sandwich to Hinchingbrooke, and there met Martha Ray. She was the daughter of a staymaker, and while very young became Lord Sandwich's mistress and bore him several children. Hackman left the army and was ordained, and presented to the living of Wiverton in 1779. During this time Martha Ray refused his offers of marriage. In a fit of jealous despair he shot her as she was quitting Covent Garden theatre after the performance of *Love in a Village*. He then shot, but failed to kill, himself. On the 19th April 1779 he was hanged at Tyburn. Boswell attended the trial, and appears to have ridden with Hackman to Tyburn. Horace Walpole, writing to William Cole, 1780, says: "I doubt whether the letters are genuine. . . ." Walpole was dragged into the book, but says: "I shall make no answer to these absurdities, nor to any part of the work".

[1] Lady Anne Lindsay, daughter of James, 5th Earl of Balcarres, married Andrew Barnard, Esq. She wrote "Auld Robin Gray" in 1772, but for many years denied the authorship.

incurable Insanity which had not been preceded by melancholy.

"*Thursday, December* 25*th.*—Letter from Miss H. Bowdler dated Bath 23rd. Dr. Herschel, Sir H. Englefield, Mr. Smith etc. have looked in vain for the Comet. Some French Philosophers have seen through a Telescope a little Comet in the north. A Scotch Parson says he saw a Star as big as a Turnip, the Tail like a Fox's. The King of France is weak and obstinate in the highest degree. His arbitrary and Tyrannical dissolution of the Government has raised a Spirit in the people which all the prudence and all the Virtue of Necker will not be able to control without allowing a total change in the constitution. The Queen is so infamous that it is the subject of discourse in all companies. The D—— is universally supposed to be the son of the C. D'A——s.[1] St. Jame's Chronicle contains accounts of the Severity of the weather all over Europe. Frost, snow, ice. Drought in England. At Paris the 16th the Seine was one sheet of Ice for miles.

"*Sunday, December* 28*th.*—A man like a common soldier came at five this morning in a chaise to the Hand from Corwen, proceeded to Oswestry in a chaise, paying all the way. An odd circumstance. The simple folk in the village are alarmed at the report of a Spirit, which a mason says he heard last night and two nights before. It proceeded with a loud noise from the Bridge to the Town Hall and last night advanced as far as the Clerk's house.

"*Monday, December* 29*th.*—Letter from Lady Mornington dated London 26th. Letter from Lady Dungannon, Lille. No date of time, by the postmark see

[1] Comte d'Artois.

it arrived in London the 26th. A melancholy letter, poor woman, written with piety, resignation, and in the most affecting terms. Lille detestable, the Company shocking, weather intolerably cold. Letter from Miss H. Bowdler, Bath, Dec. the 27th.

There is now no doubt that the power of these unprincipled men will be confined, for Mr. Pitt, though totally regardless of his own interest, is firm as a rock on every point that can affect the Honour and just rights of his injured Master. The principal matter now in debate is whether there shall or shall not be a total change in the King's Household, which Fox demands and Pitt absolutely refuses. The power of making Peers is another Point in dispute, and particularly as Mr. Burke mentioned the use they mean to make of that power. This, they think, Mr. Pitt would give up if it could prevent any further disputes. This great man will certainly retire, and trust a grateful Nation to preserve him from starving. He certainly has no money. His own fortune, which was only five thousand pounds, he gave to his Sister. It is well known that during the Four years of his glorious administration he has saved nothing. They say the City of London will give him £3000 per ann. The poor King is still at times very violent. At other times he appears perfectly well. Says the most desponding now hope he will recover. The Queen is the picture of woe, but it is the grief of a pious and well govern'd mind, patient, gentle, and resigned though hopeless. No newspaper, how provoking.

"*Wednesday, December* 31*st.*—Reading. Writing. Letter from Mrs. Hunt, Chester the 30th by the Bath Carrier. 'I do not pretend to be of any party in Politicks, as an individual I wish everything that

may contribute to the Happiness and Peace of the Nation in General. At present I think our Political Hemisphere has a Very gloomy cloud hanging over it. Mr. Pitt has I think great powers, and *Now* to be able to obtain a majority in the House of Commons shows that he has the art of persistence in the greatest perfection. If Public business can be at a Stand for so long as it has been, I think it matters little whether we have a King or not. Not a week ago his Majesty was strapped down in his Bed in the Strait waistcoat. This I had in a private Letter from London.' The weather dreadfully severe.

"*Thursday, January 1st*, 1789.—The Dee is frozen all over. Shanette,[1] the reputed witch of the village, brought us for a new year's gift a large parcel of apples, Tied up in a neat white napkin. I met her as she was coming in with her gift. She insisted on kissing my hand. A compliment I could well have excused, but could not avoid for fear of giving her pain. I think my hand feels chilled and numbed since. . . . Letter from Cranary.[2] 'Mr. Jones, son to Lord Ranelagh,[3] left at his father's agents in this Country, a Drawing of two Ladies, one at a Frame working, the other Drawing—which he said was copied from a Drawing of you and your friend, so employed, and was taken from an original drawing.' I like this Irish Lye or Irish ingenuity, to get Sale for some paltry Picture.

"*Saturday, January 3rd.*—Thaw. Young Donnes came. Had a conversation with (him) about Cloaths.

[1] Welsh, Sioned = Janet.

[2] From Mrs. O'Connell, who, Lady Eleanor says, always wrote with "elegance, delicacy and feeling".

[3] Charles Jones, Esq., succeeded his cousin as 4th Viscount Ranelagh in 1759, and died 1798.

Scolded at his father and reviled his Laziness, Negligence, and Inattentions to our Orders.

"*Sunday, January 4th.*—Snow deep. A few sheep wandering about the field in great distress. One of them apparently consumptive and coughing up its poor lungs. Made my heart ache. I wish they cou'd take money, or that I cou'd relieve them in their own simple way.

"*Monday, January 5th.*—Letter from Mr. Chambre. Letter from Miss H. Bowdler, Bath, Jan. 1st. 'The King is certainly considerably better. This is the opinion of one of the Physicians and one who till now did not expect him to recover. Pitt is more admirable every day than the last and carries every point so triumphantly that it is hoped he will prevent much intended mischief before he resigns. Though careless of his own Interests he is firm as a Rock in defence of the King's. The Household will not be attacked nor the House of Lords outnumbered by Mr. Burke's new peers. Lord Loughborough[1] said the other day in Company where he thought he was safe, "Let us only get the Prince appointed, we shall see who dare propose restraints." The Duke of Queensberry,[2] who has been the King's Servant for many years, voted against him, and has been shunn'd ever since like a pestilence. He called upon the Duchess of Gordon[3]

[1] Alexander Wedderburn, 1733–1805. He was called to the English Bar 1757, successfully defended Lord Clive. Lord Chief Justice 1780 and created Baron Loughborough. Lord Chancellor 1793. Advanced to the dignity of Earl Rosslyn 1801. The earldom devolved upon his nephew, Sir James St. Clair Erskine, Bart.

[2] "Old Q", Charles, 3rd Duke, married Catherine, daughter of Henry, Earl of Clarendon and Rochester. He survived his sons, and his English honours expired.

[3] Duchess of Gordon. Jane, daughter of Sir William Maxwell, Bart., married (1767) Alexander, the 4th Duke of Gordon. She died 1812.

the other day. She was just going out of her Door so cou'd not well be denied to him, but her greeting was, "And am I so unhappy as to see the auld Rat of Piccadilly in my House?" He staid for no more but ran to his coach. The King is much better. Fox, they say, has got his death's wound on this fatal journey, God forgive him. I am told the King raves of the distresses of his People and only complains of restraint from an idea that he is prevented from doing the good he wishes. When he first saw Willis he said sternly "What do you come for? Go home and preach to your flock." Willis, with his usual gentleness and good sense, replied, "Sir, our Great Master went about to heal as well as to Preach and my errand here is to heal your Majesty in which I hope and believe I shall succeed". "You are right," said the King. "Come hither and let me talk to you." '

"*Tuesday, January 6th.*—Our good apothecary from Wrexham came at 8. As we had heard of his being in the village in the morning asked him why he did not come sooner. He said he had been engaged at a Very extraordinary club held annually in Llangollen at the King's Head (which king is Charles the First in the midst of his troubles) the members of which, consisting of the Principal Farmers, composed at one Table epigrams, the Subjects of which were sent to them from another Table. Crowe told us some of them were wonderfully well written, particularly some on the present situation of affairs. . . . Sent for Mr. Edwards of the Hand, asked him about the meeting of the Poets last night. He said they were still sitting. The Candidates for the Chair were Jonathan Hughes and his son from Pengwern, Peter Lloydde of Cynwyd aged 22 and David Jones

of Rhos near Ruabon. The Chair was obtained by Jonathan Hughes, who is the best poet in North Wales. The Eisteddfod or the Sessions of the Bards and Minstrels. These Eisteddfodai were the British Olympics in the time of Gryffydd ap Cynan, who was cotemporary with the Conqueror. It was enacted that no person should follow the profession of Bard or Minstrel, but such only who were admitted by the Eisteddfod, which was held once in three years. They were allowed the liberty of circulating their respective territories thrice in a year, viz. Christmas, Easter and Whitsuntide. Jonathan Hughes was last night appointed Cadeirfardd or the Bard who got the Badge of the Chair. The Chair was made by Edward Jones the village Carpenter and cost ten shillings. The subjects of their Poetry were Loyal expressions of sorrow for the King's illness, wishes and prayers for his speedy recovery. Praises of Mr. Pitt. Enconiums on the Bridge of Llangollen, the River Dee, the Mill—which Mill can no longer work, the River having frozen and huge masses of Ice scattered about it forming a tremendous appearance."

CHAPTER VII

"*Thursday, January 8th,* 1789.—Letter from Mrs. Goddard dated Bath the 4th. Mr. Wandesford is a charming young man, greatly improved, handsomer than his Brother (Mensonge). I think I see lines in this character that if not cross'd, (what a pity, if they are there, that they should) but well conducted, will break into great virtues.

"*Saturday, January 10th.*—Letter from Miss H. Bowdler 1st. Poor Fox must if report proves true give an account of his Conduct before the higher Tribunal, for he is a Martyr to ambition. Mr. Clarkson[1] is a Clergyman educated at Cambridge. Was induced to write an Essay on Slavery merely with a view to gain the Prize, profered by the University for the best performance on that Subject. But the enquiries which he then made in regard to the African Trade opened to him such a Scene of Iniquity that he determined to relinquish all other pursuits and devote himself entirely to the relief of those

[1] Thomas Clarkson, 1760–1846. Sir John Hawkins was the pioneer of British slave-trading, a trade which increased so that in 1791 not less than 38,000 negroes were estimated to have been taken as slaves by British slavers. Agitation led to a Parliamentary Committee being appointed, 1788, to look into the matter. In 1807 a bill was passed prohibiting the slave trade, and in 1834 all slaves were freed in British colonies, but were compelled to apprentice themselves to their former masters. In 1838 they were fully emancipated.

unhappy beings, whose Sufferings are a disgrace to human Nature. He has spent seven years in Liverpool, Bristol, etc. in order to collect authentic information to lay before the House of Commons. The Bill proposed by Mr. Wilberforce, and that already carried by Sir William Dolben, were both plan'd by him. He lately refused a large living because he will undertake no other duty till he has performed this, and Mr. Wilberforce has told me that he had great difficulty in persuading him to relinquish the idea of going himself to Africa to examine into the Truth of the horrid accounts he had received from Thence. Mr. Wilberforce says he must certainly have been murdered, and Therefore he insisted on his giving up this plan. He is now pleading the cause of Humanity in most of the Pulpits in England, and I am told does it most admirably. The King getting better, or rather well, and the Prince of Wales etc. may set their houses in order and dispose of their persons as they think proper. . . . The moon steadfast over the center of our Field, attended by a few Stars. What stillness in the air! Her Planet glittering in the deep blue expanse. The smoke from our Dressing-room Chimney spinning up in a thick Column. The whole Country covered with the purest most sparkling snow. The silence of the night interrupted by the village clock tolling nine, a dog barking at a great distance, the owl complaining. I could have staid in the field lost in admiration till morning.

"*Sunday, January 11th.*—Mr. Edwards of the Hand whom we sent for says a person came to his House last night from Ireland, who told him he came over in the Packet which was five days and nights Beating about the Coast, at length they were drove to the

Coast of Carnarvonshire and landed on the Rocks near Pwllhlly.

"*Monday, January 12th.*—Lady Carisford[1] has been overturned and much hurt in Huntingdonshire, canvasing for her husband. Letter from Miss Bowdler dated the 10th, Bath: 'The contest grows warmer and more violent than ever. The Committee sat examining Doctors till two o'clock yesterday morning. They have quarrel'd violently and many points have been determined by a division and a Majority of one Vote. Burke behaved like a Madman in the House on Tuesday, and I was told his behaviour was still more like one in the Committee. I believe the opposition are endeavouring to prove that the Queen has tried to persuade the Physicians to give more favourable accounts of the King's health than the Truth Would Warrant. The result will be known on Monday and not generally known *Till* that day.'

The most bitter Cold I ever remember, cutting, shaving wind, lead coloured sky, snow blown from the trees in drifts. Comfortable in the house if we could have any real enjoyment of our own Situation while so many not only of our fellow creatures but the Brute creation, who have a strong claim upon our feelings, are such Sufferers at this moment.

"*Thursday, January 15th.*—The Vicar, Mr. Jones, came to make a Collection for the Poor of the Parish who are in great want this piercing season. He staid for two hours. Wind, Rain, Snow, Sleet, Sunshine.

"*Saturday, January 17th.*—Confirmed thaw. Air soft.

[1] Elizabeth, second daughter of the Right Honourable George Grenville, sister of the 1st Marquess of Buckingham, married (12th April 1787) John Joshua, 2nd Baron Carysfort of Norman Cross, Co. Huntingdon, created Earl of Carysfort 1789.

Sky gloomy. Letter from Miss H. Bowdler dated Bath the 13th. 'Charles Fox is certainly very ill and the fatigue which he endures will probably kill him. Pitt is ill too, but I hope not dangerously. I was told by one of his Friends to whom I expressed my fears for his Health that his Strength was always recruited by sleep. The moment he is in Bed he can lay aside all his cares. He falls into a Sound Sleep directly, and never wakes till Morning and then is equal to every fatigue or exertion of body or mind. I had many particulars which came from Lady Effingham.[1] The King asked Willis if he thought he was mad? Willis said he had a Delirium on him at Times. "But what is the cause of it?" "Too much anxiety for the good of your People, too little sleep, too much exercise and an excess of Temperance." "True, that is all true, and now I will believe *all* you tell me." He complained that he had not what he liked to eat. "Why not?" said Willis. "If it is to be had in your Three Kingdoms your Majesty shall have it."—"Shall I? then let me have Beef and Potatoes." His dinner was ordered accordingly, but they brought it minced for him to eat with a Spoon, having never Ventured to give him a Knife. The King turned to Willis with a look expressive of the most piercing Woe. "Look there,—is that the way for a *Man* to Dine?" Willis said certainly not, and ordered them immediately to bring him a Knife and Fork and to cut his dinner as he Chose it. At Night he grew Very Wild and refused to go to Bed. Willis desired him to do it. "Do you know that I am King?"—"Yes, Sir, but a sick King must mind his Physicians. Your Majesty

[1] Thomas, 3rd Earl of Effingham, deputy Earl-Marshal, married (1765) Catherine, daughter of Metcalfe Proctor, Esq.

must go to bed." The poor man submitted. The next day he said he wanted to write to the Queen, but nobody would take his Letter. Willis said he would take it and accordingly the King wrote a few lines and Dr. Willis took them to the Queen. She was in an agony of distress, but at his desire sent an answer that the King might know he had kept his word. When the poor Man saw that it was really her hand he caught Willis in his arms in such a Transport of joy and gratitude that he could hardly disengage himself. He then requested to see her and Willis consented. The first meeting was very trying to Both, but they have since been together several times. He shed tears, but seeing it affected her he said He would not Cry if *she* would not. He is gentle and kind to everybody and grateful for anything that is done by his attendants, except when he is particularly disordered and then he is dreadfully violent. Thus far I believe it true, but I hope it is *not* so that the Queen has made Willis give more favourable accounts than the Truth could Warrant which is confidently asserted by the Party, it is I hope an infamous falsehood, but as yet nobody can contradict it. The use which they want to make of this Story is to take away the care of his person from her. I fear the *Son* has treated her most inhumanly, and I am afraid there is no further intercourse between them.

Lady Anstruther[1] and her daughter told me they were in the House when Lady Anne Lindsay produced "Robin Gray", stanza by stanza as her own and submitted it to the criticism of the Company. The

[1] Lady Anstruther, Janet, daughter of James Fall, Esq., of Dunbar, married, 1750, Sir John Anstruther, 3rd Baronet, who died 1799.

music was composed by Mr. Lewis. Lady Anne Lindsay is a little ashamed of this *now*.'

Soaking rain. Old Jonathan Hughes, the Bard of the Valley, with his poetical productions at the Eisteddfod one of which he has Translated. We sent for him into the Library: a tall Venerable figure. Can speak very little English. . . . Mr. Edwards of the Hand came with compliments from Lord and Lady Leitrim and excuses for not calling as they were very greatly stress'd for time, being detained two days on the Bath Road by the fearful depth of snow. . . . Writing, Drawing. Old Parkes came with Chancellor Green's compliments. He will put the Letter[1] in the Dublin Post Office. He sent us word that Poor Lord Clifden died last Monday fortnight of an apoplexy.

"*Monday, January 19th.*—Letter from Miss H. Bowdler, Bath 15th. The attack on the amiable and unfortunate queen is Diabolical, her only real offence is that Mr. Pitt intends to give her the charge of the King's Person, Property, and Household, and the Opposition are determined if possible to prevent it. They now *whisper* that the Queen and Lord Hawkesbury[2] made the King execute a Codicil to his Will on the 25th of October, three days after Sir George Baker[3] said he had seen the first Signs of Derangement. Many of the questions put in the Com-

[1] To Mrs. M. Kavanagh.

[2] Charles Jenkinson, son of Charles Jenkinson (a Colonel in the Army, in command of the Blues in the battle of Fontenoy), born 1727. From 1767 to 1773 Lord of the Treasury. In 1786 he obtained the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster and was elevated to the peerage as Baron Hawkesbury. In 1796 advanced to Earldom of Liverpool.

[3] Sir George Baker, a physician who attended the King.

mittee were too indelicate and cruel, but they were overruled by a Majority of the Members.

Heard that Francis Evans, who was run over by his Waggon last Thursday returning from Oswestry with a Load of Malt, continued very ill, and that notwithstanding several doses of Physic and four Remedies he was still costive. We sent to desire he might immediately be swathed round with a Poultice of Bread and Milk and sweet oil as Hot as he could bear it, and that repeated till it had the desired effect. Reading. Drawing. Fine chill evening. The wife of Francis sent up thanks and Prayers for us. The first application of the Poultice had an immediate effect. Thank God.

"*Wednesday, January 21st.*—Library chimney swept. Letter from Miss H. Bowdler dated Bath the 18th. Three enclosed. 'Moyfey[1] Told a Friend of Mine this summer that He was come over to Pitt, that he was tired of opposition, and that he thought Government settled enough to deserve Support. My Friend happened to know that He (Moyfey) had offered Pitt his Universal Vote first, if He would prefer him to George Hardinge[2] in the office of Senior Judge, and *that* Bribe having been refused, had made a general Tender of himself under general conditions that Mr. Pitt should do for him what he could and when he could, though He pretended Pitt had used him ill in appointing Burton to be Justice of Chester. He was Base enough in the *Same Breath* to add that he

[1] Abel Moyfey, a Welsh lawyer, M.P. for Bath.

[2] George Hardinge, 1743–1819. Nephew of Lord Camden. Friend of Lord Camelford and Sir W. Jones. Corresponded with Miss Seward. He is the original of Jefferies Hardsman in Lord Byron's "Don Juan". In 1787 was appointed Senior Judge of the counties of Brecon, Glamorgan and Radnor.

should be for him still, as He thought it was due to *him*, or due as he again expressed himself, to a Settled Government. Having taken up the Plan *He* wrote to Bath 2 or 3 days before the King's Seizure and *then* told his Constituents that he *surrendered* and Sacrificed his opinions to them. He *now* votes for Fox universally. There are some of the most Innocent men Who are to support the new ministry. The underneath Intelligence is from the Fountain Head, and thro' the Clearest and Purest Channel. The Physicians are too Political, the Opposition are pushing for the care of the *King* as Well as the Kingdom, by an attack upon the poor unfortunate Queen to which most of their questions in the Committee are persisted and many of them so very Indelicate or Cruel that a majority of the Committee would not suffer them to be put. The Idea is that Sheridan is playing a deep game for himself. A new Hub to the Wheel is the Willis and Warren[1] dispute, which divides the Town; neither Side it is said will get an Inch of advantage ground by the last examination, which has taken up almost a week and been full of Tumult. I long to hear my hero Pitt did well, as I am persuaded he will. The moment Pitt goes out Britain is the Seat of Infamy, Vice, Profligacy and deepest blackest Corruption. His Royal Highness receives the Lord Chancellor, when he waits

[1] Dr. Richard Warren, one of the King's physicians. He was asked: "Did you ever endeavour, by any vehement argument or dispute, to induce Dr. Willis to sign his name to any account respecting the King's state, contrary to his opinion?" He replied: "I have endeavoured by debate, but not by vehement argument, to bring the Doctor over to my opinion, but never to persuade him to act contrary to his own." —*Report from the Committee appointed to examine the Physicians who have attended His Majesty.*

upon him officially, at Mrs. Armstead's,[1] who nurses Fox. This is Henry the Fifth, as in every other Point, beyond our warmest wishes. He has *declared* he will accept the Regency under any Limitations, tho' He knows the King will be hurt at nothing so much, if He Recovers, as at the manner in which He will see that his Son has been treated.' The following Letter from a Man High in office and one of the Committee to an Intimate friend. 'Your mistress will suffer nothing from an attempt so ill supported so impotent and so untimely; on the Contrary I am satisfied the proceeding was instituted against the Will of those who moved for it, and who hoped it would have been refused, and I think they prudently entertained that hope, as they would have got more by Bullying us for that refusal, than they will get by the Enquiry. The One result of the Enquiry as to more or less probable recovery is accurately this:—*no one* Physician says it is less probable, not even those whom the World suppose to wish it. The Majority say exactly the same, some better. Dr. Willis has hopes which if they are not too sanguine are extremely encouraging. The Opposition are all quarrelling. Mr. Pitt's Speech in defence of the injured Queen was the finest thing ever spoken, never was injured Innocence so fully supported——'

The Chimney Sweep come at last. A Child on Horseback, but tho' a Child in years an Ancient in understanding. A day of delicious retirement.

"*Thursday, January 22nd.*—Letter from Miss H. Bowdler. Dated Bath the 19th, fee'd by F. Gilbert the 20th. (One enclosed from her Clifton correspondent.) 'At Windsor the *P.* of Wales took Lord

[1] Mrs. Armstead was Fox's mistress.

L . . th . . n (whom he had gained from the *K*, who had £1200 a year from that *K's* privy Purse) to a Room so near the *K* that he could hear the Frenzy, at which both of them laughed etc. in a way too shocking to relate. He is now endeavouring to make his Mother detested. His Father irrecoverable. A Mother who adored him, and a Father whose Heart he had almost Broke before this disorder.' . . . 'Mr. Pitt mentioned an attack on a Character so amiable, so exalted, that during Thirty years in which she had been an Honour and blessing to this country the Venomed tongue of Slander had never dared to aim a single shaft at her. But now an attack was made, *now* when that excellent Woman was sinking under the Severest affliction which it was possible for such a Heart to feel, the Charge was such as at another Time could only be heard with a Smile of Contempt but *now* it must be regarded with Horror and detestation. She was charged with Watching near or over a Husband whom she most fondly loved, with the tenderest, the most anxious attention, with eagerly catching at every gleam of hope which pointed towards his recovery; and, on a particular day when He was certainly better, She is charged with wishing that the Public be made acquainted with this amendment, well knowing that every honest heart in the Nation must share her feelings on such an Event. But even then when she found that *one* Physician thought her too sanguine in her expectations, she is charged with immediately giving up her own opinions in compliance with his. Such is the Charge.'—The effect of this speech was wonderful and not one of the wretches who circulated this contemptible Tale durst make one Word of reply or

even hint at the subject again thro' the whole debate, except Sheridan who denies the whole.

The following is the Plan which was arranged some days ago but they are disputing among themselves and many alterations may be made before it is finally settled. It is to take place within twenty-four hours after the Regent has power to make them. Pitt is so much in debt that some Butchers were broke in consequence of his not paying their Bill, a party Lye:

First Lord of the Treasury. Duke of Portland.[1]

Secretaries of State (not quite determined). Lord Rawdon,[2] Mr. Fox.

President of the Council. Lord Stormont.[3]

Privy Seal. Lord Carlisle.[4]

Commander in Chief. Duke of York.

Admiralty uncertain and declined by Lords Sandwich[5] and Fitzwilliam.[6]

Chancery in Commission. Lord Loughborough, First Commissioner.

Paymaster-General. Mr. Burke.

[1] William Henry Cavendish Bentinck, 3rd Duke, 1738-1809, married Dorothy, daughter of 4th Duke of Devonshire, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1782. Twice Prime Minister.

[2] Lord Rawdon, son of the 1st Baron Rawdon, who was created Earl of Moira, and Elizabeth, daughter of 9th Earl of Huntingdon. Lord Rawdon inherited from her the Baronies of Hastings, etc. He was created Marquess of Hastings, and was Governor-General of India.

[3] David, 7th Viscount Stormont, nephew to the great lawyer, William Murray, created Earl of Mansfield, 1776. He inherited the Earldom of Mansfield, 1793. Lord Stormont contended against the idea of the Regency being elective.—Report of the Debates on the Regency.

[4] Lord Carlisle, Frederick, 5th Earl.

[5] Lord Sandwich, John, 4th Earl.

[6] Lord FitzWilliam, William, 4th Earl (married Charlotte, daughter of 2nd Earl of Bessborough).

Treasurer of the Navy and Head of the Board of Control. Mr. Sheridan.

First Secretary to the Treasury. Mr. Adam.[1]

Second Ditto. Mr. Burke, junior.[2]

Attorney-General. Mr Erskine.[3]

Secretary of War. Mr. Grey[4] or Mr. Fitzpatrick.[5]

Lord of Treasury. Sir James Erskine.[6]

Master-General of the Ordnance. Duke of Northumberland.[7]

Exchequer uncertain. Lord John Cavendish,[8] Sir Grey Cooper,[9] Mr. Fox, or Mr. Sheridan.

Ambassador to France. Lord Malmesbury.[10]

Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Duke of Norfolk[11] or Lord Pelham.[12]

[1] Mr. Adam. Fought duel with Fox, but became strong opponent of Pitt. Opened the second charge against Warren Hastings.

[2] Mr. Burke, jun., Richard Burke.

[3] Mr. Erskine, Thomas Erskine, later Lord Chancellor. Youngest son of 10th Earl of Buchan. Successfully represented Admiral Keppel on his trial by Court Martial at Portsmouth, 1779. Said to have made £150,000 while at the Bar. A Whig and intimate friend of Sheridan and Fox. 1st Baron Erskine, 1806.

[4] Mr. Grey. Charles, 2nd Earl Grey. Prime Minister, November 1830 (married Mary, daughter of 1st Lord Ponsonby).

[5] Mr. Fitzpatrick. Richard. Politician, General, and wit. Second son of 1st Earl of Upper Ossory. Lived in same lodgings with Fox.

[6] Sir James Erskine, 2nd Earl Rosslyn. His mother was sister to the Lord Chancellor, who became 1st Earl. Officer in the Guards. M.P. for Castle Rising. Voted against the measures of Pitt. In June 1789 took the name of St. Clair in addition to his own.

[7] Duke of Northumberland. Hugh, 2nd Duke, 1742–1817.

[8] Lord John Cavendish, son of 3rd Duke of Devonshire, died 1796.

[9] Sir Grey Cooper, 3rd Baronet, died 1801. Zealous adherent of the Marquess of Rockingham.

[10] Lord Malmesbury. James Harris. Secretary and Controller to Queen Charlotte, created Baron Malmesbury, 1788. Earldom, 1800. Diplomatist. Died, 1830.

[11] Duke of Norfolk. Charles, 11th Duke, 1746–1815.

[12] Lord Pelham, created Earl of Chichester, 1801. Filled several high offices. Mr. Pelham, his son and heir. Secretary of State, Home Department. Postmaster-General.

Secretary in Ireland. Mr. Thomas Pelham.

Sweet delicious day. Writing to Miss Davies, and Miss Bowdler, Bath. At one our Barretts arrived. Dined at 3. After dinner went to the Farmyard. In the evening the Irish woman we sent to Wrexham returned. No letters.

"*Friday, January 23rd.*—Prevailed with our dear Barretts to give us this day as they intended going at one. After Breakfast we went to superintend our Work. Lovely, lovely day. Reading. Working. Became dark and gloomy. Poor Madam Bess grew ill. Wanted to go home. Sent for the Horses. The Servants luckily had gone to take their pleasure. When there was no remedy she grew better, thank God. Eat her Dinner heartily. Spent the evening very pleasantly.

"*Monday, February 2nd.*—At two post arrived, delay occasioned by the Oswestry Bag being sent to Welsh Pool and vice versa. Fine gentlemen these post masters at Salop and Oswestry. Letter from Mrs. Tighe, Woodstock, the 27th Jan. Lady Anne Butler has twins. General Evening Post, St. James' Chronicle so tiresome, so dull and unsatisfactory, we could not endure it. Compliments from Mr. Hughes (Preceptor to the Younger Princes, prebend of Gloucester, who was here some years since and whose marriage with Miss Watts daughter of the Rev. George Watts of Uffington Berks we read in our Evening Post) desiring permission for him and his wife to see this Cottage and garden. Permitted. Letter from Mrs. M. Kavanagh dated Balyhail, Jan^{ry} the 26th. Poor Lady Anne Butler has been extremely ill. She was brought to Bed of Twins. The Boy is dead. She was in labour three days and very little hopes of her life.

About nine days after, being pretty well for that time, fell ill of a Fever and is not yet perfectly recovered. Poor Lord Clifden was ill a week. Lady Clifden and Miss Agar[1] are in the greatest affliction. He had made a will many years ago in which he left Miss Agar £6000, Lady Clifden £800 a year jointure, which with her pension makes a thousand. To the younger sons £4000 each and farms of about £500 a year between them.

"*Wednesday, February 4th.*—Rain and Snow. Mr. Daly and Mr. Oliver came on their way from London to Ireland whither they are posting for the meeting of Parliament. Say the King was worse last Thursday and Friday than he has been since his malady. He wanted to ascend the Pagoda at Kew which being too publick they would not permit him. He then threw himself on the ground, wept and rolled about in the most frantic manner, poor poor man. Mr. Oliver, who I think a singularly pleasing young man, just come from Nice. He brought us from Mr. Croft 'Love and Madness', and an 'Unfinished Letter to Mr Pitt'.

"*Thursday, February 5th.*—Letter from Miss H. Bowdler the 31st. Warren has acted in a very unjust and dishonourable way. His party zeal which is well known has led him to behave in a most unjustifiable manner to a man whose greatest fault it is (what that party will never forgive) that he is curing the King. It is well known that the King while in health disliked Warren, and whatever might pass in his mind

[1] James Agar, created Baron Clifden 1776 and Viscount 1781, married Lucia, daughter of John Martin, Esq., and widow of the second son of Henry, Earl of Shannon. Died 1st January 1789. Lord Clifden's younger brother Charles was elevated to the peerage as Baron Somerton and advanced to the Earldom of Normanton, 1806.

at the moment the Doctor describes. It is certain that another day he offer'd to settle £700 a year on Willis if he would put a strait waistcoat on the other. Many questions which were asked by the Committee appear'd to Willis improper, as what were the names of his Patients etc., and he says they provoked him so much that if the question had been repeated *once* more he would have answered it by naming Mr. Powis, the Brother of one of the Committee, in order to make them feel the indelicacy of such an enquiry. Dr. Willis is universally allowed to be one of the worthiest men in the World and upon this occasion he has met with very ungenerous treatment. Witness the absurd story[1] about 'King Lear,' his Letter to Mr. Pitt, which has been completely disproved. The Queen deserves the Love and admiration as well as the Pity of every Worthy heart. It is an undoubted fact that she slept with the King after the date of the supposed Will. This is a most convincing proof that she did not suppose the King insane at that time. Mr. Fox is at Bath in order to avoid the disputes which Mr. Rolles' *impertinent* question will occasion. It is said Mrs. Fitzherbert is determined to assert her claim.

[1] *Q.* "Do you remember, among other books, to have put the Tragedy of *King Lear* into the hands of the King?"

Dr. Willis's reply: "His Majesty asked me to give him the Tragedy of *King Lear*. I told him it was improper. He then desired to have Foote's plays and Colman's. I did not know Colman had put out an edition of *King Lear*. . . . When I was charged by Dr. Warren for giving His Majesty it I thought I had not done it . . . and was much surprised when I went into the Page's room to see that *King Lear* was, I think, in the third volume of Colman's works . . . it was of no consequence, for at that time His Majesty could not read three words in any book."—*Report from the Committee appointed to examine the Physicians.*

"*Saturday, February 7th.*—Letter from Miss H. Bowdler dated Bath the 2nd. The King recollected the 18th of January and would have a coat with a Star upon it in Honour of the Day.

Writing to Miss H. Bowdler. Major Walpole under cover to his Father, Lord Walpole, Bruton St.

"*Sunday, February 8th.*—Letter from Miss Page dated the 7th.

Miss Maria Wilbraham was engaged to be married to Mr. Egerton Stafford, the time fixed for March next, but Mrs. Wilbraham as Mother and Guardian wrote to his Father to know if he did not mean to make a Settlement on her Daughter. To which request he wrote a very improper answer. The young man at the same time wrote in as improper a stile to Miss Maria, and has shown such an arrogant, overbearing Temper that she is resolved never to have further communication with him, and Mrs. Wilbraham who had bought furniture and Linen in abundance for the occasion is disposing of all again as fast as she can among her friends.

"*Thursday, February 12th.*—The post brought us Cash for our Twenty pound note. Paid corn man, coal man, the Butcher for our year's provision of Pork. Some other small bills in the Village and cleared ourselves thank God in this district.

"*Friday, February 13th.*—Windy. Gloomy. Mr. Congreve of the County of Waterford was at the Hand last night from Ireland. Mentioned the Irish Parliament[1]

[1] *Irish Parliament.* The Attorney-General said: "We are now to consider whether the Address moved for is an instrument sufficient to convey to His Royal Highness the regal authority? And whether it be such an address as we ought to present? . . . By the settled law of this land, if you look for the powers which are to be exercised by a Regent, or a guardian of the realm, you must look to the instrument

having voted the Regency to the Prince of Wales without limitation. The Marquess of Buckingham, coming over immediately, became very unpopular. Went to the Parliament there, attended only by the two Secretaries of State. A mark of disrespect from the nation to their Vice-Roy unprecedented.

"*Monday, February 16th.*—Letter from Major Walpole, fee'd by Lord, London the 12th. The Regency not yet finally settled. The King is better and it is said shows signs of recovery. Letter from Miss H. Bowdler dated the 12th. 'The King is certainly better and we have only to hope the amendment may continue. Disputes run high in the house and Burke is more mad than ever. I fear he is also very *very* wicked. The P. was at a large Party some days ago, at which he said aloud to the Duchess of Gordon, "Duchess, you look as if you had on a Strait waistcoat."'

Letter from Mrs. Mytton dated Halston the 14th. 'My son has spent 3 months in great tranquility at Besançon acquiring the language and custom of the country and is now removed to Paris, where he has been fortunate in the very best recommendations to Persons of the first fashion there, particularly to Mr. de Stael the Swedish ambassador, who married Mrs. Necker's daughter, where he meets the best society at Paris both for fashion and literature. He has

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by which his powers are created and by the settled law of this land these powers can only be created by statute, or by commission, under the Great Seal of England. . . . Without any communication with the Government of Great Britain, We are about to address the Heir Apparent of the Crown of Great Britain, of his own authority, or if you will of our authority, to assume the powers of Government . . . lawfully and rightly vested in *his* King, and in our King."—Irish Debates.

received much attention from the Duke of Dorset[1] and Rode himself into an intimacy with the Duke of Orleans. But a much greater advantage he is likely to receive from a particular friendship with Lord Grey[2] and Lord Mountstuart's[3] son. The former has an excellent heart and has travell'd to advantage, the latter is a more brilliant character and to the brightest parts and soundest principles adds all the lustre of external accomplishments,' this account gave us the sincerest pleasure, as the son of such a Father and Mother must be entitled to our best wishes exclusive of his own sake. . . . Reading. Writing. Frederick, the Tallow Chandler from Wrexham, came alas to no purpose. What a feeling in that Spanish proverb: 'Let him who fears to sleep too soundly borrow the Pillow of a Debtor'.

"*Tuesday, February 17th.*—Lever, the gardener of Chirk Castle, came with Kendal the Carpet man, as we desired. We have not seen Kendal these nine years, he was the first person from whom we had carpets, a plain sensible man. Vrai Anglais. Lives at Cirencester in Gloucestershire, deals most extensively in Carpets, Cyder etc., an honest plain Yeoman, a character I revere. Ask'd him how the County of Gloucester stood affected as to Politics. He, as freeman of Gloucester, voted for Mr. Howard. Said that at first the people wished for Pitt and approved of his measures, but now they begin to murmur and think he treats the Prince of Wales very ill. The King show'd symptoms of Insanity

[1] John Frederick, 3rd Duke of Dorset, died 1799.

[2] Henry, 18th Baron Grey de Ruthyn.

[3] John, 4th Earl and 1st Marquess of Bute, succeeded on his mother's death to the Barony of Mountstuart. He married, 1766, Charlotte, daughter of 2nd Viscount Windsor, and had seven sons by her.

before he came to Gloucestershire. When Lord Berkeley[1] heard that Cheltenham was proposed he waited on his Majesty to make an offer of Berkeley Castle for his residence. The King on hearing Lord Berkeley was in the antechamber ran out to him saying—'What Berkeley, Berkeley, Berkeley'. When his Lordship informed him for what purpose he waited on him the King laughed like an Idiot and repeated 'Oh, Aye. Aye. Berkeley Castle, Berkeley Castle, Berkeley Castle', and returned to his apartment without giving any other answer. Lord Berkeley told this to Mr. Vernon. The profusion of Cyder this year is not to be described.

"*Friday, February 20th.*—We removed to the Dressing-room and got the Library Chimney swept, that Vile little boy from Oswestry not having proceeded beyond the turn of the Chimney.

"*Saturday, February 21st.*—Letter from Mrs. Barrett, dated the 16th. Dined and spent that day with Miss Owen. The next evening Miss Owen, Miss Davies and Miss Bowdler spent with them. Mrs. Goddard called upon them the 15th. Miss Hare who is with Miss Owen (sister to Mr. Hare who married Miss Shipley) good tempered, makes Dress her Study, is at every Ball. Sported the Regent's Cap but durst not wear the motto. The King's Cap not near so pretty.

Letter from Miss Bowdler dated the 16th. 'Mr. de Luc called at Kew on Wednesday the 11th on his way to London and wrote to Mrs. de Luc from thence that the King was now perfectly restored in Body and Mind and had not the least remains of his illness except want of strength and that in no

[1] Frederick Augustus, 5th Earl of Berkeley. His marriage with Miss Mary Cole was not proved to the satisfaction of the House of Lords. He had ten children by her.

great degree, as he walks three or four hours at a time in Kew and Richmond Gardens. The Physicians' letters are more satisfactory than formerly but not yet sufficiently so. There are those among them who are determined to keep the Field of Battle to the last instant. There must still be a Regency, as the Money Bills, Meeting Bills, Circuits etc. etc. can wait no longer, but it is supposed that the Regent will make a Virtue of Necessity and not attempt a change of Ministry. The King is Well. He was perfectly himself the whole day on Tuesday and remained so yesterday. Warren pronounced him well to Lady Harcourt[1] yesterday (viz. Thursday) and said it would be a permanent cure. Recovery. All wanting now is amusement and quiet and what is most encouraging to the hope of His being completely recovered is that He is now well at full of the Moon and during the whole of his complaint he has been worse at the full and new Moon.'

"*Monday, February 23rd.*—Rose at eight. Soft still day, soaking rain. Letter from Miss Louisa Shipley dated Holywell House St. Albans, seat of the Dowager Lady Spencer, where she has been since Saturday the 14th. Miss Iremonger with her. A delightful Library. Reading fragments des Lettres and Mémoires de St. Simon. Lord Clermont[2] has been shot by the Prince of Wales, he is not dangerously hurt, but has several wounds in his Leg. Lady Clermont[2] was at Paris but expected home this week.

[1] Mary, daughter of Rev. W. Danby and widow of Thomas Lockhart, Esq., married William, 3rd Earl Harcourt. His Court duties were of a very close and confidential character.

[2] Lord and Lady Clermont. William Charles, Viscount Clermont, married Mary, daughter of Thomas Hunter. He won the Derby with "Aimwell" in 1785. His wife was a great friend of Marie Antoinette.

"*Tuesday, February 24th.*—Rose at eight. Storms, dark Clouds, faint sunshine. Writing. Snow on all the mountains. Nine Breakfast, half past nine till three black sky, bright sun, high wind. Artichokes planted. Writing. Drawing. Storms, fine light and shadow. The Duke of Leinster,[1] Lord Charlemont,[2] Mr. Ponsonby,[3] Mr. Conolly,[4] Mr. Stewart,[5] Mr. O'Neil,[6] all went thro' the village having first breakfasted at the Hand, on their way to London to offer the Regency of Ireland to the Prince of Wales. Compliments from the whole party by Mr. Edwards of the Hand to us. Letter from Mr. Ponsonby. Saw my brother and Butler a few days ago. Butler will be returned for the County. My Brother and he mean to unite interests for the County.

"*Thursday, February 26th.*—Letter from Miss H. Bowdler dated Bath the 24th. One enclosed from Mrs. de Luc, Windsor the 22nd. Last Friday the 20th the Chancellor had a Tête à Tête of two hours with the King, the subject was a sketch of everything that has past since his illness (the bad behaviour of *some* excepted) the Lord Chancellor has declared that he never at any time has seen the King's understanding more clear, calm and collected, and what is still more he slept 8 hours after this conversation.

[1] William Robert, 2nd Duke of Leinster, brother of the renowned Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

[2] James, 4th Viscount and 1st Earl Charlemont, Commander-in-Chief of the Volunteer Army of Ireland in 1779.

[3] Mr. Ponsonby. The Right Honourable William Brabazon Ponsonby, 1st Lord Ponsonby.

[4] Mr. Conolly. The Right Honourable Thomas Conolly of Castletown.

[5] Mr. Stewart. Mr. J. Stuart.

[6] Mr. O'Neill. The Right Honourable J. O'Neill, 1st Viscount O'Neill.—Irish Debates on the Regency.

The Regency is given up and on Tuesday it is expected that this Blessed news will be declared to the House, and the consequent change of measures which is not yet known. 'Do not believe a Word of the Will, but Believe as much as you please of the two Young Gentlemen.'

"*Thursday, March 5th.*—Letter from Miss Bowdler dated Bath, March the 3rd. Our Dear Mrs. E. Barrett not so well as we ever wish her. 'I have lately had some conversation with an Aunt of Lady Templetown's who received a pension in lieu of an apartment at Somerset House. She tells me that since Mr. Pitt came into office all pensions have been regularly paid three months after the quarter became due, till this year when nobody has received anything since April. She does not know the reason of this deficiency which is very inconvenient to her, but she says she is assured that the grievance will be reduced and all arrears paid as soon as Parliament has Voted a supply which will be done without delay. The payments were shamefully irregular before Mr. Pitt's Ministry.' . . . No newspaper, how provoking!

"*Tuesday, March 10th.*—Gypsey came to the Door, wanted to tell fortunes. Dismissed her. Hate such people.

"*Saturday, March 14th.*—Letter from Mrs. Tighe dated Woodstock the 6th. From Miss Shipley dated Bolton St. Thurs. 12th. 'Dowager Lady Spencer says she is wild to be acquainted with *Les Amies* and their lovely Cottage, and had Lord Spencer gone to Ireland she had determined when she visited him to spend a day in the sweet Vale of Llangollen.'

"*Sunday, March 15th.*—Writing. Drawing. Mr. Edwards of the Hand came with compliments from

Lord Belmore[1] and Dr. Godley. Lord Belmore was prevented from coming by the haste in which he travelled to see his Son who is ill, a lovely boy now at School at Dr. Glees's, the only child of Lady Margaret Butler.

"*Monday, March 16th.*—Scowling wind, intensely cold, harsh light sweeping over the mountains. Compliments from Mr. Ponsonby who with the rest of the Irish delegates lay at the Hand last night and early this morning proceeded on their journey to Ireland. A fine figure they have made on this glorious expedition for the honour of their Country.

"*Tuesday, March 17th.*—Still muddy evening. The Coal man came with his bill, according to annual Custom, at the March Fair in Llangollen. Thank heaven we had the money to pay him."

[1] Armar Lowry, 1st Earl of Belmore, married Lady Margaret Butler, daughter of Somerset Hamilton, 1st Earl of Carrick. She died 1776.

CHAPTER VIII

"*Wednesday, March 18th,* 1789.—An excellent fire in the dressing-room. Sat over it in converse sweet. At eight the farmer of the Hand brought a letter; was from our Dear Correspondent at Cranary—We wrote to Mr. and Mrs. Smith, the Bearers of this Letter, received a very polite answer, desiring to know our commands for London whither they are going. He is a young man, an officer, the only son of Major Smith: he married about 2 months ago Miss O'Reily, a very pretty girl without a fortune. He is taking her to London to introduce her to his relations.

"*Thursday, March 19th.*—Letter from Mr. Chambre. Letter from Miss H. Bowdler dated Bath the 17th. The Irish delegates were in luck that no insult was offer'd them by the mob. The Prince of Wales and Duke of York were not so fortunate for they were grossly insulted at the opera, and obliged to take off their Blue Ribbands and make their way thro' the Back Door incog. The People were incensed at seeing only a few Flambeaux at Carlton House and no lights at the Duke of York's.

Mr. Chambre's Clerk brought a Letter from Mr. Chambre and £20. 13s. 4d., The first quarter of our Pension and receipts for each of us to sign. A Letter from Mr. Child to Mr. Chambre. The Certificates

would not do. They must be signed by the Minister and Church Wardens. If there is only one Church Warden He must sign his name as the Church Warden. This is a sad inconvenience as our Church Warden lives beyond Trevor. Dismissed the young man with a perquisite and many many thanks to Mr. Chambre.

Friday, March 20th.—Sent for Mr. Edwards of the Hand about *very Particular business*. He came immediately and acted as we expected and indeed always experienced. Sent to invite the Vicar to coffee. I am so puzzled I scarce know what I write. The Vicar came to tea. Our Landlord came. Paid him his half year's Rent, which was due last November but we had not money. Now for the Cause of my Puzzle. Peggy, our undermaid who had lived with us three years, was this day discharged our service. Unfortunate girl. Her Pregnancy she could no longer conceal, nor could she plead in her excuse that she had been seduced by promises of marriage. Nine till twelve in the Dressing-room concerning that Poor Peggy Jones. Her father would not admit her to return to his House. We prevailed on the Weaver and his wife to receive her. What is to become of her?

"*Saturday, March 21st.*—Lovely delicious day. The Vicar came. Mr. Chambre's Clerk James Price, the Churchwardens John Ellis and John Jones. The Certificate signed at last. . . . Peggy Jones went to Trevor Hall this morning and I fear perjured herself. The Person to whom she swore her pregnancy was due was not the man to whom she was attached. Ordered her to be dismissed from the Weaver's which was instantly done.

"*Thursday, March 26th.*—The turner came with the Fitchet alive in a Trap. He caught it last night by the Brook side. This is the felon who has committed such depredations in our Poultry yard. He killed our Turkey cock and Hen, two beautiful cocks, one the gift of our Landlady, the others of our Barretts, and above all he slew our ever to be lamented Hen. Letter from Miss H. Bowdler dated March the 23rd Bath. Miss Meynell[1] shortly to be married to Sir John Caldwell. The Drawingroom on Thursday will be the finest ever seen. The King goes to St. Paul's on the 23rd of April. The Thought all his own. I am told he says Pitt *must* have a Blue Ribband and if no other can be had he will take off his own to give him. On the day when the King's message was sent to the House of Peers all were in their Robes, as is usual on such occasions, except the two Princes and the Duke of Cumberland who were pleased to appear in their Buff and Blue uniform. The Duchess of Gordon was in a crowd of enquirers after the King at St. James' when a servant said, 'Make way for the Duke of Queensberry and Lord Malmesbury'.—'You need not move', said the Duchess, 'I suppose they can creep up the wall'. The day after the Lord Chancellor's famous speech on the Household in which he quoted Dryden's Lines

> Deserted in his utmost need
> By those his former bounty fed.

The eldest son said to the Duchess at the Opera,

[1] Harriet, daughter of Hugh Meynell, Esq., married Sir John Caldwell, 4th Baronet of Castle Caldwell, Co. Fermanagh. His mother was the daughter of the most Rev. Dr. Joseph Hort, Archbishop of Tuam.

'Your friend the Chancellor made a curious speech last night and entertained the House of Lords with a Bit of an old Ballad.' 'I hope, Sir, it was "God Save the King" and I am sure the whole nation would join in the Chorus.' . . . Most delicious lovely day, gentle fleeces of snow falling down, sun shining, the whole country smiling. Birds melodiously chanting. Village Bells ringing. Populace shouting for whom we ordered a Sheep to be roasted. A Bonfire illuminated to Celebrate the happy Restoration of His Majesty's health, our Benefactor.

"*Saturday, March 28th.*—The little Brynkinalt woman from whom we have the cheese came to be paid. Thank God we had it for her. She brought two fowl and six pounds of Butter. Poor Brynkinalt, —the Hospitable Doors of that venerable mansion are I fear closed for ever by the rapine and plunder of Servants, who imposed on the extravagance and weakness of their old Mistress. Soft gloomy evening. Field perfectly covered with sheep and lambs. A Plough at the end moving slowly under the trees. Ploughmen whistling, the wildest and most plaintive tune I ever heard.

"*Sunday, March 29th.*—Letter from Lady Dungannon dated Lille, March the 22nd. Thank God the poor Woman has recovered her health and spirits amidst all her sufferings, and Lord Dungannon, her most excellent grandson, with a generosity and goodness of which there are but too few examples, has by paying her Debts (to which no law could oblige him) extricated her from all her difficulties, and she hopes to return to England the latter end of the ensuing month.

Letter from Mr. Chambre. He is going to London,

desires to be directed to under cover to John Hill, M.P. at the Blenheim Coffee House, Bond Street. . . . Letter from Mrs. Tucker dated Chester the 27th. Poor Mrs Tucker pregnant again. Francis her eldest son is gone to Cambridge. Edward to a Naval Academy at Greenwich, Martin to Metz in Lorraine where there are Several thousand Troops disciplined every year.

"*Friday, April 3rd.*—Mr. Edwards of the Hand's Cow calved Twins. The farmer of Pengwern Hall's two cows calved Twins. Which is looked upon as a Sign of a prosperous year, and particularly as the King's recovery is looked upon by the Loyal Inhabitants of this lonely Vale as the most signal instance of the particular care of Providence for these Islands.

"*Saturday, April 4th.*—Mutton from Oswestry of a great Size and Vast price. This village affords none. Reading, Drawing. Loud rap at the door. Gentleman from Ireland desired to speak to us. Sent to enquire his name. Frizzle. Desired him to walk in. Never saw him before. Good sort of man. Agent to Mr. Kavanagh. The Very Essence of Vulgarity, a perfect comedy worthy of Foote,[1] affectation of Taste and Science but under this fantastick husk I believe there lies a good heart. Poor Mrs. Kavanagh had the stroke of the palsy last January, much better since the last attack. Butler returned for the County of Kilkenny, gone to Oxford to take his seat next Sessions. Frizzle did not stay long. . . . My beloved and I walked many times on the Esplanade. Clear evening, but sharp and cold beyond expression. A comfortable well clad old woman rode up the field

[1] Samuel Foote, 1720–77. Actor and dramatist. Wrote "The Devil on Two Sticks", "The Nabob", "The Capuchin", etc. etc.

with a pipe of Tobacco in her Mouth, the Puffs from which softened the keenness of the air and must make her journey over the mountains delectable.

"*Sunday, April 5th.*—Bright sun gilding the Rocks and Mountains. Evan Williams and his Wife walking slowly and pensively round their hanging Field, examining the Thread which lies there for bleaching and counting the Lambs which, with their Dams, are on this sweet spot.

"*Monday, April 6th.*—Letter from Miss H. Bowdler dated Bath the 2nd. Miss Meynell going abroad for 2 years with her Mother to Paris. Sir John Caldwell attends them. Miss Rodney is the Daughter of the unfortunate nobleman.[1] She eloped with Mr. Wilson, the husband of a very Worthy Woman. The King is perfectly Well and never had an idea of going to Hanover which was reported by the Duke of York to make the world believe his Father still insane, and is the third attempt from the same quarter of the same kind. One of the Pages knocked his Master down and all were witness to such Scenes that it is thought better that their presence should not awaken painful recollections in his Mind and their Pensions being continued no injury is done to them. Letter from Mrs. Barrett dated Bath, April the 4th. 'Mrs. Kynaston of Witham, with her 2 daughters, is here. She comes for Miss Kynaston who has had a complaint in her Stomach and she poor

[1] George Brydges Rodney, 1718–1792. A distinguished admiral. Elevated to the peerage as 1st Baron Rodney. By his first wife, Jane, daughter of Charles Compton, Esq., sister of 1st Earl of Northampton, he had two sons. By his second wife, Henrietta, daughter of John Clies, Esq., two sons and three daughters. The eldest was married in 1784. The second, Margaret Anne, did not marry, and the third, Sarah, married in 1801 Major-General Mundy.

Woman laid up with St. Anthony's fire in the face. Miss Mytton is much enlivened and greatly admired. Mrs. Mytton is as amiable as ever. She left this place yesterday morning. Mr. Greenwood being obliged to come and vote for the Master of a College at Cambridge Mr. Mytton returned with him, and, what nine young men out of ten would not have done, is gone back again tho' his wish would be to remain on this Side the Water.' I am very uneasy about poor Sir Watkin Williams Wynne. Miss Owen says Lady Williams was sent for from Cheltenham in a hurry. She found him very ill, tho' not keeping his Bed. He has an inward Heat in his Stomach, of course a fever, and his Legs are swelled. The Physicians still fear for him. He *was* in a manner given over and is in a Very precarious State. Mrs. Bunbury is likewise in a very declining way. This has been a most Trying Spring in all inflamatory complaints.

Fine evening. Reading. Drawing. My Beloved and I walked for an hour admiring the beauty of the Evening, the heavenly light and Shadow Wandering about the Mountains, the Plough close beside us, Sheep and Lambs in the field. A Woman riding up the road which undulates through it, the Miller driving his horse laden with Sacks of Corn, Children returning from School, an old man bent double with years and leaning on short crutches.

"*Saturday, April 11th.*—A crowd of people, the attendants of a wedding from Wrexham, with the Bride and Bridegroom, entreated permission to see the shrubbery. Could not refuse them on this, most probably, happiest day of their lives. Looked at them as they walked. Very well dressed in a plain clean way befitting their station in life.

"*Sunday, April 12th.*—A number of well dress'd people descending the mountain paths and hastening to exhibit their holiday apparel at the Church in this village.

"*Tuesday, April 14th.*—Glorious day. A Plough at one end of the field, plough man whistling melodiously. A Harrow in another part. Sheep and lambs dispersed about, some grazing, some at play, others lying down. Smoke ascending from the cottages with which the sides of the mountains are dotted. Writing beside the window. I must write down the Scenery which adorns this field at this moment. Richard Griffith's Plough is under the window. Edward Evans with a Harrow. Evan Williams sowing oats. The Pinahin man's cart with Dung in a remote corner of the field for Potatoes. The Miller and his horse laden with sacks of corn coming from the Mill to the village. Sun shining, birds singing, lambs bleating. Ploughmen and sowers whistling and singing. Village bells ringing for Church.

"*Thursday, April 16th.*—Warm and comfortable beyond description. Our fire most excellent. Table strewed with Books, pens, Ink, paper, every implement for Drawing. From the window we see our Landlord sowing.

"*Saturday, April 18th.*—Letter from Miss Bowdler dated Bath the 15th. Lord Caithness[1] was engaged to Miss Delaney, her Father has a good estate in the West Indies. Miss Delaney was distractedly in love with this unhappy man, whose conduct has been in every respect so blameable that the less said of it the better. I hear (but I hope it is not true) that her head has been distracted ever since his death.

[1] John, 11th Earl of Caithness, died unmarried, 8th April 1789.

"*Sunday, April* 19*th.*—Our good landlord came with a letter to us from that Price who was condemned for sheep stealing. His sentence was reserved and the judge promised to recommend him as an object of mercy and that he should be Transported. He writes to us, to entreat we will get him off from Transportation. Threw his Letter in the fire as we cannot consider a noted Sheep Stealer entitled to much lenity even had we interest to get him off.

"*Monday, April* 20*th.*—Letter from Miss H. Bowdler dated Bath the 18th. Mrs. Wilson[1] is daughter to Lady Greenwich. Her Husband had the Insolence to write to Lord Rodney that if he will allow him sufficient to maintain his daughter he will live with her, but if not he must send her back to his Lordship. Mrs. Wilson now lives with Mrs. Grace Trevor and appears to be gayer than the gayest. The Prince of Wales has sent six Tickets for Broker's Ball to Mrs. Macartney with a pressing invitation under his own hand, and a Very kind Letter from Mrs. Fitzherbert. The Ball at the Pantheon is allowed by all parties to have been the most completely elegant that ever was seen in England. Twenty Tickets were sent to the Prince who did not choose to go and was pleased to give them to Weltchee,[2] and he sent them to Hookham's *to be sold*. His brother gave a Ball on that night to a large number of Ladies of a Certain Sort, at which the Prince and most of his Friends were present. At Two in the morning it was agreed it would be pleasanter dancing en Fresco, and they accordingly complied with the spirit of the Motto in their Hats which was 'no Restriction'.

Planted a great quantity of Primroses on the bank

[1] Hon. Anne Townshend. [2] Weltje, the cook.

by the Shed. A Storm parching and withering everything. . . . I went to the Shrubbery to see the funeral of old Parry of Llangollen Vale who died last Thursday. He was the most opulent farmer in this Parish. His Burial was extremely decent and respectable, a hearse and six, one postchaise, and all his kindred, who are the most respectable Farmers in the Country, attended on horseback with hatbands. He left twopence apiece to all the poor Wives and a penny apiece to all the Children in this Township. He was very old, lived in a beautiful place under the Mountain about a mile from this Village. The moment the procession entered Llangollen the Clerk and a number of well drest people with their hats off began to sing a Psalm, which they continued till the Body reached the Churchyard. The first person who preceded the procession was old Robert of Dinbrenisaf who is past ninety years of age. After him came the old farmer all in black who had lived with Parry twenty years.

"*Tuesday, April* 21*st.*—Little Bishop, the painter, came at last, and his man. We intended to diet him and his Journeyman at the Hand but as they arrived late last night and Mr. Edwards was from home they would not admit him. So he went to the Lyon and there he must remain which is a great Mortification to us who had agreed with Mr. Edwards for their board.

"*Wednesday, April* 22*nd.*—Visited our painter and whitewasher. Staid with them some time, Then came to our Apartment which I admire more every time I see it. I am so sure it is like Madame Sévigné's Cabinet. . . . A little dwarfish smiling man all in Tatters came to offer his service as a portrait Painter.

"*Thursday, April 23rd.*—I have had a letter lately from Sir William Jones. We write once a year an account of our Reading to each other. He ends his Letter with this sentence 'Continue my Dear Friend your Elegant amusements. They will supply us when we meet with ample materials for conversation.'

"*Monday, April 27th.*—Letter from Miss H. Bowdler dated Bath April the 25th. Mr. Wilson has returned in triumph and drives his wife every where in a high Phaeton. She is extremely well satisfied and he says he will fight any man who looks cool at him. Miss Rodney is forgotten and all goes on as usual.

Mr. Edwards of the Hand came up to tell the melancholy Tale of his youngest child, an Infant of Four Months old, who has been pining and wasting away these six weeks and has now become quite a skeleton, tho' it eats heartily. It has got the oldest, keenest Look, and the eyes penetrate through every-one that comes near it. They attribute this singular case to its being bewitched and Shannette the oldest woman in the Parish is suspected of having committed the Deed through Malice, because she was refused charity at The Hand, six weeks since. She was then observed to look eagerly at the child there several times, who was in perfect health and spirits, and from that moment Drooped and pined. The Father and Mother are firmly persuaded of this and have applied to Edward Jones the hump-back Carpenter for a remedy of which he is possessed, and has inherited from his Father to whom it had descended through many generations. This remedy or charm to counteract witchcraft consists of a Prayer. He first visits the Person or Creature affected, takes something from it, a pin if a human being, a Lock

of hair or Feather if Beast or Fowl. He then returns to his house and says a Prayer, after which the Patient never fails to recover. Please God I shall attend to this case and know the whole process of it. Powerful as Fancy is on the human Mind, it cannot operate on that of an Infant.

"*Tuesday, April 28th.*—Sir John Heatly sent to desire permission to see this Cottage and Shrubbery. Our compliments to him, he was welcome to see the Shrubbery but the Library and Parlour being just painted the furniture was removed. He came. Saw him through the window. A great Vulgar looking man, with a riding coat. Hair well dressed.

Mr. Goolde came for a moment. A very pretty young man admirably well dress'd in deep mourning. Asked him for whom. His Worthy Father who died lately at Bath. He was always civil and friendly to me, and I regret him very sincerely. Said he saw Butler and Wandesford in London. Praised them both exceedingly. Gives a vile character to the Duke of York, drunken, fond of low company, a gambler, never pays. Enquired for Lord Kenmare. Very well, coming over immediately, with Madame de Cevrac, whose husband is gone to the East Indies. The Queen of France has given her an appointment at Court. Lord Kenmare, her Father, allows her eight hundred pounds a year. He made a very genteel bow and went away. (Ellis's partner came with a little bill, is every creature of the name of Barnes to be hideous?)

"*Wednesday, April 29th.*—Rain. The cuckold for the first time this year.

"*Thursday, April 30th.*—Note from Major Walpole passing thro' the Village on his way to Ireland. Pur-

posed being here last night, prevented by want of Horses at Oswestry. Storm. Writing. Mr. Edwards of The Hand came with Walpole's note. Asked him about the bewitched child. Edward Jones the Carpenter came on Monday night, took a pin from the child and for nine times he is to read the Prayer, every morning before sunrise and every night after sunset. The child now sleeps and is easier, not screaming so often or so loud as it did before, and they hope it will recover.

"*Friday, May 1st.*—Rose at seven. Mr. Edwards of the Hand came to know our Commands for Oswestry whither he is going. Asked him about the child. Much better. There was a Vestry held at the Hand last night, about the Poor of the Parish, at which Shannette, the reputed Witch, attended. She beg'd two shillings of the Parish Money, which Mr. Edwards of the Hand obtained for her of Mr. Pleydell. She seized Mr. Edwards hand, pray'd to God to bless him, and all his family. He thought that a proper moment to have his child cured, if she was really bewitched, and had it brought to Shannette, who took it in her arms, kissed it, bid God bless it, and muttered to herself Some Words, which they say are peculiar to Witches, and never repeated by them, but when they are desirous to revoke their witchcraft. Mr. Edwards of the Hand has promised to send me the Words. The child smiled, ate heartily, slept all night soundly, and this morning has no appearance of that Eager Sharp look which she has had these six weeks. Tho' this is May day neither ash, oak, elm, nor Beech or Lime have expanded a single leaf, nor are the buds much swelled. Not a single bloom on the black thorn.

"*Saturday, May 2nd.*—Letter Miss Bowdler dated the 30th April. 'I am still persuaded the King has no intention of going to Hanover—The King never was in better health. The behaviour on Thursday was exactly what it ought to be. Pensive, but not dejected; humble, grateful and decent but perfectly composed.'

Mr. Edwards of The Hand sent up the Three words pronounced by Shannette over the Child—Maeth A Chynnydd.[1]

"*Monday, May 4th.*—Met our Landlord. Asked the good old man to come in and ordered him some ale. Enquired where he had been this long time, told us he was lately at Oswestry, with his Daughter-in-law and his grand-daughter, little Mauddy, on whom he dotes. We asked him how he travelled to this fair. His daughter-in-law rode behind him. Mauddy rode behind a Mantua Maker, a friend and neighbour of theirs. John (his son) carried the little boy behind him.

"*Tuesday, May 5th.*—Mr. Byrne and Mr. Devereux. Very agreeable, they were. Asked them about the weather in Ireland. There has been no Spring in Ireland for these nine years. Mr. Byrne has a gardener who is in his 86th year, his intellects perfectly unimpaired. A very sensible clever man he always was. He has observed that the seasons have been gradually changing these many years, that Spring in particular is entirely gone.

"*Thursday, May 7th.*—Lord Darnley[2] and Mr. Bligh came, kind as ever. Went the home circuit with them. Enquired about the state of mind of the

[1] Maeth A Chynnydd = Increase of nourishment.

[2] John, 4th Earl, 1767–1831, married Elizabeth, daughter of Right Honourable William Brownlow.

poor King. Lord Darnley said that he gleaned he was not so well as the papers represent him. On the day of public Thanksgiving he appeared quite like an idiot. Never took notice of anything but as the Queen pointed it out to him. She seemed in forced Spirits, but the anguish, nay apprehensive anxiety, of her mind appeared, notwithstanding her apparent struggles to Conceal them, poor woman.

Sweet evening. . . . Spent some hours in the Garden. Sowed our Pink seeds, Planted new Potatoes. Melon ground cleaning—Mr. Bligh described the delightful little House Lord Henry Fitzgerald[1] has built at The black Rock. It consists of a Parlour, furnished quite in The French Style with a projecting Chimney very low, a door on one side which opens into a small room, with a large window from whence nothing is to be sêen but the Sea. Reading. Drawing. Saw the Swallows, the first this Season, Skim over the Field. Went out again. Walked up the sweet winding lane, then towards the Mill. Met a Drunken Man, grew afraid of him which we needed not, for the poor man the moment he saw us left off singing, took off his hat with the utmost respect, bid God bless us, and stood till we had passed him. Walked in the Shrubbery. The loveliest moon I ever beheld in the softest richest clouds then emerging in full splendour, the owls and reed sparrows hailing her approach. A day of sweet occupation and enjoyed retirement.

"*Saturday, May 9th.*—Delicious evening. A short thick ill looking fellow in black, with a long whiteish riding coat, black hair, slouched hat, pretending to

[1] Lord Henry Fitzgerald, son of 1st Duke of Leinster, married Charlotte, Baroness de Ros.

have the toothache, came to the House and desired to speak to one of us, saying he was a Portrait painter, that his mother was Housekeeper to the Prince of Wales, etc. We sent him word we had no occasion for anything in his way. He walked into the Kitchen, called for Beer, and seemed inclined to establish himself. My beloved and I grew alarmed. She walked down and ordered him to leave the House directly, which he did. I am sure he belongs to some gang or has made his escape from some jail. A rap at the Door. Looked out of the Window. Saw a tall genteel elegant looking Woman and a young Woman. They were announced as Mrs. and Miss Scanlan. My beloved instantly recognised them, having many years ago known Mrs. Scanlan, sister to Mrs. Brown the Archbishop of Tuam's widow, and Mr. Swan the Commissioner who shot himself last winter. She is going to Spa. We prevailed with her to stay for Coffee. Went the home circuit with her and at 8 o'c. the Lyon chaise came up with her. Miss Scanlan whom we like very much told us in what Dreadful circumstances Talbot of Malahide[1] died. That everything was seized after his death. Lord Buckingham sent immediately for the widow and children, gave her a house in the Park, gave a place of £500 a year to one of the sons. The eldest son has the estate. Aylmer of Lyons in a worse situation. Lyons seized on by Sir Nicholas Lawless,[2] who

[1] Richard Talbot, Esq. (son of John Talbot, Esq.). He married Margaret, daughter of James O'Reilly, Esq. She was created (1831) Baroness Talbot of Malahide and Lady Malahide of Malahide. Her husband died 24th October 1788. Their eldest son, Richard Wogan, succeeded his mother as Baron Talbot de Malahide.

[2] Sir Nicholas Lawless, elevated to the peerage, September 1789, as Baron Cloncurry.

in the memory of thousands was a carpet man in Thomas St., Dublin. He is suddenly become fearfully opulent and like a Harpy availing himself of it, seizes on all the estates within his reach. Lyons was a very large estate and for many generations in the Aylmer family. By the inattention and extravagance of the present gentleman it has become the prey of the upstart Lawless. Lady Betty Cobbe sold her beautiful house in Palace Row for £5000 (just nothing) to Lord Bective to pay a debt, horridly contracted by her son. The estate is reduced from five thousand a year to twelve hundred and that greatly encumbered. . . .

Saw that ill-looking man in the field. If he continues to lurk about this house he shall be made to give an account of himself.

"*Sunday, May 10th.*—Very polite sentimental note from Mrs. Scanlan with a present of the most beautiful Tree in Seaweed elegantly arranged. Storm very unpleasant. We set up the eolian harp in the Pantry window. Had a sublime and delightful effect.

"*Thursday, May 14th.*—Major Vilette came, he is Aide de Camp to General Pitt, a friend to Miss Bowdler who wrote to us by him some years since, but we never saw him till now. Think him very genteel, very agreeable and pleasing in his manner. Told us the King was certainly well, his health, strength and spirits infinitely better than what Dr. Willis did or could expect. The Pages dismissed for keeping up a private Correspondence at Carlton House during the King's indisposition. They were people whom he had always particularly distinguished. The Prince of Wales' attachment to Sheridan gives umbrage to the Duke of Portland and Mr. Fox. King

goes to Weymouth. Beautiful cottage built by Mrs. O'Neal within ten miles of Shanes Castle—on a lake, accessible only by water or on mules, it is so encircled by rocks and precipices.

"*Monday, May 18th.*—Letter from Miss Bowdler dated Bath the 16th. Dreadful hurricane there the 15th. Mr. Thomas Bowdler saw the Minutes taken in Shorthand of the Examination of the King's Physician. Examination of Sir George Baker:

'Solicitor-General—Was any coertion[1] used to the King before Dr. Willis was called in?

Sir George Baker—No, we had not the instrument of coertion.

Solicitor-General—Would Sir George wish the word *Instrument* to appear on the Minutes?

Sir George—Perhaps it would be better to say *the means*.

Mr. Burke—I insist that the Words of the witness shall not be changed.

Solicitor-General—It is quite immaterial in point of evidence. I only objected from an apprehension that the Phrase might be misunderstood. An Instrument of coertion may be understood to mean an Horsewhip, for anything I know.

Mr. Burke—Or for anything I care.'

Francis the Carrier brought from Wrexham folio of Pope's poems, fables de la Fontaine.

"*Tuesday, May 19th.*—Opened the window, David the Miller coming down the field, driving his horse laden with corn before him, his daughter in his arms. Asked him why he would take her out so late. He

[1] Lady Eleanor, whether copying a letter into her diary or making her own entries, spells as she pleases. She seldom doubles any consonant.—Ed.

said, 'Why, I should have no peace in the house without she came,' as she was so fond of him. Next figure an old woman leaning on a stick with a large bundle of wood on her head tied up in her apron for firing. Third figure a young man with a plough share going to be mended. Fourth figure our Margaret followed by her maid going to her Stable for the night. Fifth figure Mr. Edwards of the Hand with a large dish of Trouts just caught, a present."

CHAPTER IX

"*Thursday, May 21st*, 1789. — Servant from Lady Templetown[1] came to announce her to breakfast from Oswestry. This charming, charming woman arrived soon after with her sweet girl Miss Upton.[2] Breakfast got immediately. Lady Templetown brought us 'Les Mémoires du Duc de St. Simon', 3 tomes. We would not hear of this admirable woman's departure till after dinner, which we ordered to be got ready at two. At three, to our most infinite regret, she proceeded on her journey to Ireland. I wish I could remember every word she said. Asked her the Name of the Duchesse in 'Adele et Theodore' whose story Madame de Sillery[3] has so altered. Her name is

[1] Elizabeth, daughter of Shuckburgh Boughton, married Clotworthy, 1st Baron Templetown.

[2] Miss Elizabeth Upton married Frederick William, 5th Earl and 1st Marquess of Bristol. She died 1844.

[3] Madame de Sillery. Stéphanie Félicité Ducrest de St. Aubin, Comtesse de Genlis (1746–1830), Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Chartres, governess to her daughters and tutor to her sons, one of whom, Louis Philippe, became King of France. On the death of her husband's elder brother she became Marquise de Sillery. She adopted "Pamela", later the wife of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and brought her up with her own daughter. Mme. de Genlis' *Mémoires* and *Mlle. de Clermont* are her best-known works.

Adele et Theodore. According to Madame de Sillery, the husband of the Duchesse de Cerifalco imprisoned her in a dungeon. He became dangerously ill and informed a *valet de chambre* that he had imprisoned a "guilty, foolish woman" for family reasons. He gave the key of the dungeon to the man, but did not tell him that the prisoner

Duchesse de Cerifalco. She was daughter to Prince Palestrine. Her mother, the Princess Barbantani, who inherited the immense fortune of Pope Urban the eighth. She read us a charming letter from Lord Templetown, who is at Geneva. Another from Mr. Martin, my Lord's Tutor. Anecdote of Lady Greenwich[1] having seen Mr. Scott, her second son, who died at Paris. The 'fairy castle' related by Mrs. Greville, who heard it related at Castletown by Mr. Conolly's[2] Agent. Duke of York. King's sorrow at discovering his ingratitude. Manner in which he found it out.

"*Friday, May 22nd.*—Sweet morning. At nine my beloved and I set out in the Hand Chaise. One of the horses fell down just by the gardens of Chirk Castle. Many workmen, among them our friend John Jones, ran to our assistance. Horse was set on his feet and again we drove on. . . . At the bottom of Chirk hill met the Stage, empty of all its passengers except one woman. Six or seven great men of all sizes and description puffing up the steep in order to ease the horses. Met Venables and several well dress'd people, Men and women, at different times

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was his wife, supposed to have been dead for nine years. The servant found her on the point of death from starvation. He revived her and sent a note from her to her father. The Prince, with the men of his family, threw himself at the feet of the King of Naples, who gave him a regiment to assist him. The Prince reached the Duke a few hours before his death. Madame de Sillery states that the Prince showed her the note sent by his unfortunate daughter.

[1] Lady Greenwich. Francis, Earl of Dalkeith, predeceased his father, the 2nd Duke of Buccleuch, and left a widow, the eldest daughter of the 2nd Duke of Argyll. She married, secondly, the Right Honourable Charles Townshend and was created Baroness Greenwich.

[2] Right Honourable Thomas Conolly of Castletown.

riding to and from Oswestry. Coal and lime carts without end.

"*Saturday, May 23rd.*—Visited Margaret in her field opposite the workhouse. Found her in excellent grass accompanied by three calves and one lamb.

"*Tuesday, May 26th.*—Our dear cow having shewed symptoms of calving she was brought home to her stable. She grew very bad. Sent for the old man of Bala. He came, though he said to no other cow but ours would he have come, as he is become so old and so infirm. He found her very ill. The Irishwoman came. Sent her for Edward Evans. He was not to be found, but Davy the miller came, and John Edwards' wife with the greatest kindness. Among them they delivered her of the largest heifer calf quite dead, but she is safe and we don't mind the calf. Our poor landlady, lame as she is, came with her apron full of barley straw—a present to her, because they say if she will eat anything it will be Barley. . . . All the village came kindly to enquire about our dear cow, John Edwards' wife, the old man of Bala, the joiner, John Jones the little butcher, David the miller, our Landlady, Edward Evans, his wife; all about her stable at the moment.

"*Wednesday, May 27th.*—The old man of Bala ordered the cow to be brought to the field for half an hour and forbad her getting cold water. I declare I have more pride in recording the anxiety and attentions of these good and Simple People, than if we had received Compliments from the first Nobility in the kingdom.

"*Monday, June 1st.*—Double rap at the door, a Very pretty young man, genteel person, sweet face, fine hair. Very modest. Presented himself as my

nephew Tom, whom I had never seen. I embraced him with great pleasure. Introduced him to my beloved. I asked him where he was going. To join his regiment. The Duc de Fitzjames[1] is Col. Tom is aide-de-camp. It gave me infinite satisfaction to see this young man.

"*Tuesday, June 2nd.*—My beloved and I went a delicious walk, round Edward Evans' field, by the Mill, the Pengwern lane, round our landlord's little croft under the Pengwern wood. The Bull bellowing not far off. Dark green shadows playing over the woods and meadows. Brilliant lights on the rocks. Every stream full to the brim. Evening, My beloved and I took a walk, down the Sycamore lane into the Vicar's meadow, thence to his corn field. Then by the brook side. Returned by the Pengwern mill. Sat on the huge rock on this side. Six children playing around. The eldest not six years old. One of them fell in the stream. They all plunged in, took the little thing up, wrung her cloaths. We brought them to Pengwern, got her dried and comforted.

"*Tuesday, June 9th.*—Discharged Moses Jones from our service for repeated and outrageous Drunkenness. He had lived fourteen months with us in the capacity of gardener. For the last seven months he has been drunk three days in the Week. This morning he began to mow. He cut three Swards of Grass, laid Down his Scythe, ran to the Ale House. Returned, began to Mow. Then went again. But when he returned the third time, my Beloved and I met

[1] Charles, Duc de Fitzjames (son of James Fitzjames, Duke of Berwick, natural son of James II. when Duke of York, by Arabella, daughter of Sir Winston Churchill), Colonel of the Regiment de Berwick, 1758. Became Maréchal-de-Camp, 9th March 1788. He emigrated 1791 and died 1805.

him, took the keys of the garden from him, paid him one-and-twenty pence, which was all that was due to him for one day's work, as every Saturday from the time we Hired him we paid him Ten Shillings.

"*Thursday, June 11th.*—Major Walpole came in the Hand Chaise, having been seized with gout at Bangor. We made him stay for coffee. At eleven he went away. Kinder, pleasanter, more agreeable than ever. There are few young men of whom we have so high an opinion, or a greater affection.

"*Saturday, June 13th.*—My beloved and I went to the Potager, hedge-clipping. While we were there Mr. Sneyde of Belmont in Staffordshire and his two Daughters came, made an apology for Mrs. Sneyde's not coming as she was so extremely fatigued. We went the home circuit with them. Mr Sneyde found our trees very much improved. We were delighted at having an opportunity of Consulting the first Botanist in England about our Trees and Plants. For the Dunmore Apricot, he advised that the Dying Branch may be immediately cut off because the Infected Sap will be apt to return to the trunk and injure the whole Tree. For the Peaches, he recommended the roots to be opened, a plug to be placed at the distance of 8 inches and covered with good soil. For the Nectarines, he advised the infected leaves to be picked off immediately, the soil removed from the roots, and the whole tree washed with soap suds before sunrise. For gooseberries, wool dipped in Soot tied round the Stem of the tree, the insects which all ascend from the bottom will get entangled in the wool. For Laburnums, cut them to a single stem and let them branch from the head. He told us of a fine rock which has been discovered in Carmarthenshire

the very kind of which Mr. Wedgwood has been in such want. They staid an hour, in which time the fog was dispelled.

"*Sunday, June 14th.*—Peter the Smith came to say that some company were coming up to see the garden. . . . We sent to inform them that no person was admitted to see the Shrubbery who did not send their names in, but if they would acquaint us with theirs they should be welcome to see it. They declined to do this and consequently went away with their curiosity ungratified.

"*Monday, June 15th.*—Sir Capel Molyneux[1] and Mr. Carter were the party who declined sending in their names. These great personages I suppose travel incog.

"*Tuesday, June 16th.*—The sweetest softest silent night. Clouds to the West of a gleaming red. We leaned over the gate, admiring the solemnity of the scene and the profound Silence which reigned around as if we were the only inhabitants of this sweet Valley. Suddenly we heard a sweet pipe. Enquired who was the Performer. 'Thomas Jones the Glazier is playing on the Wall of the Church yard which is over the Dee.' We listened till the Village struck ten.

"*Thursday, June 18th.*—Letter from Mrs. Barrett. Sheridan has been caught with Lady D. Lord D.[2] has commenced a suit in Doctors Commons for a divorce. Now I, E. B., give no credit to the truth of this report, for the following reasons. 1st—Major

[1] Sir Capel Molyneux, 3rd Bart., M.P. for the University of Dublin, died 1797.

[2] Lord Duncannon, later 3rd Earl of Bessborough, married (1780) Henrietta Frances, daughter of John, 1st Earl Spencer.

Walpole, Lord D.'s cousin Germain, would have mentioned it to us, as she was frequently the Subject of our Conversation. 2nd—Miss Louisa Shipley, Lady D.'s near relation, would have imparted it to us and her Letter was dated the 9th. Thirdly—Lady Spencer would not have continued at Tunbridge with the Duchess of Devonshire's children when her Daughter was in such a situation. Neither would the Duchess of Devonshire have left the kingdom when her mother and sister required her presence. The Prince of Wales was drunk at the Birthday. He would not behave decently at either of the Ambassador's Galas because Mrs. Fitzherbert was not invited.

"*Friday, June 19th.*—The evening being Beautiful we walked to the Abbey. We were accompanied by the divinest Rainbow till we had passed the Green, when it began to rain. We took shelter in the farmhouse of Pendile. Found in the Kitchen a Beautiful young woman rocking a Cradle. She appeared so young we could scarcely credit her being the Infant's mother, but the Ring on her finger convinced us of it. In an adjoining house a little woman was winding yarn, two pretty girls standing beside her. We made her Sing. She sang two Welch Songs, rested on her wheel, with such an expressive countenance accompanying the plaintive song she sang.

"*Saturday, June 27th.*—Walked to the white gate, met a country woman going to market. Asked her if she came from Glynn. No—'From the Pengwern hill where the Moon rose last night'.

"*Monday, June 29th.*—Letter from Lady Dungannon. Like everything she does, ungrateful and disagreeable.

"*Friday, July 3rd.*—Mr. Foulkes came, brought a parcel from Miss Tighe. Told us that Lord Powerscourt[1] was just married to one of the Ladies Meade, Lady Clanwilliam's daughter. Brabazon, the fool who lodged in this village and who is on record in this Journal, is married to a rich farmer's daughter in the County of Tipperary; be she who or what she will she must *be too good* for such a creature.

"*Tuesday, July* 7th.—Mr. Bligh and George Tighe came for half an hour on their way to Ireland.

"*Thursday, July 9th.*—A large party from Wrexham to see this place. Had the pleasure of refusing them. Heard the Pengwern Hall Bull roaring. Went to the Shrubbery to see him. He was raging down the field under the wood. Two cows were raging down the Mountain. The Lord defend us from encountering them.

"*Monday, July 13th.*—Letter from Miss H. Bowdler dated Bath the 11th. 'The Palais Royal is a scene of riot, murder, and everything that's dreadful. The King has been publicly insulted and has now sent for a great number of Swiss troops, who will be a very weak support against an enraged nation.'

"*Tuesday, July 14th.*—Sky white. Millions of Rooks on the mountains of Pengwern, consulting I suppose about the weather. I wish they could communicate their observations, or that I could understand their language. Mrs. Kynaston and Miss Mytton came. Never saw Mrs. Kynaston in greater beauty. Her hair surpasses anything I ever saw in that way.

[1] Richard, 4th Viscount, married (30th June 1789) Catherine, second daughter of John, 1st Earl of Clanwilliam.

"*Friday, July 17th.*—Letter from Miss Lewis dated Chester the 13th. 'Mr Keate informed me that Capt. Wilson from motives of gratitude and himself from motives of Justice had proposed to several of the East India Directors to acknowledge their obligation to the King of the Pelew islands,[1] for their friendly reception of Capt. Wilson and his People in their distress and for furnishing them with the means of returning to Europe; and for that purpose to send Captain Wilson again to those People, not with gold or silver or diamonds, all which to them would be totally useless, but with some Rice and Livestock from China which would have been congenial to their climate, and such Instruments as would have enabled them to provide themselves with the Necessaries of Life without that immense labour by which only they can procure the few conveniences they have. That Capt. Wilson could have done this in a little time and for a Trifling expense to the Company; but that no Impression could be made on any of those Gentlemen, nor a Spark of gratitude kindled. Capt. Wilson was sent to China, charged with the commercial concerns of the Company, with the liberty only of remembering his Deliverers but without the power of making them any return for their generosity.' And indeed I may be happy for those untutored Islanders if they are permitted to remain in a state of nature in her Original beauty and purity, uncontaminated with, and beyond the reach of, European avarice and refinement. Our naked and painted Ancestors in the days of Julius Cæsar would have been ashamed to behave so to their benefactors.

[1] In the West Pacific. Chief island, Bab-el-Thaob. Now under mandate of Japan.

"*Thursday, July 30th.* — Letter from Miss H. Bowdler, Teignmouth, the 26th, with some lines enclosed so beautiful that I shall here transcribe them:

> Sigh not ye winds as passing o'er
> The chambers of the Dead ye fly;
> Weep not ye Dews for these no more
> Shall ever Weep, shall ever Sigh!
> Why mourn? The throbbing heart's at rest;
> How still it lies within the breast!
> Why mourn? Since Death presents us peace
> And in the grave our Sorrows cease,
> The Shatter'd Bark, from adverse winds,
> Rest in this peaceful Harbour finds,
> And when the storms of Life are past
> Hope drops her Anchor here at last!

'All is once more quiet in France, and Necker returned, but I cannot think these extraordinary affairs will end thus. The King is now no more than the Doge of Venice. He is waiting patiently to see what Power the States will give him. They have acted with wonderful moderation and good sense all things considered. A Polish Princess of the first consequence who happened to be in Paris took refuge in the Bastille as the safest place and was of course besieged in it and saw all the horrors which followed and the execution of the Governor who was her intimate acquaintance.' The Duc de Luxembourg made his escape from Paris literally without his shirt.

"*Friday, July 31st.*—Mr. Parker sent to inform us that an express was arrived at Ruabon with an account of the death of Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, which we are very sorry for.

"*Saturday, August 1st.*—Mr. Edwards of the Hand came up with his Bill. Exorbitant to the last degree. A fearful madman came to the Lyon in a Carriage with two men to guard him. He appeared no better than a common man, a labourer or under farmer.

"*Monday, August 3rd.*—Letter from Miss H. Bowdler dated Teignmouth the 31st. 'Sir Robert Herries is returned to London and brings sad Tales of Horror which he learned at Dover from Mr. Hinchcliffe. The Duc de Brissac[1] and the Abbesse de Montmartre are executed and many others, and much worse was expected. I hope it will please God to still the madness of these People, for all earthly power is Vain.' 'General Evening Post,' This Paper contains accounts of the Horrors in France which I Trust in the all merciful Being are Exaggerated.

"*Wednesday, August 5th.*—Sent for Mr. Edwards of the Hand. Taxed him with what his odious Brother-in-law said. He offered to take his oath.

"*Friday, August 7th.*—Light airy Clouds, purple mountains, lilac and silver rocks, hum of Bees, rush of Waters. Goat. Sheep. Cattle. Melody of Haymakers. What weather! What a country! We sent to Mr. Lloydde of Trevor to request he would permit our *little* Household to sit in one of his Pews at Church, as we have determined never to allow anyone belonging to us to Sit in the Hand Seat after The great offence we have received from that ungrateful House. Mr. Lloydde complied in the handsomest manner. Mr. Edwards of the Hand came up at nine to entreat we would relent, but his submission came too late.

[1] Louis Hercule Timoléon de Cossé, Duc de Brissac, born 1734.

"*Monday, August* 10*th.*—Letter from Miss H. Bowdler dated Teignmouth the 6th.

The accounts from France are very favourable. The return of the Guardian Angel[1] of the land has restored tranquillity for the present, but knowing ones seem to fear that even his gentle influence cannot long preserve it. The last time the King and Queen showed themselves to the people at a Balcony there was a Very loud cry, 'Vive le Roi, mais à Bastille P——.'

The Lines were written by Mrs. Hunter (wife of the Surgeon) who also wrote Queen Mary's Lamentation—'I sigh and Lament me in Vain'. Mrs. Hunter is lovely in her person, Elegant in her Manners, gentle, modest, unaffected and highly accomplished. She is one of the brightest ornaments to the Bas Bleu Society.

"*Wednesday, August* 12*th.*—Two Mr. Watkins desired permission to see this Cottage. Did not refuse them. Two ungainly maypoles. One of them in the Church.

"*Tuesday, August* 18*th.*—Glorious day, writing. Lord Trimlestown[2] came. He is my near relation. Was born in France, bred there. When an infant put into the Order of Malta which on his Conforming he quitted and resigned some Prieures he was possessed of. He was very fat, fine hair, a good address. Speaks broken English with a French accent. He is the 2nd Baron in Ireland, the 1st patent by Creation in Edward IV's reign.

"*Wednesday, August* 19*th.*—Our Dear Gypsey, our beautiful our faithful companion, died last night. We shed many, many tears over her and interred her

[1] Necker. [2] Thomas, 13th Baron Trimlestown.

beside our dear Flirt and Bess, her mother and sister. Poor little Thing, her affection was disinterested and sincere and we repaid it with attention, indulgence and great tenderness.

Visited the grave of our dear Gypsey. A rap at the Door. To our agreeable surprise Mr. Burke came whom we had not seen these five years. Just returned from France. Had been in Paris in all the Riots. Mrs. Burke at Bath, goes to Ireland in a fortnight. We dined, went the home circuit with him. Then at 5 walked with him to the Lyon Inn. Met the Vicar and the Burial of a child. Lovely, lovely evening.

"*Friday, August 21st.*—Rose at seven, dark morning. At nine my beloved and I set out in the Lyon's Chaise for Halston. Air temperate and soft, views excellent. Met carts, horsemen, pedestrians, flocks of sheep, some cattle going to the fair at Llangollen. Baskets of fruit carried by boys and girls, who ate of them as they trip'd merrily along. The Stage coach loaded, a young woman in a riding habit, hat and feather, riding Single, attended by her maid in a bonnet and cloak, riding also single with a cotton valise before her. Left a letter for Mrs. Lovett as we drove through Chirk, arrived at Halston at half past ten. Mrs. and Miss Mytton, Miss Bell Pigott, waiting for us on the steps. Breakfast, then we all went on the water. Thompson and the Coachman rowed us twice round the piece of water. Overtaken by a sudden shower. Rowed into the Boathouse. When the Shower was over walked in the wood to the farm yard. Cottage. Drank of the Spring, a strong taste of Copper. Next to the Butts. Visited the Dairy. Returned. Mrs. Edward Williams came from Hardwick for a moment. Note to us from Mr. Lloydde of Aston. Walked

to the Tent. Got Birch Bark. Dined at Four. After dinner we all went in Mrs. Mytton's Coach to Porkington, Mr., Mrs. Ormsby, Miss Ormsby, and Mr. Owen walking on the Lawn. Drove through the Back courts (fine gates and Doors, great house Dogs chained on either side) to the very handsome front of the House, which is laid down in the highest order, admirably well mowed, trees wonderfully grown. Mrs. Ormsby grown fat, Mr. Ormsby thin. The hall, the Drawing-room, the eating parlour, well furnished. An air of neatness and elegance peculiar to Porkington. My beloved and I went with Mr. Owen to see his new road and intended alterations, which are begun in a very masterly style and when completely executed will have a very good effect. He gave us a pound of red Sealing Wax which he brought from London for us. When tea was over we made our courtesies and went on to Oswestry. Stoped for half an hour at the Barretts, whom we found alone and at home. Account of Sir Watkin Williams' Burial and Will. The Hearse and Six, attended by two Mourning Coaches and eight mourners, came thro' Oswestry, where it was met by sixty pair of Mourners, his agents and tenants. The Body lay in the Dining-room at Wynnstay that night and at twelve next day was interred, Lady Williams having expressly ordered that the burial should be in the Day. His Will was two Thousand a year to Lady Williams, a thousand pounds in hand, two thousand ounces of plate, which she is to choose out of the family plate. Phaeton and Chaise, five coach horses, three saddle horses. Thirty thousand pounds to the second son,[1]

[1] Right Honourable Charles Watkin of Llangedwin, married Mary, daughter of Sir Foster Cunliffe, Bart.

ten thousand pounds to all the younger[1] children apiece, the interest to be paid to Lady Williams till they are of age. If they die the fortune to go to the eldest[2] son. No trustees. Lady Williams the Sole Manager of everything, except the Borough, which the Grenvilles have the direction of. Lady Williams is at present at her Brother's, the Secretary at Paddington, Miss Hammond with her. Has never dined but once below stairs. Her health better.

"*Tuesday, August 25th.*—Note from Dr. Hamilton. At five Dr. Hamilton and his two daughters came, a remarkable handsome good-looking man, very agreeable, a great flow of words. His Daughters, the eldest about fourteen, the other between eleven and twelve, without any exception the best informed, pleasantest girls of that age I ever knew. Gave us an account of Chepstow Castle. The castle inhabited by an old Couple who have fitted up the part they occupy in the nicest manner, have a flower garden with the finest Blow of Carnations. In one of the Towers Harry Martin[3] the Regicide was confined, some years ago. The Beed belonging to Mr. Martin's

[1] Sir Henry Watkin, married Honourable Esther Smith, daughter of Robert, Lord Carrington. Charlotte, married Lieut.-Colonel William Shipley, eldest son of the Dean of St. Asaph. Henrietta, married Thomas Cholmondeley, Esq. of Vale Royal, Baron Delamere, 1821.

[2] The eldest son, married Lady Henrietta Antonia Clive, daughter of Edward, Earl of Powis, and grand-daughter of the great Clive.

[3] Colonel Henry Martin, 1602–1680, eldest son of Sir Henry Martin. Raised a regiment of horse to fight against Charles I. A very active, fierce, and humorous man. He was one of the King's judges and signed his death warrant. His debts—he was far from being a sedate Puritan—landed him in prison for a time, but he was a member of the Council of State after 31st December 1659. When Charles II became King he was tried for his life, but he was not executed. He died at Chepstow, and is buried in the body of the Church.

Mask was found and given as a relick to a gentleman some months since, who was eagerly anxious to procure any memorial of this, in his opinion, great Person.

"*Wednesday, August 26th.*—Dr., Mrs. the two Miss Hamiltons came. Staid till eleven. Dr. Hamilton brought his Portefeuille, his and his daughters' most admirable drawings. One copy of a lily which he saw growing in a flowerbed in Exmouth. Some prints among them, one of Frances Isabelle Ker Gordon,[1] daughter of Lord William Gordon,[2] by Sir Joshua Reynolds. A groupe of 5 angels, a different expression of her Countenance in every one. She is so beautiful, Sir Joshua Reynolds admires her so much, he says if she were a Common child a painter would buy her on purpose to Study the Variety in her Countenance. After Coffee we went the home circuit, lovely evening and such a Moon. The Primate of Ireland is going to build an Observatory at Armagh, the Motto he has chosen for it,—'The Heavens declare the Glory of God'. At eleven we conducted them thro' the Shrubbery and bade them farewell. I think them without any exception the best informed, scientific, clever people I ever met with. Dr. Hamilton has instructed his daughters and made the eldest particularly perfect mistress of French, Italian and Drawing. Mrs. Hamilton is delightful, pleasant, cheerful, agreeable, easy. Has read a great deal. We were quite sorry when they went away.

"*Tuesday, September 1st.*—The field before our Cottage a beautiful and busy scene. Binders, gleaners,

[1] Frances died unmarried, 1831.

[2] Lord William, son of 3rd Duke of Gordon, married Frances, daughter of 9th Viscount Irvine.

reapers, the harvest in the midst. Anne Jones and her Son drank tea in the kitchen. We sent the Irish woman to Chirk with a letter to Mr. Lovett relative to the man of the Hand.

"*Thursday, September 3rd.*—Discharged Betsy Haynes the kitchen maid for Idleness, dirt, and *Such a Tongue!*

"*Monday, September 7th.*—Letter from the Barretts. The Phipps, father and son, were hanged last Saturday. Were brought in Fox's waggon to their own place that night.

"*Wednesday, September 9th.*—Letters written. Wrote to Peter Latouche, Dublin. John Butler, Esq. Kilkenny Castle.

"*Saturday, September 12th.*—Very agreeable surprise. Dr. and Mrs. Bathurst, our good friends whom we have not seen these ten years. He one of the most respectable characters at Oxford. Sat with them in the Library for 3 hours. They are pressed for time, expecting to meet Dean and Mrs. Coote at Conway ferry.

"*Monday, September 14th.*—Letter from Mrs. Tucker dated the 12th. Col. Tucker confined to his bed, she (by affection) to his room. All the world flying to Eaton to see Lord Belgrave[1] perform Othello and Benedict; Lord Paget,[2] the Marquis of Worcester[3] and half the fine young men in England there. A day of sweet retirement.

"*Tuesday, September 15th.*—Reading. Drawing.

[1] Viscount Belgrave, son of Richard, 1st Earl of Grosvenor; Lord Belgrave became the 1st Marquess of Westminster, 1831.

[2] Lord Paget, eldest son of Earl of Uxbridge. Born 1768, married Caroline, daughter of George, 4th Earl of Jersey. Created Marquess of Anglesey, 1815.

[3] Marquess of Worcester, eldest son of Henry, 5th Duke of Beaufort.

Compliments from Lord Belmore on his Road from Corwen. He dined at Lord M^t^Garretts[1] the other day with Wandesford. All the family at the Castle well—as if I cared. A crowd of people entreated permission to see the Shrubbery. As we never refuse the decent farmers of the country, permitted.

"*Thursday, September 17th.*—Letter from Lady Anne Wesley dated London the 11th. Letter from the Barretts with Mrs. Piozzi's Book 'Observations and Reflections made in the course of a Journey Through France, Italy and Germany', by Hester Lynch Piozzi.

Letter from Lady Anne Wesley.

'London, *Sept.* 11, —89

'It grieves me to the soul, my most amiable and dear Friends, that you should for one instant suppose it possible that I could either forget your goodness to me or your beautiful and comfortable habitation, indeed I am not so *fickle* or so good for nothing. I very much fear that a letter I wrote to you from Newells Park (a place my Brother then had in Hertfordshire) last January miscarried, as I never received an answer to it. You will say that upon the terms we were, which I hope we ever shall be, I ought not to have minded that. I grant it—but my dearest friends, you know what a very sad correspondent I am, and a *drowning man or woman will* catch at a straw. Indeed, added to my natural laziness about writing, I have been in a state of mind for this year and a half passed which has rendered me totally unfit for holding any *rational* correspondence with any *rational* being. I

[1] Edmund Butler, 11th Viscount Mountgarret, married Henrietta, daughter of 8th Viscount and 1st Earl of Carrick.

have gone thro' a great deal my dear ladies since I saw you—more misery than I expected would have fallen to my lot. However, wretched as I have been, I would bear it all again in the same cause. I dare say I need not be more explicit upon this subject, for, as you say you have heard of me, I conclude the world has not been more silent to you about my affairs than it has to others. We shall meet, I hope, some time or other and I will then tell you my history at large.

Friday, Sept. 15th

I had written so far, my dear Friends, when I was interrupted, and have not had it in my power to resume my pen till this moment.

I don't believe Lord Salisbury has the smallest thoughts of Ireland, but, if he should have, I will certainly manage his making use of the Lion Inn at Llangollen. I cannot say I am surprised at Edward's behaviour, not from any bad opinion I had of the man but from being pretty certain that there is very little gratitude in the world—it is indeed a most scarce and valuable commodity. We dined yesterday at Hampton Court with my Grandmother. It would astonish you to see how well and how handsome she is. She really grows younger every day, thank God. We have got rid of that Scorpion, Mrs. Price—at least of her person. She pesters the family with letters still. I cannot help feeling a degree of pity for her too —they say he uses her shockingly. Oh! my dear Ladies, the poor crock, I am afraid she is not happy. I hear dreadful accounts from Ireland of her Father's usage towards her. You know how much I was (at first till she persuaded me out of my senses) against

her leaving Grandmama; I have behaved very ill to her, shamefully so indeed, for I have not written to her this twelve months, but as I said before, I am perfectly unfit for *every*thing. I wish if you write to her you would make my peace and tell her I dare not address her till I hear I am forgiven. Aren't you sorry for poor dear France? I shall never see Paris again. It quite grieves me to think of it. So poor Sir Watkin is no more. I hear he has not left her anything except her jointure which is two thousand a year. Little enough for a person used to the way of life she has been in ever since she married. I wonder he did not do more for her, for they say nothing ever equalled her care of him during his illness. I wish I could tell you any news, but London is dullness itself, there is not a mouse stirring. God bless you, my dearest Friends. Pray forgive my past neglect and

Believe me ever most sincerely yr. faithfully
Affect. and obliged
ANNE WESLEY

If you have any Law business to transact Pray employ me, you know all in my way.

Mama desires her love. Pray how is Miss Mary? Do assure her of my best wishes.

Tis needless I'm sure for me to say of you not to mention what I have said to you about myself. If you should hear anybody say anything of me, pray pretend not to know anything of the matter.

LONDON, *September fifteenth*, 1789

To Miss Butler, Llangollen, Salop Post,
Oswestry Bag, N. WALES.'

"*Thursday, September 24th.*—Walked in the stubble fields near the Mill. The Country heavenly, and peopled with happy busy industrious beings, every hand employed about their Harvest. This delicious day is worth a million.

"*Friday, September 25th.*—Compliments from Mrs. Hill of Hawkstone,[1] Lady Montague, Miss Brown, two Miss Hills desiring to see this cottage. Our compliments and they were welcome. They came in two Phaetons and Beautiful Horses. Walked round the Shrubbery. Sat in the Library, and drove away leaving a thousand thanks and compliments. Hearing they purposed continuing all day in the Village we wrote to request the honour of their company to coffee. They made an answer written in the politest terms accepting the invitation.

Three, dinner. Mutton and Potatoe Pie. Roast Duck. We retired to the dressing-room, powder'd, changed our Habits, and came to the library. Note from Mrs. Parry of The Ship, humbly entreating permission for some friends of hers to see the Shrubbery. We sent her word that we were extremely concerned to deny her but for the present it was impossible as we expected company, but to-morrow morning She and her Friends should be welcome to see the cottage and garden. At six, Mrs. Hill, her two nieces, Lady Montague, and her Daughter Miss Brown, arrived in their beautiful Phaeton. We went the home circuit with them, came in to coffee, and passed to the Library. Sat there till nine. When the Carriage

[1] John Hill of Hawkstone, M.P. for Shrewsbury, succeeded to the baronetcy 1809. He married Mary, daughter of John Chambre of Petton, Salop, and died 1824. He was succeeded by his grandson. His second son, Rowland Hill, became 1st Viscount Hill, and died unmarried. His nephew was the 2nd Viscount.

arrived, Mrs. Hill and Miss Brown went in it. We walked with Lady Montague and the Miss Hills to the Lyon Inn, where they and we parted. An uncommon agreeable evening and delightful party.

"*Wednesday, September* 30th.—Message from T. Kavanagh, my pretty nephew, just come from France. He came looking prettier than ever. Has had leave of absence for some months, the regiment going to be re-formed. He purposes going to Spain. We made him send for his Luggage to the Inn and accept of our State bedchamber. We passed a very agreeable day, talking of all the things in the World, but most particularly poor France.

"*Sunday, October 4th.*—Mr. Chambre's Clerk came. An account of our Pensions at last. The April quarter to be paid. The clerk very civil. Got the certificates of being alive signed by the Vicar and Churchwardens without giving us the trouble of sending for them.

"*Wednesday, October 7th.*—Rose at four. Rain and wind. Set off in the *Lyon Chaise* and four. The country on either side to Ellesmere wet, rushy, spongy. Some pretty small houses in the Vicinity of the Town have been erected since we were here, now four years. One of them particularly struck us. Surrounded by a Shrubbery, a fine oak tree in the centre close by the windows. The House low, neat, and very comfortable to appearance. Arrived at Ellesmere at eight. Stoped at the Oak, formerly kept by Rowlands, now by a Widow Price. The house full of people, tenants to the Duke of Bridgewater[1] paying

[1] (Scroop Egerton, Earl of Bridgewater, was created Duke of Bridgewater, and married Elizabeth, daughter of the great Duke of Marlborough by Sarah Jennings, his wife.) The 3rd Duke (Francis) succeeded 1747 and died unmarried, 1803.

their rent to his Steward, Mr. Gilbert. A Very pretty little boy by way of Waiter. Sent for Gloves. A great fat Pudding boy brought some. Not fit to wear. Sent to another shop. A dark sharp thin young man, looking crooked and not of the English breed, brought some. Got a pair. When the horses had baited an hour set off from Ellesmere to Wem. The roads bad, the country in many parts beautiful. Oteley Park. The different meres fringed with venerable Oak. Little Hamlets with gardens and Trees about them. Streams and Pools of water every hundred yards. The harvest all brought home. In one of the Villages a new built octagon Brick church. Not calculated I should imagine to inspire devotion. . . . From Wem to the village of Weston the Road very little less than impassable, great plough tracts, waggon ruts, deep pools of mud and water. Here the great features of Hawkstone impend over the road. . . . The village of Weston straggling, an old Church, fine Inn. The entrance to the park just behind it. . . . Found Miss Hill at her Harpsicord. Mrs. Hill came in soon after. Expressed great joy at seeing us. In the course of conversation it appeared she had not received our Letter. She got breakfast immediately. Then Lady Montague and Miss Brown came.

"*Friday, October 9th.*—Set off in the Lyon Chaise. Met the post man near the village. From Whittington we turned into Babbinswood. The road excellent. Country on either side Wet and misty but beautifully planted, and clumps of fine oak and beech. We sat in the chaise till the horses were baited. Many women rode by to the Salop market, all well mounted, dressed in kidney coats, oilskin caps over their hats. Bags under their saddles with geese on

either side peeping out. . . . Mountford Bridge terrific, wants repairing. Arrived at Underdale. Found that excellent Bell Pigott in the parlour, rejoiced to see her. Then Miss Honor, Miss Anne, and Miss Mary Pigott made their appearance. . . . Mrs. Pigott, Bell, my beloved and I went to the Castle of Shrewsbury, which Miss Pulteney is fitting up in the true Gothic stile, windows, chimney pieces, doors exquisitely done. Mr. Pittford the Architect, a very clever man. He designed it all, even the carpets and Ceilings. . . . Returned to Underdale. Mrs. Pigott showed us an Ivory Medalion of James the 3rd. Mrs. Powis of Berwick arrived and her daughter. I think Mrs. Powis one of the handsomest, most interesting, lovely women I ever beheld. Her daughter appears like her sister, very handsome indeed.

"*Tuesday, October* 13*th.*—An old woman came to enquire how we were. Her name is Purcel. She lives at Borris, and is going to London to see her son and grandson who are established there and sent for her. She walkes the entire way. Tho' old she is strong, stout, and hale.

"*Wednesday, October* 14*th.*—A box from Donnes with our cloaks arrived a week too late. I regret it as they are admirably made. Are of a deep and modest blue.

"*Sunday, October* 18*th.*—Note from Mr. Perceval to my beloved. Says he was a neighbour of Mrs. Achmuty and would wait on her and bring 2 ladies with him to receive her commands. My beloved wrote that if Mr. Perceval had any letter or particular message from Mrs. Achmuty she would be glad to see him, but not having the honour of knowing him or the two Ladies must beg to be excused. My

beloved and I rejoiced at this opportuntity of testifying we would not admit Intruders.

"*Tuesday, October 20th.*—The Barretts arrived at eleven and ordered their horses and carriages to the Hand.[1] We had presence of mind sufficient to remember we were in our own house, therefore determined that neither by look or word our Resentment at this offence should transpire. They brought a letter from Mr. Chambre with Bank notes for £20, being part of £46 which he received of our Pension. Worked at the Tapestry chair covers. Dined at 3. At 5 the Barretts went away. My beloved and I talked the matter over.

"*Wednesday, October 21st.*—A letter from that most excellent charming man Mr. Tighe, just setting off for the Hague. Sent for our Landlord, paid our rent: thank heaven and his Majesty's bounty.

"*Friday, October 23rd.*—Letter from Lord Bessborough dated Roehampton the 19th.

"*Saturday, October 24th.*—Three gentlemen walked up the field. One of them I am persuaded from his dress and appearance was a frenchman. How my heart aches for that Nation.

"*Wednesday, October 28th.*—Sweet and delicate day. We went again to our bank, planted all with cowslips, primroses, violets, lily of the Valley.

Letter from Mrs. Tucker. Excellent creature. How she shines on every occasion.

"*Tuesday, November 3rd.*—The civilest of all tradespeople Woolham called here this evening. Alas, to no

[1] Owing to their quarrel with Mr. Edwards of the Hand, the Ladies felt that no friend of theirs should take their custom to the Hand. The quarrel thus begun with the Barretts lasted long, and when it was ended the Barretts were never again "Our dear Barretts".—Ed.

purpose. He mentioned the great alteration the absence of so many families who have deserted the neighbourhood has occasioned at Wrexham. Mr. York of Erddig coming only for a month to Erddig. The present Sir W. W. Wynne not to come to Wynnstay till he is of age. Bryn-y-pys empty. Mr. Wynne leaving the Country and settling at Hampstead. Sir Foster Cunliffe to spend the winter in Scotland.

"*Saturday, November 7th.*—Letter from Wood (Salop) with poems by Miss Williams, the 1788 Edition.

"*Sunday, November 8th.*—My beloved made me take an emetic, and by that kindness, anxiety, and tenderness which constitutes the happiness of my Life, she softened the Pain I endured.

"*Sunday, November 15th.*—Fearful hurricane. Reading, drawing. Loud rap at the Door. Lady Templetown's Servant, soon followed by that charming woman herself, and her sweet Daughter. Such mutual joy at meeting, on our part so unexpected. Got tea and coffee instantly. Cake, brown and white bread and butter, toast and butter, an excellent bright fire. Shutters closed. Curtain let down. She exclaimed, with surprise and admiration of the beauty and comfort of our little abode. The latter greatly enhanced by the fearful Storm which raged and howled about the Mountains.

"*Tuesday, November 17th.*—Carts in the field. John Edwards and his Hinds at work spreading Soil over the field, preparatory to sowing Wheat.

"*Saturday, November 21st.*—Our poor Landlord came to ask us how the broth we ordered for his wife was to be made. His Tears, his regret for her illness, his recaptulation of her goodness, and the happy life they had led together these fifty years, affected us

and called forth our Tears. Reading. Writing. Saw the burial of a little girl coming thro' the Field. Enquired the reason of its being attended by such a multitude of children. The person of whom we enquired said it was the Custom here when a Child died that all its companions and playmates of the same age attended the funeral and Bore the Coffin to the Grave.

"*Wednesday, November 25th.*—Mr. Crowe will call on us for a minute. He came. Told us he was going on a melancholy errand to see the Dean of St. Asaph whose wife died in Childbed on Sunday the 15th at Llanarch.

"*Friday, November 27th.*—Sweet day under clouds. Soft sunshine dissolving the hoar frost on the eves of the house. Patches of blue sky. Writing. Note from the Comte de Jarnac[1] who has just arrived at the Lyon Inn. Sent to invite him up. He came with an intention of passing half an hour here, detained him for dinner. At five he made his bow. Prevailed with him to defer his journey till to-morrow and spend the evening. He consented. We supped at Ten. At twelve he went away and left us charmed with him. This descendant of the illustrious House of Rohan, brother of the Duke de Chabot,[2] nephew to the Duke de Rohan, brother-in-law to the Maréchal de Beauvau, uncle to the Prince de Leon, uncle to the Duc de La Rochefoucauld, married Miss Smyth of the Kingdom of Ireland. Madame de Jarnac has remained at

[1] Mons. de Jarnac came to Llangollen a few weeks after the events he described to Lady Eleanor, who wrote down all he had told her with every evidence of haste and used an English or French word, whichever came first.

[2] (Isabella Charlotte, daughter of the 2nd Duke of Leinster, married in 1809 Major-General Louis William, Vicomte de Chabot.)

Paris Lying In. M. de Jarnac related all the horrid particulars of the King's Capture at which he was Present. It originated from a report being Maliciously circulated at Paris that there was neither Corn nor Flour and consequently there would be no Bread. The next Morning all the Fish women, all the common prostitutes, assembled and armed with canes, to the ends of which they fixed sharp spikes, proceeded two by two to Versailles. They drew with them two pieces of cannon and every Woman or Lady they met they forced to accompany them in this procession. They were followed by 600 Banditti armed with heavy Triangular pieces of wood with sharp Long Nails fastened at each end. These Banditti were followed by nearly twenty-two Thousand of the National Troops, sixteen pieces of cannon, headed by the Marquis de la Fayette.[1] They set out from Paris at 9 in the morning, and at 8 at night they all reached Versailles, twelve miles from Paris. The first Outrage was the Fish women who desired and obtained admittance. They harangued him[2] as usual on their knees, demanded Bread, which he ordered should be given to them. They retired and went to the Assembly of the States, demanded male deputies, and returned to the Palace. The Garde du Corps would not admit them and on their attempting to force in they fired, on which these demons seized Mons. de Valincourt and Mons. Launay, cut

[1] Marie Jean, Marquis de la Fayette (1757–1834). Soldier and statesman. Assisted Americans in the war with England, 1777–81. Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard after the fall of the Bastille. After the overthrow of the Monarchy (August 10, 1792) he was captured and imprisoned by Austria. He was again a leader and commanded the National Guard in the revolution of 1830.

[2] The King.

off their Heads, sent them to Paris, but first had the hair powdered and dressed of these unfortunate victims of their Barbarity. Messieurs de Valincourt and Launay were rich young handsome men of fashion and officers of the Garde du Corps. By this time the Banditti were arrived and dispersed themselves quickly all over the town. At eight oclock the discharge of six field pieces announced the arrival of Mons. de la Fayette and his twenty-two Thousand troops. He immediately demanded audience of the King, was admitted, appeared grave and sorrowful, expressed his regret for coming in this manner, but excused himself by saying he must have been hanged had he refused, that he was deputed by the National troops to request his Majesty would put himself and Royal Person under the care of his Loyal and Faithful Subjects and dismiss the Garde du Corps who had proved traitors to their Countrymen. In this deplorable situation the King was obliged to comply. Mons. de la Fayette then placed guards on all the Avenues at the Palace and answered for the safety of the Persons of the Royal Family. The Queen received private information that there was a design against her life and advised her to pass the Night in the King's Apartment. She replied if her life was to be attacked should she be the person to Conduct the Danger towards the King? No, she said, she committed herself to the Care of Providence and was determined to await the event with resolution and receive it with resignation. Two hundred of the faithful Garde du Corps dispersed themselves about the Palace. The Queen's footman sat up in the Antechamber and she retired to rest. At 5 o'c. the six hundred Banditti rushed in the Palace, killed 16 of

the Garde du Corps in one room, and rushed about like so many demoniacs in Search of the Queen's Apartment. The footman instantly rapt at her Door to apprize her of her Danger and bid her fly to the King's Apartment. She had but just time to put on her shoes, stockings, and one petticoat. The other she had not time to tye on. When she heard them coming she ran to the room of one of her women, threw on a wrapper, and ran to the King whose door was locked but it was instantly opened to her. She and the King went down to the Dauphin's Apartment, and brought him and his Sister up in their arms. The Marquis de la Fayette entered and appeared in great consternation, for by this time the troops, the Women, the Banditti were all assembled about the palace to the number of above 40 thousand. They were firing shots in at all the Windows and calling for the Royal family to appear at the windows. They all came to the Balcony. When they had stood there some time they retired. Then the Mob clamoured violently that the Queen should come to the Balcony and come alone. Everyone present suspected their design, when she with infinite presence of Mind seized the Arm of that Traitor, La Fayette, saying 'Allons, Monsieur', and made him accompany her. When she had stood there some moments they applauded, then dismissed her. In a short time they renewed their demands that the Court should abandon Versailles and reside with them in Paris. They had no longer the power of refusal, therefore consented. On which they ran to the Stables, had the horses put instantly to the State Coach, which contains eight. Hardly gave the King time to take his most interesting papers and forced

him, the Queen, Monsieur le Dauphin, Monsieur, Madame de France, Madame Elizabeth de France, and the Gouvernante des Enfans de France. They placed a Cannon immediately behind the Carriage. Would not allow Carrosses de Suite to approach it. Dismissed the Gardes du Corps. With their hands on the Portières, looking in and talking all the time, sometimes threatening that they would get in the carriage and make the King and Queen walk. They were eight hours moving from Versailles to Paris, which as I said above is no more than 12 miles. At the end of every weapon these wretches had tied a loaf of Bread and a bough of a tree. They brought the Royal Family to l'Hotel de Ville instead of the Thuilleries. Then every faithful Loyal heart shrank with apprehension that the King and Queen were going to be murdered. When they entered l'Hotel de Ville the Chief Magistrate, according to custom, presented them with the keys of the City—a farce equally wounding and insulting with that of seeing the whole Town illuminated for their arrival. After some hours' deliberation they were brought to the Thuilleries which, from not having been inhabited from the time of the minority of Louis XV, was wholly destitute of every Convenience. Therefore, when the Royal Family arrived, they found the floors covered with Wool etc. and people at work making beds and mattresses for their use, nothing having been brought from Versailles for that purpose. Mons. de Jarnac and his brother the Duc de Chabot were on the great stairs waiting for their arrival. As soon as the Queen beheld them she burst into Tears, but they were afraid to speak being surrounded by Traitors, all the interior domestics being of the

National party in so much that the Queen's Coachman was heard to express a wish that he might have driven her to St. Cyr.

Mons. de Jarnac was Commander of the King's Forces in (the Province of) D'Aunis, Poitou, and Saintonge. He showed us 6 vols he had written and drawn himself of the Chateau de Jarnac. The park, the forest, parterre, orangerie . . . executed and designed in the most masterly, beautiful and delicate manner, not only the ground plan and elevation of the Chateau but the interior part of every room, with the furniture, even to pictures. The river Charent encloses his park. The Chateau is in the true Stile of Gothic magnificence and has been for many centuries the Seat of the Second Son of the Rohan family. So that should Mons. de Jarnac ever become Duc de Rohan this great estate immediately devolves to his Second Son. He told us that the Princesse de Guéménée, a younger Branch of the Rohan family, is possessed of Mémoires written by the Chevalier de Rohan who was beheaded in Louis XIVth's time for high treason. He told us that the present Duc de Fronsac had told him that the Maréchal de Richelieu had left Letters and memorandums for Mémoires which are sometime or other to be published, but the Maréchal de Richelieu, though his powers of Conversation were superior to that of almost every other person of his time, his stile in writing was below that of his meanest domestic, heavy, dull—even to vulgarity. We asked him about Les Mémoires de Monsieur de St. Simon.[1] He has seen

[1] Louis de Rouvroy, Duc de St. Simon, born 1675. He married the eldest daughter of the Maréchal de Lorge. His celebrated Memoirs open with the year 1691.

the original MSS. of which there are three. One in the possession of Madame la Duchesse D'Anville, the other in that of the Duc de Nivernois,[1] the other Monsieur de Maleissye.[2] We showed him our edition which he said was faithfully copied. The original MSS. of the Mémoires de Mlle. de Montpensier are in the Library of the Duc d'Orleans. He told us Necker was originally a Chandler. Madame Necker was a Demoiselle Curchod, an institutrice at Geneva, and taught the present Duchesse de Chabot to write. She has the fidgets (what other name can I call it?) which never permits her to sit still above 3 minutes. Madame de Stael has the finest eyes in the world, but every feature of a Black. She wrote Letters intending to vindicate the memory of Rousseau, but in the Conclusion of her last epistle she says he married the widow of a Valet de Chambre of the Marquis de Girardin[3] which was dishonouring himself. Madame de Vassé, the daughter of the Marquis de Girardin, who was educated by poor Rousseau, has written a reply to this Letter proving that Rousseau was never married to that woman, and reproaching Madame de Stael for invidiously casting any reflection on the memory of a person whom she pretends to admire and love. This Letter of Madame de Vassé is

[1] Duc de Nivernois, born 1716, fought in several campaigns before he was thirty. Scholarly, literary, and rich. Arrested 1793. Died 1798.

[2] Marquis de Maleissye, born 1730. Executed 1794.

[3] This is an interesting family. The Honourable Arthur Dillon, son of Henry, 11th Viscount Dillon, married Lucie, daughter of the Count de Rothe. Their daughter married the Marquis de la Tour du Pin Gouvernet. Arthur Dillon married, secondly, Marie de Girardin, widow of Count de la Touche. Her sister, Mme. de la Pagerie, had a daughter who married Vicomte de Beauharnais, and became later the Empress Josephine. Mme. de la Touche's daughter became Duchesse de Fitzjames.

Charmingly written, the stile and sentiments worthy of Rousseau. Madame de Vassé is the most beautiful woman at Paris. Speaking of the Duke of Orleans Mons. de Jarnac told us he was suspected of being concerned in all those dreadful troubles, that he secretly fomented them with the hope of being appointed Regent. He was however under a necessity of quitting France. He came to England under the pretence of negociating a private Commission from the King of France to the King of England. He was in England a full week before he could obtain a private audience, and when he did (the manner of which is too tedious to write in this foolish journal) The King said, 'I partake most sincerely in everything which relates to the King of France, and I am glad to say this to the Duke of Orleans'. Speaking of the Bastille, Mons. de Jarnac, whose Father had been confined there, not only gave us a most particular description of it but took out his pencil and executed the nicest drawing, plan and elevation, of that formidable building which now exists no more. He related the Wonderful Escape of Mons. de L'Etude and the indefatigable endeavours to free him exerted by Madame le Gros. I cannot recollect half the curious and entertaining anecdotes related by this singularly agreeable man, in whose Society the hours flew so rapidly that we were quite sorry when the Clock struck twelve. He made his bow and went away.

"*Thursday, December 3rd.*—My beloved and I went the Home Circuit; walks all swept, borders raked, etc. Lovely day. Mrs. Parry of Ruabon came—not with her Bill. We received her not as a Creditor but as the person whom for Eleven years we had dealt

with and who for Eleven years had treated us with Honesty, punctuality and the greatest attention.

"*Monday, December 7th.*—While we were at dinner saw a gentleman and Lady in Mourning, a very tall young man in Blue, a Very little Woman also in Blue. Each of the Ladies a violent profusion of hair. Walked up and down the field. Enquired who they were? The Bishop of Llandaff, was the reply. Impossible. It must be that swaggering Lord Llandaff[1] with his Tall Son, his diminutive wife and daughter. The Son and Daughter of a former Marriage. My Beloved and I went the Home Circuit. Reading. It was not Lord Llandaff but the new Bishop of Cork[2] and half a hundred Fosters who walked up our field.

A day of such Sweet Retirement.

"*Tuesday, December 8th.*—Mrs. Phyllis so very condescending that we thought it advisable to lock her up. The last time she was confined she had a companion whom we shall ever regret.

"*Sunday, December 13th.*—Thought the Library appeared unusually comfortable. The prospect from it magnificent. Rocks dark and gloomy. Mountains brown and withered, trees leafless.

"*Saturday, December 19th.*—Reading. Working. My beloved finished the White Satin Letter Case with the Cyphers etc. in gold with a border of Shades of Blue and gold, the Quilting White Silk, the whole lined and bound with Pale Blue.

"*Wednesday, December 23rd.*—The Archbishop of Cashel, Mrs. and Miss Aycot, their Daughter came

[1] Francis Mathew of Thomastown, created Baron Llandaff 1783, married secondly, in 1784, Catherine, daughter of Clotworthy, 1st Earl of Massereene.

[2] The Right Rev. William Foster, brother of 1st Baron Oriel.

in their way to Ireland. Staid three Hours. Friendly, kind, very entertaining and agreeable. We were rejoiced to see them, our old acquaintances we had not met for many years. Sorry when they left us.

"*Friday, December 25th.*—A tall thin old man came to the Door and Sung a Christmas Carol in a Melodious, solemn Voice. Listened to it with pleasure. Three Dinner. Roast Beef, mince pies.

"*Saturday, December 26th.*—Sweet, calm, still day. We dined early as on this day our Landlord and his family dine in the kitchen. At half past two our Landlord John, his wife, their son, and little Mauddy our Landlord's Granddaughter, came in their best clothes, so respectable, so primitive, so simple. Our poor Landlady was afraid to venture out. Reading. Drawing.

"*Thursday, December 31st.*—Soaking rain, snow on the mountains. A parcel by the Stage Coach from the Head which had been sent from Shrewsbury and carried by Mistake to Holyhead. It contained almanacks from that civil Sandford. Kept an Atlas, a Repository with a Tuck, a Ladies new Royal Pocket Companion, a Housekeepers Accompt Book, a Royal Kalendar for the year '90. Lord Westmorland[1] the new Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland with his Suite came to the Lyon inn in this Village, where he passes this night.

[1] John Fane, 10th Earl.

CHAPTER X

"*Friday, January 1st* 1790.—My beloved and I woke at seven. Found by our bed side Petticoats and Pockets, a new year's gift from our *truest* Friends.

"*Sunday, January 3rd.*—Mrs. Blachford with her son and daughter came in. Staid an hour. Declined dining with us as her Daughter's extraordinary malady always seizes her at two and continues without interruption till nine. Pity, for she is a sweet girl.

"*Wednesday, January 6th.*—The corn just springing up in the furrowed land. Cocks crowing in the different cottages.

"*Thursday, January 7th.*—The field before our cottage quite green. Hum of bees and flies in the air. Birds preparing their future nurseries. Threw open the Library window. My beloved and I went over all our grounds, visited Margaret's stables, our pretty yards, admired our new Hedge. Then returned to the Library and our evening occupation of writing, reading, working. Interrupted by E—— and his son. The civilest, best sort of man that can be. Went away not only civilly but cheerfully when we told him to how little purpose he called on us.

"*Saturday, January 9th.*—Lady Anne Wesley married last Monday, the 4th, to Mr. Fitzroy, Lord Southampton's fourth son.

"*Wednesday, January 13th.*—Rose at eight. Birds singing sweetly, making all their little preparations for the lodging and maintenance of their future brood. Hope he who 'Caters[1] for the Sparrow' will protect them. Sky so placid, air so soft.

"*Thursday, January 14th.*—A chorus of Throstles, Blackbirds and finches close beside our window. Mr. Lloydde's Hounds in full cry on the opposite mountain. Mists rising from the river. Smoke from the village spinning through the trees.

"*Friday, January 15th.*—Letter from Lady Dungannon dated Hampton Court Palace the 11th. Lady Anne Wesley was married on Thursday the 7th at St. George's Church to Mr. Fitzroy.[2] Lord Mornington gave her away. Mr. Pole was under a necessity of leaving town. Mrs. Pole, the Marquess of Salisbury,[3] and a few other of her friends were present. His Tutor, Mr. Foster, married them, and the only friend that came with him was a Mr. Phipps a brother of Lord Mulgraves.[4] Lord and Lady Southampton have behaved with great civility, Lady S.[5] particularly, but not a farthing either to set them up or to enlarge their income. Her poor little pittance obliged to be broken into. They went from Church to a place of Sir Peter Burrell's[6] about nine miles from Town, where they will remain for some short time.

[1] Not "careth".—Ed.

[2] Henry Fitzroy, born 1765. By this marriage they had two daughters. The second married the 7th Duke of Beaufort.

[3] James, 7th Earl and 1st Marquess of Salisbury, married Mary, daughter of 1st Marquess of Downshire.

[4] Constantine Phipps raised to the peerage as 1st Baron Mulgrave, 1767.

[5] Anne, daughter of Admiral Sir Peter Warren.

[6] Sir Peter Burrell, Bart., 1st Lord Gwydyr.

"*Thursday, January 21st.*—Letter from Thomas Moore, a pretty letter like the writer.

"*Saturday, January 23rd.*—Met our good Landlord, good man. He said he never remembered so sweet a season, that the Birds' song is loud as in summer and this morning early he called his wife and daughter-in-law to listen to them. His daughter-in-law, after attending some time, said 'they would cry in May', but I trust she is mistaken.

"*Friday, February 5th.*—The Woman of this Village who supplies Halston with Beesoms returned from thence this evening, brought a letter from Mrs. Mytton and a present of the first quarter of Lamb she killed this year.

"*Saturday, February 13th.*—A parcel for me which I should have received by the Bala Carrier last Wednesday. It contained Irish newspapers.

"*Saturday, February 20th.*—Sent the Irish woman to Halston with mushroom spawn, Periwinkle of sorts, American Saxifrage.

"*Wednesday, February 24th.*—My beloved and I went a delightful walk through our cow's field, up the lane, passed Edward Evans' field, the Lane to the Mill, the entire round of Edward Evans' field, returned by the lane. The richest glowing purple tint spread over the Mountain. Brilliant sun. Met in the course of our walk an old grey-headed man leading to the water a horse as ancient as himself. Edward Evans' son, with a dray full of thorns and Hollies from the Mountains to repair the Hedges. A good-looking clean woman with three little children clinging about her, and a fourth in her arms. Told us she had eleven children. Edward Evans' clean and notable wife. A very old woman with pictures to sell. Told us

she was from Carnarvonshire, had a blind Daughter whom she supported by the sale of these pictures which she purchased at Chester and Vended about the Country. The miller of Pengwern's son returning from school. Observed the Honeysuckle in the hedges in full leaf.

"*Monday, March 8th.*—At five Lady Bridgeman's footman arrived to tell us she was coming. In a quarter of an Hour that divine woman and her sweet daughter. After an interval of three years how delightful to embrace this charming couple!

"*Tuesday, March 16th.*—Splendid evening. Reading. Writing. My beloved and I walked by the Mill, the Pengwern lane and the beautiful fields near Pengwern wood. Bull bellowing fearfully at some distance. Met three innocent boys, one with a Spinning Wheel on his head.

"*Thursday, March 18th.*—The Corwen carrier brought a parcel and letter from Harriet Tucker sent on 1st of March. He has had it eighteen days in his possession.

"*Friday, March 19th.*—Discovered an artichoke, two months earlier than I ever remember, and there are more appearing.

"*Tuesday, March 23rd.*—My beloved and I walked to Blaen Bache. The vale has lost none of its beauty as cultivation has succeeded to woods and waste. Cornfields and Meadows smiling on the summit of the mountains. Entered a cottage situated in the declivity of the mountain in the only wood remaining, over the babbling Brook. Found a very pretty young woman spinning, a weaver at his loom, a little child with a Doll, two fine dogs, which the young woman with native politeness took up in her arms and

locked in the outhouse. A black and white cat. My beloved and I gathered holly berries, primrose and strawberry plants for our Bank. Such an evening.

"*Friday, March 26th.*—Letter from Lodge Morres[1] dated March the 19th with bill of exchange for £100 Irish, making £92. 19s. and 1d. English money. After returning thanks to God for this seasonable remittance, which enables us to discharge some—in particular one—heavy debt which pressed like a dagger to our heart, my beloved and I talked the matter over.

"*Monday, March 29th.*—Message from Major Walpole. Sent to request he would come up directly, which he did and rejoiced were we to see him. He brought us 'Les Mémoires du Maréchal de Richelieu'.

"*Monday, April 5th.*—My beloved finished her Task. Two quarto Books, twelve pages in each, and a Superb Title page to each. Tinted, Bordered and inscribed.

"*Sunday, April 18th.*—Planted a Scotch fir. Sent for Evan the Clog maker to water them, then my beloved and I went to the quarry and planted seven Scotch fir there. Then we took a most delicious walk behind Pen-y-Coed. Returned over the Pengwern road. The Country superb. Observed a little cottage roofed with stone and covered with sod erected on the side of the Mountain. From above the little abode all the rubbishy stone has been swept away, the ground cleared, an orchard planted behind the house, a little garden secured by a Box hedge from

[1] Lodge-Evans Morres, Esq., prominent in Irish politics from 1768 to 1801. Called to the Upper House by the title of Baron Frankfort of Galmoye, and advanced (1816) to a viscounty as Viscount Frankfort de Montmorency.

the encroachments of Sheep. This garden contained flowers such as primroses, polianthus, snowdrops and sweet briar, jessamy, roses, all for the use of a Hive of Bees. A little well beside—but I could expatiate for ever on the delights of this delightful little habitation.

"*Friday, April 23rd.*—Spoke to the joiner about the quarry which Edward of the Hand was going to open on the hill opposite our window and which we sent to the workmen not to proceed with. They civilly desisted immediately.

"*Saturday, April 24th.*—My beloved and I went the Home Circle. Discovered Edward Evans' son going to climb over the Hedge by the Shed. We stop'd him, and walked instantly to his Mother's house, dark as it was, to complain of him. She threatened to 'wand him' but we got him off.

"*Monday, April 26th.*—Interrupted by John, Lady Anne Butler's footman, with a letter from her introducing her daughter my niece, and Miss Miller, who is accompanying her to London to Lady Burgoyne[1] who is to place her at School. In a few minutes the carriage arrived with the little Lady who is just fourteen years old, a very pretty Person, remarkable good Carriage, delicate Skin, pretty Eyes. Her forehead high, nose not so pretty as the rest of her features. While they continued here we could not find time to write therefore I laid aside my pen until this morning, Wednesday 28th April. Miss Miller is, I am assured, a most excellent Woman, she has been initiated in the School of Adversity which has cast a melancholy Tint over her naturally lively Character. She is going to visit her Friend and Ally Mr. Burke.

[1] Widow of Sir John Burgoyne, 7th Bart.

Was introduced to Lady Anne by Lady Desart,[1] whose intimate Friend she is. Bess my little niece[2] is a very intelligent, agreeable, innocent Girl, and I hope will do well. Bess and Miss Miller slumbered together in the State Bedroom. Tuesday was the most superb and brilliant day I ever beheld. Went to the joiners. Sent him to Mr. Edwards of the Hand about the Masons opening a quarry in our View. Received a Saucy answer in return. *Mem.*—to recollect it in proper time and season.

"*Monday, May 3rd.*—Saw a family coming to occupy the Weaver's house. Enquired who they were. Blanche Moses. Not good people. Don't like such neighbours. Sent to our Landlord. He and his Daughter-in-law, John's wife, came immediately. Said Blanche Moses and her sons should not stay there.

"*Friday, May 7th.*—Mr. Chambre's clerk came with Ten Guineas of my Draft. The Certificate for our pension which the stupid Vicar not being at home to sign the Clerk must come again. How vexatious. Soaking rain.

"*Saturday, May 8th.*—Brilliant. The Cuckoo and a Choir of Birds. Discovered a nest of cowslips by the pales. Transplanted them to the Bank of Primroses.

"*Sunday, May 9th.*—The Cuckoo, Linnets, Larks, Blackbirds, Thrushes, all about our window. John Jones of Chirk brought Thirteen plants of the Clove Pink, Slips of rosemary and Lavender. Saw above a hundred people up the field, returning from Llan-

[1] Lady Anne Browne, daughter of the 2nd Earl of Altamont, married 1st Earl of Desart.

[2] Elizabeth, daughter of John, 17th Earl of Ormonde, married (1798) her cousin, Thomas Kavanagh, Esq. of Borris, died 1823.

sanffraid from the Dee side, where an Anabaptist Clergy Man baptised two youths, one of fifteen, the other sixteen years of age.

"*Wednesday, May 12th.*—We went to the Pen Street where our dear Margaret is boarded. The Pen Street are fields situated under the Hill over the new road of Llangollen Vechan. Those fields are beautiful and abound in grass and water but they are very distant from our Cottage. The fences are not good and Margaret is too apt to stray. Went into the new house which Richard Griffiths is building. The frightfullest, worst contrived piece of Architecture I ever beheld, in the loveliest situation.

"*Wednesday, May 19th.*—Rose at eight. Soon after we came down Mr. and Mrs. Garden arrived. She, notwithstanding her Blindness, looking extremely well and in her usual good spirits. They brought us a present of Painted glass. They have resided at Orleans these four years and purposed continuing there, but a Letter from Mr. Digby,[1] Vice-Chamberlain to the Queen, advising them to quit France immediately hastened them over.

"*Wednesday, June 2nd.*—Looked over the Journals of the Two last years. June 2nd, 1788, Miss Davies, Mrs. Barrett, dined here. Mrs. Price, Lady Dungannon's woman, came here with a message from her Lady. Mr. Bridgeman married Miss Byng. What a Change have two years effected. Miss Davies, Mrs. Barrett and we meet no more. The Barretts having manifested themselves ungrateful, unworthy, treacherous and in every respect the reverse of what we so long thought them. Miss Davies violently their adherent. Lady Dungannon from Distressed

[1] Honourable Stephen Digby, son of the 5th Baron Digby.

Circumstances, Broken Credit, and many sore Trials has quitted this neighbourhood for ever. Mr. Bridgeman—alas! in what deep distress is that charming family involved at this moment! June 2nd, 1789, the weather was delicious. To-morrow twelvemonth the Barretts and Miss Wynne dined here. Thank heaven we have found out who were and who were not our friends, in which number the Barretts had never a right to be included.

"*Monday, June 7th.*—We walked before the door to behold the multitude of happy and well drest people in groups from all the neighbouring towns and villages assembling to the Wakes of Llangollen. These Wakes, notwithstanding the badness of the weather, are the best we remember these many years. The men are very well drest, all in new apparel. The women the Same but less ridiculous, more consistent with the Simplicity of their situation.

"*Saturday, June 12th.*—Country in the highest Beauty. Every Bank fringed with wood in the richest foliage. Lady Templetown, Lord Templetown, Miss Upton came. Lord Templetown tall fashioned, everything a mother could wish him. Miss Upton sensible, kind, unpretending, pleasing. Lady Templetown herself—C'est tout dire. She brought us her picture done by Downman.

"*Wednesday, June 16th.*—Dined under the shade of the Lime Tree by the door. After dinner we walked to Pengwern. Our Landlord and all his family sheep-shearing in the Barn. Our Landlady, with all her daughters, daughters-in-law and grandchildren, drinking tea. Went to see the Bridge and walk on the green. Found the River full of sheep washing, preparatory to their shearing to-morrow.

"*Sunday, June 20th.*—Note from two men, stiling themselves Gentlemen, of the names of O'Reilly and O'Connor, desiring to see this place. Had great pleasure in refusing them. They walked in the field. Saw nothing in their appearance to make us alter our resolution of not admitting them.

"*Tuesday, June 22nd.*—Intense heat. Walked to Pengwern. Our Landlord told us that a smith from Dimbraneth has been dreaming for more than a year past of Treasure at Dinas Bran. He has within this week begun to dig. He told us also that when he was a young man he and his Brother cleared a piece of the ground which he showed us, and is the field of the Pengwern shoemaker's house. In Blasting a huge rock they discovered a place of the size and shape of a large Chest which was hewn in the rock. Jonathan Hughes in clearing the piece by his house found a Rock with the size and shape of a Tub scooped out of it.

"*Friday, June 25th.*—Letter from Mrs. M. Kavanagh dated Balyhail the 18th. Poor Mr. Kavanagh of Borris died that day of a mortification. May the Almighty receive his soul.

"*Tuesday, June 29th.*—Our Landlord at Denbigh yesterday, summoned by Sir Roger Mostynn[1] to give his vote for Sir Watkin Williams.

"*Sunday, July 4th.*—Tried on the black habits made by Barker. Must return them. The skirts horribly made.

"*Wednesday, July 14th.*—The sky like a sea of Blood. Have never beheld anything like it but once before: that was the evening of the fire kindled

[1] Sir Roger Mostyn, 5th Bart., married Margaret, daughter of the Rev. Hugh Wynne, died 1796.

by Lord George Gordon in London. I tremble for France.

"*Friday, July* 16*th.*—Went a delightful walk by the mill, to the beautiful solitary meadows under Pengwern wood on this side the Brook. John Edwards and his Hind mowing. Then went the narrow, deep and shady lane which goes to the mountain. The Hedges adorned with a profusion of Honey Suckle, wild roses, and elder, the Banks with Strawberries and blue Campanula.

"*Monday, July* 19*th.*—My beloved and I went the Home Circuit. Met our good Landlady going to see the old woman of Bache who was prayed for in Church. Made her come in. We then walked towards the Mill. Met two men who had something more the appearance of gentlemen than the Welsh gentry usually are endowed with.

"*Wednesday, July* 21*st.*—The Dean of Chester's sons and daughters desired to see this place. From the Hand. Refused.

"*Thursday, July* 22*nd.*—Letter from Mr. P. Walshe, agent to my beloved's brother, with £40, by order of Mr. Ponsonby.

"*Saturday, July* 24*th.*—Reading. Lady Uxbridge, Lady Camilla, Lady Louise, Lady Jane Paget came in. Lady Uxbridge to our great satisfaction appeared in perfect health. Her daughters are charming. They and their beautiful mother were all dressed alike in green Capots, gilt Buttons, and Black velvet Cuffs and Capes. Very small Hats.

"*Tuesday, July* 27*th.*—Rose at eight. Lovely superb day. At ten my beloved and I set out in the Lyon Chaise and pair. Near the Turnpike met a coach and four, coachman and Postillion, with a shabby foot-

man riding behind. The everlasting Singletons. On the Chirk road an old doating parson in a Chaise with green blinds. Lovett talking to him. Several young men on horseback. Saw a young Lady (every female is a Lady in these illustrious Times) walking pensively thro' the Bog, or Moor as it is termed in England. The town of Ellesmere clean and well peopled. A market day. Mrs. Vaughan at home and alone. Received us with the politeness and friendly hospitality which distinguishes the heiress of this ancient and venerable Mansion. In the parlour she has brought down all the family pictures, handsomely framed. Sir Francis Kynaston,[1] cup-bearer to Queen Elizabeth, over the chimney.

"*Wednesday, July 28th.*—The two youngest nephews, James and Charles Butler, with their tutor Mr. Stephenson from Eton, came. James grown most amazingly tall. Charles I never saw before."

The Ladies had fiercer thoughts than those inspired by Shropshire roads, Welsh mountains, and young kinsmen from unforgettable Kilkenny. Their pride—feminine, sophisticated and intolerant—was at daggers drawn with all the world on the vital question of their dear reputation. Some disgraceful printed words roused them and they turned, outraged, to a great authority. Their appeal was probably unwelcome to Edmund Burke. His reputation was never free from attack, and he can scarcely have cared to be bothered by the fuss and fury of two women living far from the battle of public life.

[1] Charles "Kinaston" of Oteley had a son and two daughters; the elder, Mary, married James Mainwaring. Their grandson, the Rev. Charles Mainwaring, born 1768, was "of Oteley Park".

Nevertheless he answered them in these terms and they kept the letter:

"BECONSFIELD, *July 30th*, 1790

My dear Ladies,

I am very much flattered by being honoured with your Commands. You do no more than justice to me and to this family when you suppose us ready to do everything in our power to show our respect to your character, and our grateful remembrance of the polite and hospitable reception you gave us in your elegant retirement at Llangollen. It is however a most sensible mortification to us all that our correspondence should begin upon an occasion so disagreeable. They must be the most wicked probably, certainly the most unthinking, of all wretches who could make that retirement unpleasant to you. I have not seen the base publications to which you allude. I have spoken to a friend who has seen them and who speaks of them with the indignation felt by every worthy mind, but who doubts whether that redress can be had by an appeal to the law to which the whole community as well as you are entitled. There are offences of this nature deserving of the severest punishment but on which it is very difficult, if not impossible, to bring the offenders to Justice. My brother is absent on the Circuit, but my son is here, and if on the perusal of those infamous papers it should appear that there is any hope of obtaining a legal sentence on their author or publisher you may be assured that no pains shall be wanting for that purpose without trouble or expense to you. I am afraid, indeed, that this object cannot be compassed. Your consolation must be that you suffer only by the baseness of the age you live in, that you suffer from

the violence of calumny for the virtues that entitle you to the esteem of all who know how to esteem honour, friendship, principle, and dignity of thinking, and that you suffer along with everything that is excellent in the world. I do not wonder that minds tenderly sensible to reputation should feel for a moment from this shocking licence; but I should be sorry and ashamed for the independence of virtue, if the profligacy of others should shorten, or even embitter in any degree, such valuable lives as yours. I trust that the piety, good sense, and fortitude that hitherto have distinguished you and made you the mark of envy in your retreat, will enable you on recollection perfectly to despise the scandals of those whom, if you knew them, you would despise on every other account, and which, I faithfully assure you, make no impressions except those of contempt on any person living. The Newspapers have over done their part, and have brought things to such a point by their indiscriminate abuse that they really contribute nothing to raise or lower any character, so that if you contrive to keep yourselves in your own persons, where you are, infinitely above the feeling of their malice the rest of the world will not be in the smallest degree influenced by it, any further than you being objects of low unmerited persecution will increase their interest in Characters in every point so formed to engage it. I do not know one of the persons who are engaged in the conduct of the papers, and have great reluctance in acknowledging their importance so far as to make an application to them, but since you desire it I will make an enquiry into their connections; and will take care to have notice given to them to attend to their behaviour in future, rather in the

style of menace than as asking any favour from them. Mrs. Burke desires her most respectful and affectionate compliments, and I shall think myself highly honoured if you continue to believe me with the most perfect sentiments of respect and regard, Ladies,

Your most faithful and most obedient and obliged humble servant,

EDM. BURKE"

Thus fortified by the thought of Mr. Burke menacing the press, Lady Eleanor sat down to acknowledge his letter.

"*Tuesday, August 3rd.*—Storm. Gloom. Heavy rain. What weather! Writing to the Right Honble. Ed. Burke, Beaconsfield, Bucks. A Rabbit in the Shrubbery. Sent to the village for hounds to hunt it. No Noses. Nor indeed Eyes. Could neither smell nor see the Rabbit which sat before them by the Library window.

"*Sunday, August 8th.*—Just as we sat down to Dinner a rap at the Door announced Visitors, who to our unspeakable satisfaction proved to be our excellent friend Peter Latouche, Mrs. Latouche, and her sister Miss Vicars.[1] They were last at Buxton and kindly came here from Chester on purpose to see us. They stayed till seven, then proceeded on their journey to Ireland. They have been all over England. Among other places at Harewood where they saw a new species of fruit which Mr. Latouche called Fruit

[1] Lord Loughborough writing to Mr. Eden (later Lord Auckland), 1782, says of Miss Vickars, "She is much handsomer than any Miss I saw here (Buxton) and if she had not left this place when she did I don't know what might have become of me".

bearing Passion Flower. The Fruit is of the melon kind, shaped like a cucumber. The pulp is scooped out and it is eaten with Madeira and sugar. Mr. Latouche also mentioned the flame coloured Tokay as the finest grape in England.

"*Monday, August 9th.*—Note from Mr. Walmsley,[1] an artist from London, desiring to see this place. Desired to be excused. We have appeared in the Newspapers. Will take care not wilfully to be exhibited in the Magazines.

"*Tuesday, August 10th.*—My beloved and I set out in the Lyon Chaise and four. The village of Montford very neat and picturesque on the banks of the Severn, with gardens before the houses. Stop'd at the Talbot. Got a Hair Dresser. At one set out for Berwick. That charming woman Mrs. Powys and her daughter in the drawing-room, an apartment fitted up with perfect elegance and taste. They went with us through the grounds, the Severn winding through them. Finely wooded. Clumps and single Trees of an immense size, beautifully scattered on the lawn, terminated in the front by the Town of Shrewsbury with all its towers and Spires. At our return found Mrs. Mytton, Miss Mytton, Miss Pigott, Miss Fanny Pigott, Miss Webb, Mrs. Powys' Mother. At eight our carriage came. Stop'd at Whittington. Sat in a very neat Parlour by a Pair of Candles. Grew tired of it. Went for a walk. The woman of the house followed us with a candle. She showed us the house of Doctor H——. Walked to it. Examined

[1] Thomas Walmsley, 1763–1805. Chiefly noted as a landscape painter. He painted views of the Dee, North Wales, and Killarney. He studied scene painting and was employed at Covent Garden theatre and the Crow Street theatre, Dublin. He began to exhibit in London, 1790.

it. Heard somebody sneeze. Went to the Castle. Examined that. Horses harnessed, proceeded on our way.

"*Tuesday, August 17th.*—My beloved and I went the Home Circuit. Walked to the Gate. Met the Vicar. Invited him to coffee. The good man more stupid than ever, incredible and impossible as that appeared to us the last time we saw him.

"*Saturday, August 21st.*—Rose at four. Turner dress'd our Hair. Morning delicious. My beloved and I set out in the Lyon Chaise and four. At the Hand door a chaise standing with two frightful men in it. One in a nightcap as if he were sick, the other ferocious and like a madman. Windy and misty before we got to the Turnpike. Lime carts without end from there to Whittington. Did not get out of the Carriage. Sent our compliments to Mr. Lloydde of Aston by the man of the White Lyon who is a schoolmaster and goes every Saturday to Aston to teach the little girls to write. From Whittington to Ness wind and rain. One carriage—a dull couple in it—standing at the door of a public House near the Road. Gave the Horses water at Ness Cliff. In the parlour of the Inn a Dancing Master teaching all the Farmers' sons and daughters French Dances. I think a melancholy sight. We were directed to go to Boreatton by the Hostler who told us to turn up the Right by the next House. We did so, got on a wild Heath under the Wood and cliff. Prospect beautiful. Drove through a farmyard, then got into a cornfield, from thence to a field of French wheat. Found it almost impassable. Alighted. A prattling old woman directed us to the village of Ruyton thro' a narrow lane, so very narrow we were under a necessity of taking off a pair of

Horses. With the utmost difficulty got to the end of it. From thence got into a narrow Road under a wood. An old woman directed us to Ruyton thro' the wood, a little Boy to Boreatton thro' the field. Followed the latter. Came to three gates. A little girl then appeared and conducted us through meadows, cornfields, ploughed fields to a Bridge and Mill, from whence the Road was direct to Boreatton. Received most hospitably by Mr. and Mrs. Hunt and five of the very Loveliest children I ever beheld. We Breakfasted in the Tent. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt accompanied us, horseback, to the Park. Beautiful. Herds of Deer. Several fine views of the Breidden, Wrekin, Ness Cliff, the Mill, Miller's House, garden so plentifully cropt. At our return went all over the House. Saw the dear little children at dinner in the nursery. Found Mr. and Mrs. Edward Powys of the Council House, Shrewsbury. Brother to Mr. Powys of Berwick. They dined with us. At eight Mr. and Mrs. Powys and we went away. Mr. Hunt sent his coachman to show us the way from the village of Ruyton to the Shrewsbury road. Returned by a splendid moon to Whittington. Fed the horses. My beloved and I did not get out of the carriage. Being Saturday all the neighbouring Farmers had assembled there to pay their Reapers and spend the evening, or rather night, in mirth and conviviality. They sang many Songs, all applicable to their Situation, in praise of a Farmer's Life, some Hunting songs, and one on Lord Hawke.[1] We are quite delighted

[1] Baron Hawke of Towton, Co. York, died 1781. Achieved a notable victory over the French Fleet in the West Indies, 1747, and received the thanks of Parliament for a victory off the French coast in 1759. Vice-Admiral of Great Britain. First Lord of the Admiralty.

at the Excellence of their Voices. Returned home by a delicious Moon. Arrived at one.

"*Monday, August 23rd.*—Compliments from Mr. Fielden and the Miss Shepherds desiring to see this place. Permitted. They came; one of them so affected by a fearful accident in this village that she was obliged to get a glass of water. The Accident was a Child, son to the Blacksmith, aged six years, killed on the Spot by the Stage Coach going over it.

"*Wednesday, September 1st.*—Field under our windows full of Reapers, Binders, Gleaners. Pale sky. Soft tender air.

"*Friday, September 10th.*—Note from Mrs. Corbett of Shrewsbury dated the 10th requesting that the Miss Williamses might see this place. Permitted. They came, three young Ladies in green Habits, very fashionable elegant young women. They came to the village in their own carriage and four, a chaise and pair, two men, and one french maid. Who can they be?

"*Friday, September 17th.*—Three young men, one in Blue, another in red like an Eton boy, and a little Boy, came down the Field.

"*Sunday, September 19th.*—Note from Lady Miltown. At nine Lady Miltown, Lady Frances and Mr. Leeson came. Lady Frances grown beautiful. Mr. Leeson a very pleasing young man like Lord Dungannon. At eleven they went away. A very agreeable party.

"*Sunday, September 26th.*—Mr. Edwards of the Hand came. Saw him. Accepted his apology. A day of sweetly enjoyed Retirement.

"*Friday, October 1st.*—Saw a pretty young woman habited in close mourning coming towards us. Mrs.

Rogers, the Friend and Ally of Mrs. Goddard, whom we had expected some days and hoped to have for our guest but she travelled in the Stage Coach and therefore could not stay above three minutes to our great regret. Her manners and engaging appearance having captivated as much as her History had formerly interested us. She undertook the charge of the Bond, having first witnessed our signing it. We conducted her down the Lane where two hideous men, her companions in the Stage Coach, were waiting for her. One of them a formal wretch, like one of the Holy Brotherhood of the Inquisition, the other flat faced and vulgar. Returned to the Library, began to write when that most excellent and faithful creature Jenny Cooke came with the kindest message from Mrs. Latouche, who had not resolution to come up. The last time she was here her beloved daughter Lady Lanesborough was with her. This good creature staid half an hour. Brewed Four Swipes, the second time, of J. Williams' Malt.

"*Monday, October 4th.*—Mr. Edwards of the Hand brought a note from Mr. Wilberforce written in the most Polite and flattering terms. We shall carefully preserve it, proud of this distinction from a character we so highly respect. Mrs. Walsh, whom my Beloved knew at Bath came for an hour. Miss Howard, Lord Wicklow's[1] daughter, with whom she was going to Ireland, called on us.

"*Wednesday, October 6th.*—At ten Lord and Lady Dacre,[2] Miss Bifield and Mr. Frost came. Break-

[1] Ralph Howard, Esq., created Viscount Wicklow 1785, married, 1755, Alice, daughter of William Forward, Esq. She was raised to the peerage as Countess of Wicklow, 1793. They had four daughters.

[2] 18th Baron Dacre, died 1794.

fasted. Went the Home Circuit with them. Then conducted them to the Bridge. A very sensible most agreeable party. *Mem.* Boyfield is the name of the young Lady who Breakfasted here. She lives with her mother and three sisters at a sweet pretty retreat on Black Heath.

"*Friday, October 8th.*—Waiter from the Lyon to announce Lady Anne Talbot. We hurried down stairs. Lady Anne, Miss Dillon, Miss Thomas, came. Staid an hour. Delighted to see our sincere friend again.

"*Monday, October 11th.*—A letter without a signature, dated Shrewsbury the 9th, written in the handsomest terms and enclosing the most flattering Poem, evidently written from the heart.

"*Wednesday, October 20th.*—It is precisely a year this day since we received Mrs. Barrett here. We have never had reason for a single instant's regret since we broke off with those false and perfidious Friends. Au contraire—au contraire.

"*Monday, October 25th.*—Arranging our Papers. Burning some. Agreeably surprised by the arrival of Lord Templetown, who was speedily followed by his charming mother and sister. As we have forgiven the Hand Inn she ordered her Horses to be sent there.

"*Tuesday, October 26th.*—Mr. Lloydde of Aston came for an hour. Showed us the Beautiful Prize sent by the Prince of Wales as a prize to be shot for by the Ladies of the Royal British Bowmen. Won by Lady Cunliffe.

"*Saturday, October 13th.*—Dark, oppressive morning. No letters. The Wynnstay Wagon drawn by six oxen, which are going to Llantysilio for Timber, brought us from Mr. Evans six beautiful Beech, one fine Laurel and a Bay Tree.

"*Sunday, October 30th.*—Note from a gentleman and two ladies, attracted by the fame and Beauty of our cottage, desired permission to see it. Our Compliments, never permitted this Cottage to be seen by persons whose names we were unacquainted with. They very politely sent up theirs. General and Mrs. Nelson, and Miss Watson. The two former from the East Indies, the latter from Bushfield in Ireland. Saw them from the State Bedchamber whither we had retired. Mrs. Nelson as yellow as saffron. The General elderly, like the King of Persia in his advanced age. Sent to enquire of him of General Medows. He said he had the pleasure of informing us he had seen General Medows in high health and Spirits on the 10th January. He has since gone as Governor of Madras. Dinner. A Roasted Goose. Mutton and Turnips. Clear, Transparent crisp evening. Smoke issuing from the interstices of all the Vale, preparatory to the fires on the Summits. Reading. When the fires were kindled my beloved and I walked to Pengwern to behold them. A glorious sight indeed, a sight the Gods might have stooped from Olympus to behold. The summit of every eminence was crowned with a large Bonfire around which crowds of people were Shouting and Dancing. Immense Volumes of smoke ascending, and Distant Shouts, evinced that many fires were kindled in sequestered regions. The night was pensive and still. Stars innumerable. Returned to our field. From the white gate we counted Eleven fires. Went to the shrubbery. The scene there glorious beyond description. From the Lane we counted above twenty fires, one in the ruins of Dinas Bran, and sixteen of the various swells of the eminence on which it is Erected. An immense one at the top of our

quarry, the light and blaze of which gleamed thro' our Trees, illuminated the entire shrubbery.

"*Friday, November 5th.*—Note from Major Barton to say he left Kilcooley last Sunday evening and everybody there in health. As if we Cared about them!

"*Sunday, November 14th.*—The Provost of Dublin with the Miss Hutchinsons to see this place.

"*Monday, November 15th.*—Roses and Lilies secured from frost by Muck.

"*Monday, November 23rd.*—Sent for the man of the Hand. Paid him. Then sent him to the Village for the man with the Bear. The man brought it. A tame huge animal, female I suppose by the Master calling it Nancy. We fed it with Bread and Mutton. It drank Small Beer. It was exhibited in the field before our Cottage.

"*Sunday, December 12th.*—James Dowling, the Hardwicke gardener, came. This poor man worked in the gardens of the Castle and Butler House. Is allied to many of the old Servants. I was rejoiced to hear of them.

"*Saturday, December 18th.*—A day of delicious retirement. In the evening my beloved and I wrote and signed a Paper. Sealed it with Three Black Seals and deposited it in the upper flat Drawer of the Desk. There to remain till after our Decease when we trust the request contained in it will be accorded.

"*Saturday, December 25th.*—Soft mild evening. Reading. My beloved and I got a Lantern. Visited our dear Margaret in her Stable."

CHAPTER XI

During the years seventeen hundred and eighty-eight, eighty-nine, and ninety Lady Eleanor Butler filled a large, handsomely bound diary with a thousand pages of difficult handwriting. Then, as though the sight of that accomplished task sufficed, she resumed the daily effort only at broken intervals. Little notebooks replaced the fine volume, but she ever kept in mind the companionship of her Sally, the actions of society, and the life of the valley where she dwelt. Her interest in the weather befitted so ardent a gardener. She notes the movements of the clouds. The contents of the postbag are recorded with eagerness.

"*Saturday, January 1st,* 1791.—Soaking rain and wind. Anne Jones, her grandaughter, and old Parkes dined in the kitchen. *Mem:* the latter old Brute never again to be invited. Owen, Mr. Myddelton's Bailiff, came to demand a Christmas Box. Asked him—for what? Sent him about his Business.

"*Monday, January 3rd.*—Letter from Mr. Wood, Salop, with Mr. Burke's Book on the French Revolution.

"*Tuesday, January 11th.*—While we were at dinner Crewe came, requested that his Two Daughters who had accompanied him to Llangollen might see this

place. Gave the good man the keys of the garden. While they were in it hurried over our Dinner and when they were passing by invited them in. Modest, plump, well dressed young women. Asked them for that everlasting Hymen[1] at Crewe Hall. How she does transport that disagreeable person of Hers to all the great houses in the Kingdom!

"*Wednesday, January 12th.*—Man came with a Bill for so small a sum that we were distressed at not being able to pay him. 'My Poverty but not my Will consents.'

"*Thursday, January 13th.*—Note from Mr. George Sandford and Mr. J. La Touche from the Lyon. They spent the evening here. . . . Just come from Bath. That City full of Irish. Mrs. Griffiths, Hyder[2] Ally's wife, dead seven months.

"*Tuesday, January 18th.*—Letter and Pig from Mrs. Mytton. Journey to Bath uncertain. Mr. Mytton ill of a rheumatic fever which we are truly concerned for.

"*Friday, January 21st.*—Sullen sky. Mr. Clotworthy Rowley and Mr. Williams, his son, from Bath. Staid an hour. At seven Mr. William Rowley returned. Edwards of Pell Mell, Superb collection of Books. Purchased at the Pinelli sale for an Italian Prince. Three very ancient Italian novels printed on long Strips of Paper as Ballads are usually printed, for which he paid £300. Lord Clanbrassil[3] encouraged Edwards to print these Novels in his best manner, one copy on Vellum, half a guinea a Sheet. There were 25 copies struck off and then the Types Broke up. Lord Clanbrassil and his friends took fifteen, the

[1] Lady Crewe.
[2] Probably a nickname, "Haidar Ali".
[3] James, 2nd Earl of Clanbrassill, died 1763.

other Ten Edwards sold at Ten guineas. Doctor Priestley's reply to Mr. Burke. Lady De Clifford[1] a subscriber to the French Mémoires. Twenty-four volumes published at 4/6 a volume. The early Mémoires in very old French.

"*Wednesday, January 26th.*—A Rumour in the Village that Sir Henry Bridgeman was coming. Knew too, too well that it must be a mistake. Lady Leitrim and Her Suite.

"*Monday, January 31st.*—Hurricane Tremendous the entire night, fiercely sweeping through the Vale, shaking our Cottage, ringing the garden Bell in its august passage.

"*Wednesday, February 2nd.*—Such a night of Tempest and Hail! Every pane of Glass in our Casements shook as if Agitated by an Earthquake. Rose at Eight. Bright sky. Keen piercing wind. Mountains and Valley covered with a thin surface of snow. . . . Wrote to Mrs. Kavanagh, Ballyhail, Mrs. Agar, Dublin, Nicholas Loftus Tottenham Esq. Nine till twelve in the Bedchamber reading. A day of sweet Retirement.

"*Friday, February 4th.*—Removed the mushroom bed from the melon ground to the Farm yard. Letter from Bess Tucker with perfumed Powders for sachets.

"*Sunday, February 20th.*—Message from the Dean of Ossory and Family. Arrived at the Hand late last night. Invited them to Breakfast. Made them send to the Inn for Mr. G—— and Mr. Denny Pack. They

[1] Either the (Dowager) Lady de Clifford who was governess to Princess Charlotte and died 1828, or the wife of the only son, Edward, 1st Baron, who married (1789) Lady Mary Bourke, daughter of the 3rd Earl of Mayo.

came. *Mem.*—G—— civil, well informed, obliging. Like him very much. . . . The Dean read Prayers. Mr. Loftus and Mr. Clarke came in while were all kneeling. Prayers over we entered into conversation.

"*Monday, March 7th.*—Beautiful present of Worcester china for Tea from Mr. Mytton.

"*Wednesday, March 9th.*—A chimney sweep sent by Mrs. Worrall arrived. Instantly adjourned to the Bedchamber and got the Library chimney swept which was in great want of it. A day of silent and sweet retirement.

"*Friday, March 11th.*—Birds so melodious. Lovely day. One gentleman, two ladies walked up the field, then Rapt at the Door and desired to see the House. Refused them with proper contempt. Creatures without names. Certainly without manners. With a consummate stock of courage.

"*Friday, March 25th.*—Made the ginger wine. Hand driver brought from Wrexham letter from Mr. Tottenham, Dublin 19th, with an Irish Almanack.

"*Monday, March 28th.*—Letter from Mr. Kynaston dated London 26th. A very handsome Letter of Congratulation[1] written in terms of kindness and politeness which I shall ever admire.

"*Tuesday, March 29th.*—Note from Mr. Chambre that he, Mrs. Chambre, and Miss Wynne would be here in half an hour. He proceeding to Ireland, the two females (as he stiled them) returning to Oswestry. We set about writing to Mrs. Ponsonby and to Lady Carrick.[2]

[1] The Irish Earldom of Ormonde and Viscounty of Thurles were restored to John Butler (Lady Eleanor's brother) by a decision in the Irish House of Lords in 1791.

[2] Sarah, wife of the 2nd Earl of Carrick, daughter of Edward Taylor, Esq.

"*Wednesday, March 30th.*—Sweet evening. My beloved and I walked in the Field. Met a native of North America. His name Benjamin Pitt. A perfect copper colour with a hideous mouth and such eyes!

"*Friday, April 1st.*—Bedchamber and dressing room white washed.

"*Wednesday, April 6th.*—Letter from Sidebottom recommending John Francis as a gardener qualified to please us. Went down to him. A little old crafty looking being. Spoke to him. *Deaf.* Went the home circuit with him. *Lame.* Never managed wall trees. Sent Sidebottom back as good a Thing."

Lady Eleanor's correspondence was voluminous, but she preserved only a few letters. Among them is one from Robert Stewart (later the 1st Marquess of Londonderry), written 25th June 1791:

"When I had the pleasure of paying my respects to your Ladyp and Miss Ponsonby at Llangollen you seemed to take that interest in the French Revolution which all the world must feel in an event so uncommon. You were so good as to give me leave to send you Calonne's[1] publication. It has been for some time out of print which has prevented me from obtaining it sooner. I venture to send Burke's late publication and a separate pamphlet of Calonne's on the

[1] Charles Alexandre de Calonne (1734–1802), French statesman. He assumed office 1783, and found "600 millions to pay and neither money nor credit". He proposed in 1787 a suppression of privileges and a levy on all property without distinction. On being withstood by the privileged he printed his reports, was dismissed by Louis XVI, and exiled.

decree delivering the Polignacs[1] of part of their estate.

I take it for granted that your Ladyp has been informed of the flight of the King, Queen and Dauphin from Paris before my letter can reach you. I need therefore only assure you that the fact is so. We are as yet ignorant of the mode by which they effected their escape, of the success of their attempt, and of the place to which they are gone. Lord Gower's[2] messenger left Paris on the Thursday morning. They left the Tuilleries on Tuesday morning at 2 o'clock. At 8 on Wednesday they were missed. The Assembly met at 12. Fayette was examined and an embargo laid prohibiting any person from leaving the town. This prevented the English Courier from commencing his journey till the time I mention. It is reported that they have hanged Baillee[3] the Mayor in the first moment of resentment. It is also said that they sent for all the Foreign Ministers and were employed many hours in examining them. Afterwards determined to sit night and day that the ministry should attend to receive their orders, and carry them into effect as that of the supreme and compleat governing power. I go to Spa to-morrow where I shall be in the way of receiving the earliest intelligence and of meeting the leaders of the Aristocratic party. Every season and every vicissitude of weather must be charming

[1] Count Jules de Polignac was created Duke by Louis XVI. His wife, Grace de Polastron, was an intimate friend of Marie Antoinette. They were unpopular with the masses and among the first to emigrate, 1789.

[2] George Granville, Baron Gower, succeeded his father 1803 as Marquess of Stafford. Created Duke of Sutherland 1833.

[3] Baillee, Mayor of Paris. Astronomer. President of the Third Estate. Mayor after fall of Bastille. He was at the Queen's trial. Was cruelly guillotined 10th November 1793.

in your delicious retreat but in less happy and less interesting situations the present year has been uncommonly disagreeable. I see the Irish Whigs are going to celebrate the French Revolution. They are as unreasonable in this as in offering the Regency to the Prince. If tumult should ever banish me from that country I propose, if you give me encouragement, rebuilding Dinas Bran's old Castle and becoming your neighbour. I confess that I am an enthusiastic admirer of the retirement which you have chosen. I beg my compliments to Miss Ponsonby. I hope to have an opportunity on my way to Ireland of assuring you how faithfully I am

Your obliged and obedient servant,

ROBERT STEWART

Lord Camden's
Hill Street."

The Ladies were ever faithful and energetic in friendship, hospitable, painstaking and touchy in intercourse. Their quarrel with Mrs. Barrett was a painful event of great moment to them. They rejoiced very simply and sincerely when they made the acquaintance of Miss Anna Seward. Their published letters to her are tiresome and elaborate, and no doubt they took great pains to do themselves credit. They seem to have approved of the following letter from their dear Miss Shipley as edifying. It is written to Miss Ponsonby and strikes the sentimental note of the day. But the conventional acknowledgement of condolences is a poor enough affair in the 20th century.

"BOLTON STREET, 26*th Jan*^{y} 1795

I know my truly kind friends always share my afflictions, and alas! I have but too often awakened

their sympathies. On the present occasion I hardly know how to estimate my loss, for my personal acquaintance with Sir William Jones was little, but from the strict integrity of his character and his superior abilities I had promised myself much delight and improvement in cultivating his friendship when he returned, and I feel the disappointment very severely. It may teach me what I ought to have learnt before, not to place any reliance for comfort or happiness in future events, but to endeavour to be satisfied and make the best of the present. Sir William Jones was perfectly sensible of his danger for the last fortnight of his life, and quite convinced that all medical aid was vain. He had, however, all that Calcutta afforded. He suffered extreme pain without a murmur. The morning of his death he was taken up and carried into his Dressing Room. There some of his most intimate acquaintances visited him, but after a short time he beg'd to be left quite alone, saying—'I must not now be disturb'd, a few minutes will probably convey me into the presence of the Almighty'. They left him, but remained watching in the next room for near an hour, when upon hearing a noise they ventured in and found him quite dead on the floor. This account we have from a gentleman who was present. Lady Jones is still at Dawlish, but I fancy she will come to us soon. Her affliction is very great but she bears it with the resignation of a Christian. In such a manner, indeed, as I think must have a lasting good impression on her future life. She reproaches herself severely for having left him, tho' she left him in good health, and by all accounts her own life would have been sacrificed, had she remained. We heard this melan-

choly event just in time to prevent her seeing it in the newspapers.

I have the satisfaction of hearing often of Miss Bowdler from my friends in Bath . . . yet I am sorry they are there, for Mr. Tighe, who has so many rational amusements in the country, and who, I think, uncommonly amiable and agreeable, I am told cannot resist the temptation of the card table at Bath. . . . Mrs. Tighe is, also, much liked. She has an excellent heart and understanding, but there is a roughness of manner that is at first unpleasing. . . .

I have not yet, my dear friends, congratulated you on your pleasant Visitors. I must hope some good effect will ensue. We had a *morning* visit from Lord Bessborough at *past five*, a few days ago. We talked of you and he expressed himself much delighted with your house and place and with the very obliging reception you and Lady Eleanor gave him. Dowager Lady Spencer came to my mother immediately on hearing of Sir William Jones' death, and has remained in town ever since, except going to pass the Sundays at home. She sleeps at Lord Spencer's, but passes the greatest part of her time with us. Her great object in life is to be of use, and she follows adversity with as much attention as the world in general courts prosperity. I hear that my poor unhappy sister is in town and in a Lodging not very far from us but there has been no intercourse between the two houses. You will be a little surprised."

Mrs. O'Connell had a livelier pen than Miss Shipley, and Sarah Ponsonby no doubt welcomed the following letter from her as being rich in gossip:

"Cranary, *April 22nd*, 1795

My dearest Sally,

Painful and inflamed Eyes, with materials for writing à la mode of Miss Lyndon's, prevented my sooner acknowledging yours of the 3rd inst. which surely merited my sincerest thanks. . . . It was said that Lord Camden was afraid to leave the Castle. It's no such thing, for Bell tells me he rides by her lodgings with never more than two attendants every fine day. She has also seen Him at the Private Theatre and He appears extremely affable. He's quite of the Shandy family as to a Nose. It was droll enough his breakfasting with you at the very time you expected the late Governor. 'Tis thought now the Catholic Bill will not pass from the *number of Troops* that are coming to the Kingdom. God keep us *quiet*, I say, for there are some here well inclined to kick up a riot. I recollect a very odd paragraph in the English Papers many years past of the then Mrs. Stewart,[1] now Lady Stewart, Lord Camden's[1] sister, being robbed in her Father's Park and coming home quite naked. There were many things said at the time, particularly her being a little deranged in her mind —which if it ever was the case I hope she's quite recovered of, for I recollect seeing Her once and that I then thought her very pretty. I remember too giving a great portion of esteem to the late Lord Camden[1]

[1] Frances Pratt, daughter of Charles Pratt, Esq. At one time Recorder of Bath. An eminent lawyer who was raised to the peerage as Lord Camden of Camden Place, 1765. Lord Chancellor, and advanced to an Earldom. Given the freedom of the City of London for his conduct in the celebrated case of John Wilkes. His daughter Frances married Robert Stewart, later 1st Marquess of Londonderry, in 1775. His eldest son, John, succeeded him in 1794, and was created Marquess of Camden 1812.

not for his political character, however worthy of praise, but for my seeing him every day for three weeks ride before (at Bath) a very sickly *plain* daughter of his.

The Prince of Wales is at last, we see, *shackled*. No wonder he was agitated during the marriage.[1] If he went through *that* ceremony before, as I am inclined to think he did, the retrospection can have brought nothing very flattering along with it to the *inner Man*. As I saw no mention of Lady J——[2] among the Princess's Ladies, I trust that the Duchess of Brunswick's just request for Her removal has been complied with. Among all these Royal Personages I cannot but be pleased that the Duchess of York has an Aunt and a half sister at our Court, for I conceive that she often stands in need of comfort, and she's very sickly they say. I often think of Lady Mornington and her daughter's happiness in being together.

My eyes are wretchedly sore; will they be an apology for this ill-written epistle?

Most truly and affectly. yours

M. O'Connell"

There follows a letter, undated:

"I have before read a book of Miss Williams that I admired—at least the language—very much, though her Heroine—I forget the name—I by no means approved of. An amiable character being handed down to young Females as being attached to a *married* man! Though we all know such things have been. Apropos, what an end unfortunate Mrs. Clarke

[1] His marriage to Princess Caroline of Brunswick.

[2] Lady Jersey, wife of the 4th Earl of Jersey and daughter of the Right Rev. Philip Twysden, Bishop of Raphoe.

made of it! What a thirst for pleasure (as she deemed it) to the very last moment! How I hate those Females who, as Pope phrases it, 'haunt the places where their honour died'. Had Miss Hunter never married (tho' I must confess if a handsome and an amiable—as to manner—Husband was an apology she had one) and lived in retirement with her son occasionally I should have made greater allowances for her early faux pas than I am inclined to do, tho' Lady Pembroke was so captivating in her manner, so lovely in her Person, that it wou'd be difficult to excuse any one who injured her peace of mind. I was at Bath when she and Lord Pembroke came there on their reconciliation after his return from Germany where the foolish Miss Hunter accompanied him. She said she was determined to vex Lady Pembroke because she left her out of one of her Partys. Poor Fool! It was Herself she vexed and injured! Lord Pembroke was a very comely looking man, and by every account the most inconstant Husband in the World. Some time after their reunion Lady Pembroke purchased a pair of Diamond Buckles which she presented to Her Lord when he came up Dressed for Court, of a Birthday, telling him that 'she was not in debt for them as she had saved them out of her Pin-money'. My Lord seemed all gratitude at the moment, but three days after Kitty Fisher,[1] the celebrated Laïs of the times, had them in her shoes, and used to pop out her foot and show everyone poor Lady Pembroke's *Savings*. I fear I never cou'd have forgiven such a slight from such a Creature,—'every man's Cleopatra'— but her Ladyship chose the wiser

[1] Catherine Fisher. Died 1767. Courtesan, beauty and wit. She married John Norris of Hempstead Manor, Benenden, Rye.

part. Peace to all their Memories! Some of the parties have I trust by *this* time expiated all their offences.

Bell is I know at Chester, where all would be very well but that she's an unlucky Creature at Cards like moi-même, and there is constant and high play always there, the Lady of the Castle being very fond of it, and she now requires *domestic* Amusements more than usual being far gone in her Pregnancy. Much, I understand, against her wish, but Sir Rowland is a brisk man, now I believe complete seventy and God bless him! He was a very plain man at five and twenty, but he has money, and that's everything with some people."

"CRANARY, Wednesday Noon, April 27th

Would to God, my dearest Sally, that I could anticipate yours and my esteemed Lady Eleanor's wishes as I did in sending the little extract of a letter from Kilkenny which I trust ere this has reached you. . . . I am very much obliged to you for liking 'Betty Thoughtless'[1] in her married state better than you did in her giddy girlish days. But indeed the language nowhere is very exalted and often indelicate, and the incidents, particularly in the first Vol. not very entertaining. But she was an early friend of mine and I am so partial to the Arbour scene in that Book as ever Sir Roger de Coverley's mistress Leonora was to the Book that Mr. Addison mentions in his account of her Library that opened of *itself* describing two *lovers in a Bower*. And maybe some time or another you'll read Charles Townley to oblige me. Madame de Sévigné herself was fond of her old

[1] *Betty Thoughtless*, by Mrs. Eliza Haywood (1693–1756).

romances, tho' I assure you I read but few novels, and Poetry *never*!"

"Cranary, December 2nd, 1795

My dearest Sally,

What a charming woman Miss Seward[1] must be! What a treat her Society! What powers of pleasing! And, as you say of being pleased. I should think her Correspondence were I *equal to it* the greatest treat in the world. You'll, I believe, have the opportunity of seeing that wonder Mrs. Siddons. By the way I have been informed that her Heart—they talk of a great poverty and narrowness of Soul—is not of a piece with her Head, but perfection like everything else has its bounds. I should like very much to see Her off and on the stage and if she comes here the after Season as Mr. Daly our Manager told Mr. O'Connell (to whom he is nearly related) she wou'd, I shall be much tempted to go and see her. . . .

I am now to inform you that I am quite mistress of the story of Lady Beresford[2] and her unfortunate

[1] Anna Seward, 1747–1809. Author. Daughter of Rev. Thomas Seward, canon of Lichfield. On his death she was left £400 a year and continued to live in her old home, the bishop's palace. Her mother's father, Mr. Hunter, was the schoolmaster (of the Grammar-school at Lichfield) who taught Dr. Johnson. Her adopted sister was Honora Sneyd, who married Richard Lovell Edgworth as his second wife.

[2] Lady Beresford was the daughter of Hugh Hamilton, Baron of Glenawly. She married first Sir Tristram Beresford, and secondly Lieut.-General Richard Gorges. Her son Marcus, by Sir Tristram, married Catherine Poer, daughter and heiress of James, 3rd Earl of Tyrone, and was created Earl of Tyrone 1746. Mrs. O'Connell is not quite clear as to Sir Tristram and Sir Marcus. Another version of the ghost story is that Miss Hamilton and Lord Tyrone were brought up together and "were educated in the principles of Deism". They promised each other that whoever died first should appear and declare what religion was most approved of by the Supreme Being. Miss Hamilton married Sir Tristram and awoke to find Lord

Colonel, the Ghost. Mrs. Achmuty told it me, and she had it from the Gorges with whom she is very intimate, they being so nearly related to the Lady as the present Waterford family. And I am sorry that the Heroine of the Tale must have been a very vile woman as she had a connection with the Colonel Beresford, the brother of Sir Marcus (I am not to tell you, much more conversant with Nobility than I am, that the Earldom of Tyrone came into the Family by the late Lady Tyrone, the Duchess of Northumberland of our Kingdom) *Her Husband.*

They were, it seems, not only free livers but *free thinkers*, as they both doubted of rewards and punishments, but agreed who ever died first should certainly come and tell the other the truth of all. In some time the Colonel attended his Regt. into Germany. A few months after, as Lady Beresford was in Bed with her Husband, the Colonel appeared in a blaze of light at her side. She was so terrified that her first notion was to awake Her Husband, but he desired her to desist, for could he remain for ages there Sir Marcus *could not awake.* He told her there was another world and *to repent.* That she would

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Tyrone by her bed. He said he had died the previous Tuesday at four o'clock and assured her "the revealed religion is the only religion by which we can be saved. I am further to inform you that you are now with child by a son. . . . Sir Tristram will die. You will marry again. You will bring him three daughters and afterwards a son, in childbed of whom you will die in the 48th year of your age." There followed the incident of the scar on the wrist and the mark on the cabinet. This scene occurred at Gill Hall, Co. Down, the cabinet is in Montalto. Sir Tristram died. Lady Beresford married young Mr. Gorges, the son of a clergyman. "Just after the birth of her third child she believed herself to be in her 49th year, but on being informed that she was only 47 she sent for her son, Sir Marcus, and a woman friend and related this tale, then expired."

survive her present Husband and marry a second (Colonel Gorges) by whom she would have two sons and die soon after the birth of the second. As to Himself, he suffered severely for the crimes of his youth. As a proof of the continued Fire his body was in he laid his Hand on a very fine Indian cabinet. The piece He touched came out in his Hands. 'I'll not burn you,' says He, 'but I'll leave a mark that you never can forget *this Visitation*.' He then laid his Hand on her Arm and the Five Fingers were plainly to be seen till the hour of Her Death which took place immediately on the birth of her second son. Don't you wonder, my dear, she could bring herself to marry again, after such a prediction too? Miss Gorges added her picture was still to be seen at Curraghmore with a piece of black ribband about her arm, such as she always wore from the Ghost's visit, and that moreover the Cabinet was still preserved with the piece out of it—all black *as if burnt*. All very surprising, my Dear. The late Mr. Gorges was her son. He was half brother to Lord Tyrone. I know I should not have been very vain of my Mother! Her terrors were so violent from the time she found herself the second time with child that the midwife, whom we must suppose in the secret, told her on the birth of the infant that it was a *Daughter*, but when Colonel Gorges came into the room He was so rejoiced that a man child was born into the world, particularly as the first died, that he cried out 'God be praised, another Boy!' on which the Lady fell into strong convulsions which continued till her death. No loss of her, I say.

Your most affectionate, faithful and obliged

M. T. O'Connell"

"*Janry.* 12*th*, 1796

My dearest Sally,

Mr. Edgworth, 'Dear Honora's' husband, has sett up for the County, and though a man *far* from being liked in society, yet from his great Parts and independent principles, 'tis thought there cou'd not be found among us an abler or better representative. Some say Lord Oxmantown[1] (for *one* Member is certainly returned by Him) would wish to bring in our Friend, Maconchy. He has a very good estate in the County and loved by everyone, but Maconchy, naturally a plain man, wou'd not go thro' the trouble or the *vexation* of a Canvass. No, not I really believe to be a Duke. So I don't see now who is to oppose Mr. Edgworth, except his own nephew Mr. Fox does, who is our first *Protestant* Family in the County and Mr. Edgworth next, then the Newcomens into which the fortunate William Gleadowe *grafted* Himself. He now possesses every acre that belonged to the several branches of his wife's (and she's as much neglected as if she had married a Lord, as Peachum says in the Beggar's Opera) Family. Above five thousand a year—This, and the *Bank* to back him, has made him take the lead of the other two. So much for our party politics."

Two years before Sarah Ponsonby's relative wrote to her so quietly of the muttering thunders in Ireland the King and Queen of France were executed, Felicia Hemans was born in Liverpool, and beautiful Mary Blachford, the daughter of Theodosia Tighe and the Rev. W. Blachford, was married to her

[1] Laurence, 1st Viscount Oxmantown, later created 1st Earl of Rosse. He married Jane, daughter of 1st Earl of Kingston.

cousin Henry Tighe. Felicia and Mary were to prove of more sustaining interest to the Ladies of Llangollen than Marie Antoinette. John Wesley died and was mourned at Rossana. Warren Hastings was acquitted. Maria Edgworth published *Letters to Literary Young Ladies* and Anna Seward visited Llangollen.

No doubt she entertained the Ladies well. Boswell states definitely that on one occasion she amused Dr. Johnson. Her theme on that jolly occasion was a "wonderful learned pig" and it inspired one of the great man's least convincing remarks: "Protracted existence is a good recompense for very considerable degrees of torture". Her politics were sufficiently emotional to make her sympathetic to any ardent expression of feeling from the Vale of Llangollen once she had penetrated there. But Mr. Pitt was ever a sore trial to her. In 1791 she hoped Mr. Pitt's brain would not become incurably diseased by the "*manie militaire*", and later she hoped—in vain—that he would keep out of the "bloody quixotism" in which Europe was engaged. She had a sterner mood than that, and wrote in 1793 to Mr. Cary—"To those who, contemplating the present state of France, preserve their dissatisfaction with our government, America is accessible". A very plain hint. She declares that "military victories in general are by no means the darling themes of my muse *but* . . . it was impossible I could think of the Gibraltar defence as in any way inimical to morality". Occasionally she suffered from insularity and wrote that if Holland—in April 1793—did not want our protection from France, what of that? It was "of the last importance to *this* Country to prevent her subjugation". Mr. Pitt merely annoyed her when he vowed

"war must be pursued at every hazard even of national ruin here". She turned from such a dismal spectacle to describe with approval a chimney-piece in the mansion of Sir Nigel Gresley.[1] It was "formed of spars and ores and represented a grotto". Why ruin it? Her admiration for that remarkable work of art makes her praise of the Ladies' cottage somewhat disconcerting. She was not so easily pleased in literary matters. Writing to Dr. Darwin,[2] author of *Botanic Garden*, she cries: "I rejoice that you have yielded to my persuasions and rescued Ninon from the injustice you have done to her charms by the epithet withered and to her merits by that of harlot".

Anna Seward was acquainted with the Ladies' circle, and corresponded with their favourite Edward Tighe. When he enquired if she knew such a word as "seductive", she replied that it was not in Johnson's Dictionary but it ought to be. As regards the employment of capital letters she was not stilted, and tells the story of a public singer who sang an energetic song of Handel's too tamely and was told, "Zounds, Sir, you spell God with a little g". Mr. Whalley, so well known to the Ladies, was much

[1] Sir Nigel Gresley, 7th Bart. of Drakelow, Co. Derby.

[2] Erasmus Darwin, 1731–1802. Physician. He lived at Lichfield, where Miss Seward is supposed to have set her cap at him. He married as a widower in 1781 the widow of Colonel Chandos Pole of Radbourne Hall, and left Lichfield. He was a freethinker and Radical and wrote a poem, *Botanic Garden*, described by Horace Walpole in a letter to Miss Berry, 1789, as "The most delicious poem upon earth". The opening verses of the second part, "Loves of the Plants", were parodied by Canning, and are said to have been taken without acknowledgement from lines by Miss Seward. His son, Robert Waring Darwin (1766–1848), a physician at Shrewsbury, had a very strong character. He married in 1796 Susannah, daughter of Josiah Wedgwood. Their son, Charles Robert Darwin (1809–1882), born at The Mount, Shrewsbury, was the great naturalist.

appreciated by Miss Seward, who wrote to their friend Mrs. Powys a very lively tale on April Fool's Day 1795—Mr. Whalley's "lovely accomplished and celebrated niece, Miss Sage that was, Mrs. Mullins that is, Miss Sage that will be again", behaved in a terrible manner. Though at first "she grew, she bloomed, she conversed, sang, she played, she danced, the day-star of our Island", and married "the impassioned choice of her avowed affections", rich Mr. Mullins, she promptly eloped with Captain Tothe of the Guards, with whom she "lived in total disgrace". And Miss Seward went through the quite awful experience of watching that unfortunate uncle, Mr. Whalley, with "the corroding recollection rising darkly to his fixing eye and sitting on his relaxing lips". Horrors Lady Eleanor never witnessed in Llangollen.

After her visit to the Ladies she constantly refers to them as Rosalind and Celia. Her first letter to Lady Eleanor is very stilted and is dated 27th September 1795. She describes a valley in which cows were grazing and says that this spectacle suggested "patriarchal ideas which are very agreeable". Later she tells Lady Eleanor roundly that "the late King Louis might still be monarch and have saved his people from the miseries of lawless disorganisation under the idiot name of Equality", if he had acted "sincerely". She agrees that Madame Roland's[1] Mémoires are indelicate, and when urged by Lady Eleanor to read a novel, *Celestina*, she declares the

[1] Manon Jean Philipon, Madame Roland, wife of Mons. Roland (de la Platière), a Girondist leader, who committed suicide. She was arrested 1793, and wrote her memoirs while in prison. She was executed.

title of the book completely sickens her. "Imagine," she cries, "we have a pompous man in this town, meanly born and meanly educated, and low in fortune, who christened his son Augustus." Nothing more is heard of Augustus in Llangollen, and after Christmas 1796 she thanks Sarah Ponsonby for *Joan of Arc*, but exclaims, "O, Southey! Is this a period in which to exalt the French Character and with parricide impulse to depreciate that of England?" A month later she congratulates the Ladies[1] on the dispersion of the hostile fleet, "whose invading design is for the present—would to God it might be for ever—baffled by the elements". In the spring she finds a "mournful beauty" in Lady Eleanor's question: "To what part of Europe can we now turn our eyes in which we shall not meet the embryo images of future woes?"

No records remain of the Ladies' regret when the great Burke died. Did they murmur, "How sorry we are!" and walk sadly to Pengwern wood? Did any letter from Bath tell them when Wilberforce heard the news there (from Hannah More's sister, who had it from Captain Bedford of the *Royal Sovereign* at Portsmouth) of the mutiny in the Fleet at Spithead? Miss Seward writes that she had been agreeably employed "tracing the long illustrious line of the Butler family", but she goes on to comment with satisfaction on the naval victory over the "glum and treacherous Dutch" and applauds the discipline which quelled the mutiny. She is soon condoling with the Ladies on the state of Ireland and is a little selfish about it: "I hope to heaven that the force from England

[1] In 1795 there is an entry in the Ladies' account book of £1 1s. for a contribution of flannel for the troops.

necessary to quell the Irish insurrection will not exhaust our means of adequate protection, should the desperate French effect their invading purpose". A somewhat irritable pacifist, she drew the line at invasion of England. That was war run wild.

The Ladies were great readers and Miss Anna Seward was a notable literary critic. She writes to Sarah Ponsonby vigorously about a poem that enjoins a duty which she terms "without doubt important". She adds: "The injunctions to perform it are in this composition positive, without making any exceptions which render a large number of mothers unfit for this delightful office. . . . Where the maternal nutriment is ineligible no mention is made of cows' milk as a substitute." Altogether an unsatisfactory poem. The devoted owners of those dear cows, Margaret and Primrose, no doubt felt equal to this correspondence, though Mrs. O'Connell modestly thought it beyond her powers. Miss Seward considered Coleridge's "Ode to the Departed Years" unsatisfactory, too, because "it calls us the bloody Island". On May 21st she condoles with Sarah Ponsonby on having trying relations and unsparingly condemns the recurrence of the word "wink" in a literary work: "When we read of Eternal Providence accomplishing its designs in a *wink* we turn from the low phrase with more than disgust." Later she informs the Ladies that she feels no restless desire to read Mr. Sotheby's *Orestes*.

She paid a second visit to Llangollen and met Mary Tighe and her husband there. Mary was only twenty-one then and very lovely. Miss Seward wrote to the Reverend Henry White that Mary Tighe "left an elegant and accurate sonnet" addressed to

Lady Eleanor. The author of *Psyche* could do better than that, but Miss Seward was very well satisfied.

Miss Sarah Ponsonby confided in Miss Anna Seward who wrote to her in 1805, "Nothing is so common as hypocrisy and treachery where property is concerned, but a greater excess of them never poured their dark currents from the vulgar heart than in those circumstances which your last letter narrated". Lady Eleanor was more reserved, but in her Diary, which begins again 17th May 1799, correspondence with Miss Seward is duly recorded.

MARY TIGHE, THE POET

From a painting by G. Brooke

CHAPTER XII

Did the Ladies of Llangollen, whose daily life might have inspired a book such as *Cranford*, rejoice exceedingly when England won the Battle of the Nile? Undoubtedly their days were anxious and their hearts heavy in 1798 owing to news of bitter trouble in Ireland. They must have known much of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and his marriage to Pamela whom gossip reported to be the daughter of Madame de Sillery by the Duke of Orleans, but when Lord Edward died, delirious from wounds and fever, in Newgate on 4th June 1798, there is no diary to record their sympathy with his aunt Lady Louisa Conolly and his sister-in-law the Duchess of Leinster, heiress of the St. Georges. When in the hour of rebellion Colonel Walpole[1] fell and Sir Watkin Williams Wynne advanced with the cavalry the Ladies could not but have been stirred. Lord Camden was recalled, Lord Cornwallis assumed the reins of government, the French landed in Ireland, Lord Castlereagh's name was on the world's lips, and Sarah Ponsonby received letters from an Irish friend and preserved them.

My ever dear Friend, "*April 21st*, 1798

Your last very kind letter deserves an immediate answer, the solicitude you express my warmest grati-

[1] In the Pass of Tubberneering, 4th June 1798.

tude. Nothing disagreeable thank God has happened yet to any of my family. We hear of wars and murders but in this peaceful Valley we have no fears, and continue unguarded, unfortified, and unarmed. Many *well behaved* soldiers have been sent down to Wicklow and the adjoining towns, under the command of a very peaceable man, and our Magistrates are all mild and sensible. This neighbourhood never was, and I trust never will be, as bad as the South of Ireland. The Dublin Politicians tell us it is the design of the Roman Catholics to exterminate the Protestants. It is impossible to judge. 'The Lord reigneth'—'Must not the Judge of all the Earth do right?' Let us then, my dear Friend, be satisfied and rest quietly under His government. I go on as if all was peace and harmony. My farm, garden, dairy all go on well. Apropos, pray send me the description of a Dutch Farm, so called. It is a roof supported by poles, on which it slides up and down to protect from rain ricks of corn and hay. C—— and S—— are both in town with Mary-Anne.[1] She is the most amiable creature in the world. Is it not very good in her to take my girls to Town? They are very happy going to Balls etc. Mr. K—— and Bess are with me and busy planting, at least the latter. Our garden is very sweet but not so nice as that shrubbery which is the eighth wonder of the world. In idea I sometimes walk there, with its incomparables.

Mr. Bowdler's pamphlet is admired very much and many gentlemen circulated it about the country together with one called 'French Paternity', and the Chancellor's speech. The Irish are, Mr. Wesley says, 'of all nations the most fickle'. Unless he be

[1] Her daughter-in-law.

mistaken we shall have a speedy change and perhaps they may dislike the French soon as much as they wish for them now, after their having so often failed to give them their desire, the restoration of forfeited lands etc. etc. Perhaps they may think it prudent to become industrious and leave off whisky. I think it possible that the United business may bring them into good habits, for they carefully avoid getting drunk lest they should betray secrets. The English Government are wonderfully vigilant. They seem to know everything that passes in all the meetings, though whisky is excluded.

Have the goodness to write me soon a long letter. You promised me one, I long to get it. In describing the welfare of my family I must not forget the Pear tree and Cherry which are very flourishing, also Gillian, her beautiful daughter Fan and Sappho. Iris lies buried in Bess's shrubbery with a hillock of flowers over her. Her death caused many tears from her mistress. Poor Muff is in my own dog's burying ground. She was in *my* mind the most engaging of her species. My printing press is at work on a book, my first attempt at any work so great. Thus I have given you an exact account of all that is doing without and within doors. My best respects and those of Bess to Lady Eleanor and her dear Companion. Believe me to be ever your truly affectionate

X—— X——

Thanks for your being concerned at not being able to get a groom. I have now got one from the North. A countryman so quiet that it was long before I could prevail on any one to call here. I have also got a Coachman. Remember me to Mary. How is she?"

"DUBLIN, *4th June* 1798

My dear Friend,

In such perilous times do you ever feel an anxious thought about X—— and its present possessor? I will still hope you do and that it will give you some satisfaction to hear that she is alive and safe, and all her family except Harry. . . . He came for me last Tuesday, left me in Town and immediately set out on a very hazardous expedition. God send him safe. We ought to be very thankful to the Almighty for having as yet spared us, and that notwithstanding our many sins we are yet well though so many have perished in this cruel contest. I will not hurt your feelings by the relations I could give of private misery. When I tell you that the tragedy of 1641 is acting over again in this unhappy country you may paint to your imagination the various scenes now passing in the counties of Wexford and Carlow. I live in a state of suspense and terror . . . the vigilance of the Government under God has sheathed the daggers of the assassins. It is hoped that the death of Lord Edward will keep them so. . . . For the few years allotted to us in this world why cannot brothers live together in harmony? Your country is, I suppose, full of emigrants. . . . Billy wishes me to wait a little and many assure me the Rebellion will be over *very soon*. The North is quiet and penitent. The Reformists did not foresee what the consequences were likely to be or they would not have aroused *that* spirit which has frequently deluged this nation with blood.

Write to me soon and believe me yours and Lady Eleanor's faithful friend."

"12*th June* 1798

My dear Friend,

All my family well, thank God. . . . An important victory gained at Arklow. Troops landed from England. I could write sheets of stories about the murders, escapes, etc. of multitudes, but I suppose many of the fugitives call on you and tell you all the news of that sort. I mean to stay as long as I can. Better stay here till I *must* go than be *starved* in England, for I have no money. Besides, they say, the common people are tired out and wish to be at peace. God send! Write soon.

Ever yours

X—— X——

I wrote to you and mentioned Harry's escape. He is at Rathdrum."

"16*th June* 1798

Mary and I have had the inexpressible happiness of seeing our beloved Harry and enjoying his company for Two whole days. This morning he left us to return to his post at Rathdrum, from whence I hope he will not be removed. Yet why should I hope in such a hopeless time when all plans are dangerous? Were he to proceed towards Wexford with the troops that begin their march to-morrow, perhaps he might be as safe as at any garrison liable to an attack. The service of the Cavalry stationed at Rathdrum is very dangerous. Small parties being ordered out to disperse the rebels, seven is sometimes sufficient to rout a hundred and fifty. . . . It was very interesting to hear from Harry an account of the engagement he had been in. He seems to pity the poor who have

been led into this by designing gentlemen and ecclesiastics. . . . About the middle of next week I shall be able to give you an account of it if I am able to write at all.

You ask me what the Ponsonbys are doing. The younger ones are in regimentals. Mr. William, though he has a corps in Co. Kilkenny, has stayed quietly at Bishop's Court. Mary-Anne was in terror about them last night, having heard that Bishop's Court had been several times attacked and their arms taken. They were to come to Town to-day, not being able to stay any longer in the Country. It seems a little ungrateful that such as have been the friends of the Reformists in Parliament have been Treated worse than others. Poor Lord Mountjoy![1] The hundredth regiment is just landed. It consists of 1000 men I hear. The Duke of York's Guards have sailed and a correspondent of mine in London saw 2000 leave Town, the 9th, for Ireland. So I begin almost to believe there are some landed at Kinsale.

The contradictory accounts circulated now would make me discredit all history did I not believe it peculiar to the Irish nation not to be *scrupulous*.

I saw Lord Shannon yesterday who told me Lord Boyle[2] was married. Miss Hyde who has had the good fortune to attach this amiable young man is the youngest daughter of Mrs. Hyde. She has chiefly

[1] Luke Gardiner, created Baron Mountjoy. Viscount 1795. Lord Mountjoy was killed fighting at the head of his regiment, June 5th, 1798.

[2] Henry, Viscount Boyle, son of Richard, 2nd Earl of Shannon, and Catherine, daughter of Mr. Speaker Ponsonby, married, 9th June 1798, Sarah, fourth daughter of John Hyde, Esq. of Castle Hyde.

lived with Lady Shannon. The mutual attachment has been of long standing. Though she is *very* young all parties are pleased with the union, and it is one that promises great happiness. I hope poor Lord Boyle may escape the dangers he is exposed to where he is gone to protect his property. . . . I have just heard that the rebels of Wexford offer to lay down their arms, that it is owing to their lack of ammunition. General Johnson's answer was that he would 'acquaint the Government', that 'as to those who had to be *forced* to take them up mercy might be shown them, but as to such as had *forced themselves* into the business he would say nothing to that'. I hope that I do not bore you with letters. Let me know what answer Palmer sent you. I am glad Borris is safe.

Ever your affect

X—— X——"

"20*th June*

My dear Friend,

As you never heard an account of our dear Harry's escape I must mention it to you. After the Officers were supposed to be killed belonging to the Antrim Militia, after Walpole through vile generalship had led the troops into the midst of the foe, Harry took the lead of fifteen volunteers and the rest and had to cut his way through half a mile of the Pikemen and back again, which he effected with only the loss of a few men. He distinguished himself very much, got great applause and has been pointed out as a person of great bravery. He is safe at Rathdrum and 'greatly beloved by his corps'. . . . The Lord seems to favour our cause. He gives wisdom to our rulers and discovers any plot formed against us. If anyone can

settle a permanent plan for the peace of this country Lord Cornwallis will do it. He is a most disinterested man and acts on the best principles.

Yours ever

X—— X——"

"*2nd July*

My dearest Friend,

Till Saturday last Mr. P—— had it not in his power to send you the shabby sum you mention. Mr. R.T. when he brought in my jointure bade me not forget it was to the King's troops I was indebted for it. . . . It is a good sign that the late victories gained by His Majesty's Troops have influenced some to pay the rent. In letters which have arrived I heard from one who had met a man the day before who along with his brother had been forced from their own home by the Rebels. They had been tried for their lives on account of being Protestants and had made their escape when just going to be put to a miserable death. He heard them declare it to be their determined intention not to suffer one Protestant to live in this Land of Liberty. This was the universal view of the Sovereign People etc. etc. . . . Some think Lord Cornwallis will not do much good by kindness. The Rebels say they will not come in to submit to slavery. They will not submit without a proper peace. Mrs. Eccles likewise advises me to wait for fourteen days the result of the Proclamation before I think of moving. Harry heard a report of a rising in Dublin. He hastened to town, stayed a day and made us happy, as his return on Thursday made us the reverse, for he went back *alone*. Since that he has been out with all the troops to engage 2000 Rebels within 5 miles of Rathdrum. . . . A regiment

or two were sent to reinforce the Co. Wicklow Troops last night. Unite your prayers with mine, my dear Friend, that there may soon be an end to Civil war. A son killed a father, a brother a brother, near Kilkenny. In the Co. Kilkenny they are pretty quiet. . . . Poor Mr. R.T., not only the friend of the poor but the defender of Popery, his house has been nearly destroyed. They have made foes of many, he among the rest, who upon Liberal Principles defended them and wished to convince others that their religion was not so sanguinary as formerly. . . . The story that gave rise to Miss Keatings being deemed a Rebel, is this. They took from her a favourite horse. She dressed herself in a green habit, and mounting another she valued less rode in amongst them and changed the horses. Pikes, *they say*, were found in her rooms, but she has not been injured.

A Methodist Preacher for whose safety we were very anxious, being among the prisoners at Wexford, has just come to town; when I see him perhaps I may have some curious particulars to acquaint you with. You so kindly pressed me to write that I will not put off doing so, that you may have the satisfaction of knowing that I have not lost (if Harry be safe, as I think he is) either any of my peace of mind or my property and that I meet with kindness though *unmerited* from both parties, for which I thank Him from whom all blessings flow. . . . I can get no list of the Protestants killed at Enniscorthy, though on Mary's account I have tried to do so. Perhaps before I write next I may. The Lord Mayor has a list both of the massacred at Enniscorthy and Wexford. Mrs. Richards since her escape at Wexford has had

another, having been taken and put into a house at Enniscorthy to be burned, but escaped out of the window. She is, they hope, in England, never to come back. Tell me *your opinion* of this business and what you think will be the end. All my family unite in best regards to you.

Ever your truly affectionate Friend."

My dear Friend, "*8th August*

The County Wicklow continues in a dreadful state. Houses burned or robbed. Protestants massacred etc. etc. The generals have been at last permitted to engage the rebels. . . . The gentlemen want to have 100 soldiers at Mt. Assher. It was proposed by Lord Rossmore[1] and others last summer but objected to on my part. I am willing to have any measure adopted that may save the gentlemen's houses near, for except them not a house has been let to stand within many miles round. . . . I had two reasons for not writing. The one that you heard all the news in the Public Prints and the other that when I write much I get a pain in my chest. . . . When I saw Mrs. Ponsonby she expressed great fear lest you were angry with her. I know nothing of the politics of that family. . . . Sometimes I think seriously of trying to take a farm in the vale of Gloucestershire. Do you advise me to do so? I am afraid we shall be killed in the winter dark nights if we stay. And poor little Susan is always starting out of her sleep at night, thinking that a dagger or pike is at her bosom. Some of us will die of apprehension and others of confinement.

God send us better times and may He always bless

[1] 1st Baron Rossmore.

you and dear Lady Eleanor, to whom I beg my best regards. The pain I get at the top of my chest is like the point of a pike, but when I cease to write it goes away.

Ever yr. affect.
X—— X——"

Sarah Ponsonby received news from gentle Sarah Tighe and kept these letters:

"DUBLIN, *August 18th*

My dearest Friend,

Your very flattering anxiety made me make a rule to answer your letters by return of post, till peace and happiness should be again restored to this kingdom. Were it not for this I should postpone writing till after I had seen Rossana, which I mean to do next Tuesday. Lord Cornwallis's lenient measures have so changed the dispositions of the Rebels that many gentlemen have returned to their country seats both from Dublin and from England. There is still a party who fear the present calm forebodes a winter storm. I am willing to hope the best. . . . I therefore mean to return home, to be more active, punctual, careful etc. than before the Rebellion. I am under numberless obligations to my labourers. I believe they were instrumental to the preservation of everything at Rossana. I feel for them the greatest kindness, and in them the greatest confidence. 'Not a pin's worth of yours', said the young man who has just left the door with loaded cars, 'has been touched, or ever will, I'm sure. And you might have stayed there all the time.' Billy[1] and

[1] Mrs. Tighe's eldest son, William Tighe of Woodstock, married (1793) Marianne, daughter of Daniel Graham, Esq. William Tighe was member for the borough of Wicklow in the Irish Parliament and for the county in the Imperial Parliament. As Patron of the boroughs of Wicklow and Inistioge he returned four members to Parliament.

his family left town on Thursday. He and his family are to go to England very soon. He means first to escort me home. I feel ashamed to appear on the road with such an immense party. My nine orphans and their mistress, three carriages crammed and cars etc. They all beg we may go together. . . . John is pretty well. Susan and Caroline long to go to the sweet country, which I am surprised at, as they leave behind so many pleasures and so many friends. Billy was very anxious we should all go to Woodstock. . . . Nothing would give me more pleasure than to go there. I am never so happy as at Woodstock with the Billys. . . . The gentlemen near Wicklow have had a meeting and some are to come to-morrow for the purpose of addressing Lord Cornwallis in person on Monday, to represent to him the true state of the country and to be enabled to act and defend it as they should, and are most willing to do. The event I Trust will be sufficient. Guards near Rossana to protect us from robbers, of which there are many small gangs ; we have four camps in the mountains. The unfortunate creatures rob for their support and hide in Glenealy wood for shelter. To what a degree of misery has Grattan and such like brought the poor deluded creatures. I wish I had his rhetorical powers to convince them of their errors. 'It was all avarice', said a man whom I have just been talking to. 'It was love of power', I replied. 'Riches are only one means

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Their eldest son, William Frederick Fownes, married, in 1825, Lady Louisa, daughter of 4th Duke of Richmond. She remembered the famous ball before the battle of Waterloo, and lived to be ninety. His brother, Daniel, took the extra name of Bunbury, and his son, Frederick Edward Bunbury Tighe, married Lady Kathleen, daughter of the 4th Earl of Bessborough.

to obtain that.' 'Very just remark', said he. . . . The people are very wise and very well inclined here if they had proper instructions. Since I became my own Agent it gives me opportunities of being very intimate with them, and it shows me of what use Landlords *might* be, such as had real religion or even a proper sense of morality. I wish Mr. B—— would write something in favour of a Poor-rate and a land-tax—the best things for this Country. Can there be a greater spur to industry than that which casts a shame upon idleness, at the same time that it relieves indigence? This is the great use of Poor-houses in every Parish. Adieu. Write by return of post and direct to Rossana. God bless you."

"Rossana, *August 28th*, 1798

My dear Friend,

I have been here since Thursday. Am every way astonishingly better owing to the liberty I enjoy of walking and driving about. I suffer no apprehensions to disturb my repose, and am informed that the people of this country no longer wish for the French, convinced now from the report of the secret committee their intention was to take the country for themselves. In Co. Mayo where 1500 landed, the natives joined the Royalists to subdue them, and, they say, have taken them all prisoners. Lord Cornwallis is gone to Athlone. It is impossible to guess the event of what will be the fate of Ireland. I am resolved to stay here and take my chance. The country is charming, and I enjoy my farming affairs as if there was no rebellion.

Farewell, Ever your affectionate

S.T."

On October the 9th Sarah Tighe rejoiced in tidings of the Battle of the Nile: "What a glorious victory! The Brest Fleet seems afraid to encounter our admirals. We had a *report* that it was taken by Sir J. Warren.[1] I suppose it will fall into the hands of the English. . . . Poor Buonaparte! Will he fall by the hand of an Arab?[2] Since he turned his course from our little island I have had a good opinion of him. I viewed him in the light of one who was to restore the children of Abraham to their inheritance, with all the blessed effects that are to follow that event. Write soon. Give my love to your better half and believe me ever your affectionate S.T."

In November Mrs. Tighe sighs: "I am greatly disappointed that Mr. Pitt has given up the plan of the Union. It seems to be the only means left to save us from a repetition of crime and war." But the nightmare passed, soon all the ladies were gardening again and in a thin, shabby notebook Lady Eleanor jotted down on 15th May 1799 that the day was fine and William Jones was putting down alder cuttings under the terrace wall.

"*Thursday, May 16th*, 1799.—The Marquis of Hertford[3] called at our House and left one of Mr. Evans' Maps of North Wales with our names written on it

[1] Sir John Borlase Warren, 1753–1822. Admiral. In 1797 appointed to the 74-gun ship *Canada*, Channel Fleet. Received thanks of English and Irish Parliaments for his successful action against the French Expedition to Killala Bay (where General Humbert landed 1100 men). In 1799 he hoisted his flag on board the *Téméraire*, in which he continued with Lord Bridport off Brest, or detached in the Bay of Biscay, all that year.

[2] In June 1798 Napoleon landed in Egypt, having taken Malta on the way. In February 1799 he invaded Syria.

[3] Francis, 2nd Marquess of Hertford.

which he found at an Inn. Wrote to thank him. He came at seven. Coffee and conversation. Beauteous moon. Venus brilliant.

"*Friday, May 17th.*—William Jones sewing Hay and clover seeds.

"*Saturday, May 18th.*—Cloudy morning. All the cows physicked. William Jones cleaning the apiary.

"*Sunday, May 19th.*—My beloved and I went to Llantysilio church. Sweet day. Mr. Roberts followed us. Returned with him to church. English Sermon. Evening went to village church.

"*Wednesday, May 22nd.*—Splendid pair of tanned Leather gloves from Mrs. Davies of the Ship. Richard Jones brought from Chester half a dozen China oranges.

"*Thursday, May 23rd.*—Superintending our workmen. The carrier brought from Chester a noble Cheshire cheese. . . . The waterfall completed. A dam made below the flood gate. The garden front of our house white washed. Walked on the summit of Penycoed and home by the churchyard to behold the effect. Not to be seen. The house so concealed by trees.

"*Friday, May 24th.*—Note to Mrs. Preston. Long twaddling note from her. Mr. Holland Edward, chaplain to the Bishop of St. Asaph, with his wife called to enquire how we were. Sent to invite them in. They came. Quite surprised at finding them so agreeable, so intimate with all the people of *haut ton*, Grenvilles, Fortescues, Beaumonts.

"*Saturday, May 25th.*—Fine morning. Windy. One load of hot manure from the Hand stables for cucumber beds. William Jones wheeling it into the fruit garden. A clergyman came with (as *He* says) compli-

ments and enquiries from Lord Ormonde.[1] Returned thanks to Lord Ormonde but declined seeing the Reverend Gentleman.

"*Sunday, May 26th.*—My better half and I went to Llantysilio church. In the village met Lady Bellamont and a lady in a chaise and four, in another chaise and four the three Lady Cootes. Spoke to Mrs. Parry about that Person who we suspect of having shot our Owls and Pigeons and Blackbirds. Sat three quarters of an hour in the church porch of Llantysilio conversing with the honest simple folks who like us were waiting for Mr. Roberts. Evening. My beloved and I went to prayers in the village. Spoke to Ned of the Mill. Ned of the Mill brought four little fish in a bowl. Put them in the dark deep Pool above the Dam. Walked on the Corwen Road. Saw Mr. Fortescue and Lady Ackland at some distance. Turned back. Miss Parry came with a message from Mr. Pearson about mystery in the Pengwern wood.

"*Monday, May 27th.*—While we were at the Mill a messenger came to announce the arrival of Mr. Blair. Returned. Mr. Blair is a Dentist. Native of Perthshire in Scotland. Served his time to Mr. Bott of Nottingham. Is now settled at Leicester, but comes annually to Chester. Miss Page recommended him to us. He first Cleaned the Teeth of my Beloved, then extracted the stump which had so long tormented her. He then cleaned my Teeth and drew two that were decayed. Brushes he recommended. Bought from

[1] Walter, 18th Earl of Ormonde, born 1770, succeeded his father 1795, married Anna, daughter of Joseph Hart Pryce Clarke, Esq. Created Marquess of Ormonde in Ireland and Baron Butler of Llanthony in England. Died without issue, 1820, when the Marquessate and English honours expired.

him four Boxes of his Tooth Powder and Two Brushes. Gave him his demand. Three guineas.

"*Tuesday, May 28th.*—Superb summer's day. Harmony of birds. Rich foliage. Great heat.

"*Wednesday, May 29th.*—William Jones riddling gravel, Edwards cart and team drawing it. Lawn mowed. Mr. and Mrs. Blachford called. Walked down to the Hand. Mr. Blachford met us at the Door, introduced his Camillia. Of Irish Parentage but Born, Bred and Educated at the Court of the Elector of Saxony. Like her very much. Brought them up and their little terrier, Arabella. . . . Went with them as far as the Green. Mrs. Blachford's mare, Electress, led after us.

"*Thursday, May 30th.*—Note from that twaddling Mrs. Preston.

"*Friday, May 31st.*—Mrs. Smith arrived on horseback, then Mr. and Mrs. Blachford . . . who proceeded to Ellesmere, the lady alone in the carriage, Mr. Blachford on horseback. We brought Mrs. Smith to Pengwern and showed her Primrose.

"*Sunday, June 2nd.*—Note from Mr. Barry desiring permission to see the place. Permitted. Saw him from the window. A tall genteel young man, highly perfumed.

"*Monday, June 3rd.*—Saw Muff and her four lovely kittens. We went away with David as an escort to guard us from the bull. On our return message and compliments from Sir John Leicester. Dinner under the trees. The little Fortescue boys with their maid and man walked down the field. Gave them oranges. Reading. Covers directed by Mr. William Pitt, M.P. for great Marlow.

"*Monday, June 10th.*—Reading 'The Pleasures of

Hope, with other Poems' by Thomas Campbell. Edinburgh 1799.

"*Tuesday, June 11th.*—Splendid day. Breezy wind. William Jones cutting Pea Sticks. Price washing the library ceiling. Writing under the trees. Note from Mr. Du Barry. Answered it and declined the intended honour. Walked down to the Hand. Found Mrs. Lloydde of Pencillan and Miss Isham, daughter of Sir Justinian Isham[1] of Lamport, Northampton. Left a message for their gentlemen and one for Mr. Du Barry. Conducted the ladies up to the house. Conversation etc., till eight when we walked down with them to the Hand. In the Street met Mr. and Mrs. Fortescue. As we returned home met Mr. Du Barry. Brought him up with us. *Mem.*—Pizzaro called Mr. Sheridan's 'Court Plaster.'[2]

"*Wednesday, June 12th.*—Walked with Mr. Du Barry to Llantysilio. Perfect whirlwind on the bridge, Met Henley the Engineer on the road. Miss Jones not at home. The house, gardens and environs silent, desolate, and exhibiting every appearance of Being the constant residence of dulness and ennui. Conversation on Scotland, the Grecian Tragedy, 'Pizzaro' etc.

"*Friday, June 14th.*—Mr. Du Barry came while we were at Breakfast in the State Bedchamber. As we were looking over some Prints Lord and Lady Templetown and Mr. Greville Upton[3] arrived. Brought a letter from our charming friend the Dowager Lady Templetown. A large Liverpool party desired to see

[1] Sir Justinian Isham, 7th Bart.

[2] Sheridan's melodrama called "Pizarro", adapted from Kotzebue.

[3] Fulke Greville Upton, born 1773, second son of 1st Baron Templetown, married, 1807, Mary, daughter of Richard Howard, Esq. of Castle Rising, and assumed the surname of Howard.

this place. Refused. Relented and said they might come to-morrow. Lord Templetown's landau being ready we accompanied Lady Templetown[1]—the gentlemen walking to the Abbey. A nasty prating woman, tiring us to death with her nonsense. A large party there at the time. Dined at four with the Templetowns. At five we all came up here. The Parlour and Library in the utmost neatness and perfection. Coffee and conversation by lamplight.

"*Saturday, June 15th.*—Read 'The Minister'—A Tragedy. Translated from the German of Schiller by M. G. Lewis Esq., M.P.

"*Tuesday, June 18th.*—Note from Mr. Whalley desiring permission to wait on us and present two friends, Mr. Hippesleys, nephews of Lady Dunstanville.[2] They came, very sensible accomplished men. Dined under the trees. A genteel party consisting of a gentleman and two ladies with umbrellas, fans etc. walked up the field. Venus brilliant.

"*Wednesday, June 19th.*—Earth and fruits of the Earth parched and consumed for want of rain.

"*Thursday, June 20th.*—Bought a Bristol Scythe. Reading,—finished 'Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education, with a view of the Principles and Conduct prevalent among women of Rank and Fortune', by Hannah More, in two volumes.

"*Saturday, June 22nd.*—Lady and two gentlemen walked up the field with an air of curiosity and interest. One a very fat and rather vulgar man, the other tall but not l'air distingué, the Lady little and

[1] Lady Mary Montagu, only daughter of John, 5th Earl of Sandwich, married, 1796, John Henry, 1st Viscount Templetown.

[2] Francis Basset, created 1st Baron de Dunstanville, married Frances Susanah, daughter of John Hippesley Cox, Esq.

quizzical. On enquiry they proved to be Le Duc de Fitzjames, Mons. and Madame de Maillie. Dinner under the trees. Sublime sky. Note from Lord Lucan.[1]

"*Sunday, June 23rd.*—My beloved and I went to Pontysilio church. Pretty little girls from Oswestry School there with whom we had some conversation. Miss Fowckes in deep mourning, black Veil etc. swam up to her seat to our *Astonishment.*

"*Monday, June 24th.*—The little Doctor from Denbigh who resided so long in this village called upon us to return thanks for the pains we had taken to recommend him. . . . My nephew James Butler,[2] Captain in the 14th Regiment or Duchess of York's own Royal Dragoons, now quartered at Worcester, arrived. He staid till eight o'clock when we walked with him to the Inn and he proceeded on his journey.

"*Tuesday, June 25th.*—Walked down the green shady lane of Pengwern Hall. Saw the Bull in the next field. Retired in haste.

"*Wednesday, June 26th.*—A thought occurred relating to an improvement in the Dam and Pool next to the Mill. David the Miller accompanied us to the Quarry on the Mountain road to Llansanffraid Glynceiriog. Then got our Landlord's cart and team

[1] Richard, 2nd Earl of Lucan, succeeded March 1799, married, May 1794, Lady Elizabeth Belasyse, daughter of last Earl of Fauconberg, who had been previously married to Bernard Edward, 12th Duke of Norfolk, but divorced from him by Act of Parliament 1794.

[2] James, later 19th Earl of Ormonde, was created at the coronation of King George IV. a peer of the United Kingdom. On October 5th, 1825, advanced to the dignity of Marquess of Ormonde in the peerage of Ireland. He married, 1807, Grace Louisa, daughter of the Right Hon. John Staples, who was 1st cousin of Sir Robert Staples, who married Sarah Ponsonby's stepmother.

and with the assistance of David the Miller placed a range of flat stones in the Dam.

"*Thursday, June 27th.*—A little quizzical figure, and her maid with an umbrella paced up and down the field. A fine noble foreign looking copper coloured man with a thick black bushy beard, to all appearance is Turk or Greek, came for charity. Refused money. Accepted meat and drink. Spoke, but we could not understand what he said.

"*Saturday, June 29th.*—Note from Mr. Gray enclosing one from Mrs. Piozzi introducing Mr. and Mrs. Gray and Sir Thomas Clarges.[1] Sent to invite them. They came. Mr. Gray a clergyman. Mrs. Gray in deep mourning. Sir Thomas a very fine young man.

"*Saturday, July 6th.*—The Hand chaise came. My beloved and I went to Oswestry. Arrived at Mrs. Barrett's at nine. Breakfast. Then Price the Hairdresser cut our Hair. Went to Church. Dr. Bagot, Bishop of St. Asaph, there. Confirmation. Sat in Mrs. Barrett's seat till prayers were over, then went to a seat opposite the Communion Table. A Miss Mytton, Mrs. Edwards in it, and next to it Mr. and Mrs. Lloydde, Mrs. Corbet and her niece, Miss Owen. Many confirmed. When all was over spoke to the Bishop.

"*Monday, July 8th.*—Mr. Wynne came. Paid him four pounds, being a year's rent for the Cyflymen field which we hold from Sir Thomas Mostyn. Note from Mrs. Fitzgerald[2] and Miss Vesey. Invited them to coffee. Mrs. Fitzgerald is daughter to Sir Robert Staples and married to the half brother of Dowager

[1] Sir Thomas Clarges, 4th Bart. Died unmarried 1834.

[2] Isabella Staples, married, 1794, Gerald Fitzgerald, Esq. of Kilminchy, Queen's County.

Lady Kingston. Miss Vesey daughter of Lord de Vesci."[1]

The diary for 1799 ends on Friday, July the 12th, with a record of the weather: "rain, gloom and cold".

[1] Sir Robert's third wife was sister to Viscount de Vesci.

CHAPTER XIII

Boswell tells us that Miss Hester Lynch Salusbury was "of good Welch extraction, a lady of lively talents, improved by education". She married Mr. Thrale, the son of a prosperous brewer, who was a Member of Parliament for Southwark. The Thrales entertained Dr. Johnson at Southwark and Streatham, and "the vivacity of Mrs. Thrale's literary talk roused him to cheerfulness and exertion". He found in their house "a constant succession of what gave him the highest enjoyment, the society of the learned, the witty, and the eminent in every way". The lady was "short, plump and brisk", and Dr. Johnson told her she should not wear sombre gowns: "What! Have not all insects gay colours?" The merry creature when widowed married Signor Piozzi, an Italian music master, and declared that the friendship of the Doctor had been first terrifying and then irksome. It is to be hoped she found the Ladies of Llangollen neither. From her letters it is evident that she was not indifferent to their good opinion.

"*2nd May* 1800

I thought not to have written to my dear Ladies till I could have told them my pecuniary embarrassments were ended. But Law is tedious, though Life is short, and, though we are now talking the business

over by way of accommodating matters thro' the mediation of Friends, decision is at a distance still. Miss Thrale knows perfectly well with what *peculiar* disadvantage my poor Husband must of necessity carry on a defensive suit for the Life Annuity, or Estate of a woman who would in the common Course of Nature dye while that suit was pending; so that she stands on safe ground compared with *us*, and pleads a dubious expression in my old marriage Settlement signed thirty seven years ago. Mr. Thrale's will confirms that Settlement expressly, and if I lose what my Trustees should have taken better care of, I lose it merely by the Testator's earnestness to secure it for me, which appears *Three Times*, yet will perhaps be frustrated at last. I will let you hear when all is over.

What times these are, Dear Madam, and Miss Ponsonby! Meat now in London twenty pence the pound and Butter half a crown. Mr. Chappelow's spirits begin to fail, yet he is rejoicing that the French are beaten in Italy, and to say truth so am I. The Defection of the Czar is dreadful as it is strange. *My* London letters all give hints as if he was not in his right mind. . . . I wish it may turn out so, for sure his Junction with Buonaparte will prove a terrible Alliance to everybody else.

Our dear Mrs. Hannah More is always doing good, so what your Ladyship writes about *her* new 'Pilgrim's Progress' does not in the least surprise me, only sets me all on fire to read the Book. Will the world hold together till mine is finished? I feel almost as if within sight of land now, and shall go to London to launch it if it so pleases God in six months' time. The journey and the embarrassment will eat

up all my profits though. It was in an evil hour this Dear ill-advised Girl was tempted to distress me so, and I think the money if she gains much will not prosper. I brought their Papa more than £20,000 first and last, as the Phrase is, and I now see that if he had not remembered me in his Will these Ladies would have driven me completely on the Pavé. How dreadful is the Retrospect of a Danger I never dreamed of. . . . But I will revert to the vile subject no more. We have friends in London not inattentive to our interests, and Mr. Butler, who possibly your Ladyship may know, as he is Irish and a Roman Catholic, is the man to whom our Cause is confided.

Do the Ministry act wisely in disbanding all the Hunters Corps so? It disobliges the Country Gentlemen who have been at great expense, and it exposes us to Jacobin Fury should the Excitors of a multitude find this scarcity a pretence to enrage them. Let us bless God for the *Prospect* of Plenty. I never saw a more sweet or smiling season; not quite hot enough but the sun will shine now with more power every day and your Ladyship's pretty Cow get grass, and there will be food for Horses, and we must eat the Oats ourselves perhaps. No matter so as we eat them in Peace—Terror never haunts me in any form so fearful as that of an Insurrection.

Have you read Beddowes'[1] Book, Dear Ladies? All about Oxygen Air and Gas, and how we have

[1] Beddoes, 1760–1808. Physician. Born at Shifnal. Married Anne, sister of Maria Edgeworth. In 1788 was Reader in chemistry at Oxford. Established a Pneumatic Institute at Clifton for the treatment of diseases by inhalation. Fostered the genius of Sir H. Davy. Southey said: "From Beddoes I hoped for more good to the human race than from any other individual".

Power over our own Lives, and I know not what strange things. It is a curious Performance.

My paper is out, though not my earnest wish for your Ladyship's and Miss Ponsonby's continued Health and Happiness. Accept those of Mr. Piozzi too, and believe that no one can be more truly your obedient Obliged Servant than is your poor tormented

H. L. Piozzi"

On 1st August 1800 Royal Assent was given to the Union Bill and next day the Irish Parliament was prorogued. King George III, from religious scruples with regard to his Coronation Oath, refused Catholic Emancipation, and Pitt resigned. These events must have excited the keenest interest of Lady Eleanor and Miss Sarah Ponsonby, but if any Journal recorded their emotions it was not preserved by Caroline Hamilton among the papers at Hamwood. Nor did Mrs. Piozzi refer to public matters in her letter of June 1801. She had published, in two volumes, *Retrospection, or a Review of the most striking and important Events, Characters, Situations and their Consequences which the last eighteen hundred years have presented to the view of Mankind.* That was enough for Hester Lynch Piozzi, and too much seemingly for the Reviewers. In Lady Eleanor's Diary for January, February and March 1802 it is duly recorded that she read the book.

"Bryn Villa, 14*th June* 1801

I intrude upon Your Ladyship's and Miss Ponsonby's Retirement chiefly to let you see I am still alive notwithstanding the feeble attacks of our Critical Reviewers, meant no doubt to break my Peace and ruin my Reputation for that Learning

which I never boasted. They have been hasty in showing me on their parts a degree of Ignorance I should never have suspected them of reaching,—having mistaken the *maritime* City of Laodicea, so named by Seleucus Nicator[1] after his *wife*, to which the Apostle addresses himself, for an Inland Town of the same name, although not only Mons. D'Anville's Compendium of Geography, but even Abbé Marru's edition of old Echard's Gazetteer calls it expressly Laodicea ad mare, and the Turks know it by name of Ladikich. . . . They should not clean Blots with Inky Fingers, as Fuller says.

It *is as* extraordinary to *me* that they should make a wonder at my saying how Polyaenus[2] wrote 900 Stratagems of War in eight Books and dedicated them to Antoninus Pius,—how these Books (the Greek copies) were bought many centuries after by Casaubon[3] and edited at his expense, and how they were Translated and advertised not long ago.

Greek copies!! say the Reviewers, with an insulting sneer. Not knowing, I suppose, that Polyaenus was a native of Macedon and wrote in his own language, and not knowing (which is stranger) that Casaubon was Henri Quatre's Librarian, that he lived much in England, and that James the First

[1] Seleucus Nicator, founder of the dynasty of Kings who reigned in Asia Minor 312–365 B.C. He was a Macedonian. He entered the Punjab but concluded peace with Chandragupta.

[2] Polyaenus (a Macedonian, second century A.D.). 833 of the Stratagems are extant.

[3] Isaac Casaubon. A famous French classical scholar who became a naturalised Englishman and is buried in Westminster Abbey. His great work on the edition of Polybius is so definitely connected with his name that Mrs. Piozzi's critics jumped to conclusions. But Isaac Casaubon did annotate an edition of Polyaenus.

employed him to purchase MSS. upon the Continent but 'Ye King having small occasion for *Stratagems of War*, he paid for *those himself*'.

Another scandalous error they commit for the sake of saying: 'Poor Mrs. Piozzi does not know the word Soter means Saviour and was the sacred appellation of Jesus Christ'. I know it well, but I know likewise that it had been the distinguishing appellation of many Princes, Ptolemy Soter, Antiochus Soter, and more beside *them*. Add to this that the appellation *Saviour* had been given by the Pharaoh of Egypt to Hebrew Joseph 1715 years before *his* appearance in the flesh of whom that Joseph has been by many learned men supposed a Type and Representation. These Critics teach their neighbour to walk before they themselves are out of Leading Strings.

With regard to Aventin, who they give out for a writer of the 16*th* century and call him Aventinus,[1] they are still wider from Truth or Knowledge. The man was a poor Alehouse Keeper's son at Abensberg born upon *Advent* Sunday 1466 and had no name but what the *Day* bestow'd. He made that name famous because he was a good scholar and of Deep Research. And they treat him as a writer of no Authority at all. One may say of the Residers in distant Towns who buy Books, and read them, as directed by the Critical Reviewers—'Lo! these are the Gods ye worship!'

I had rather talk of Lord Kirkwall[2] and Miss

[1] Johann Aventinus, 1477–1534, born 4th July. Author of *Annales Boiorum*, etc. "He took immense pains with his work and to some degree anticipated the modern scientific method of writing history." —*Encyclopaedia Britannica.*

[2] John, Viscount Kirkwall, born 1778, son of Mary O'Bryen, Countess of Orkney, and the Hon. Thomas Fitzmaurice, married (1802) Anna Maria, daughter of John, 1st Lord de Blaquiere.

Ormsby. It is the fashion in these parts, I am told, to blame the Porkington Family for failure of the match. Round Porkington the fault is thrown on Lord Kirkwall. Was there any Fault or Blame at all? Lords and Ladies of such high Fortune and Expectations can never want husbands or wives. Sure 'the world is all before them whence to choose', etc.

What say the charming Ladies of Llangollen to all these stories? Everyone runs with their appeal to them. Witness the intrusive haste of their ever obliged and obed^t^.

H. L. Piozzi"

In 1802 Nelson was deep in men's hearts. A young poet, handsome Thomas Campbell,[1] sang "Of Nelson and the North". The war languished into the peace of the Treaty of Amiens. The new year opened in Llangollen with the roads and little winding paths covered with thin sleet. Coal was expensive. Lady Eleanor noted that in a new orange-coloured diary:

"*Friday, 1st January* 1802.—The Coal man came with his annual Bill, which notwithstanding the exorbitant rise of the coals was infinitely less than we had reason to expect from the Bills brought us in by Edward Evans, whom thank heaven we have dismissed at last.

"*Saturday, January 2nd.*—Dr. Darwin's mode of Treating hysterics. To have the Back whipped well every morning with a bunch of green nettles. He

[1] Thomas Campbell, 1777–1844. He became famous on the publication of his poem "The Pleasures of Hope". His lyrics, "Hohenlinden", "Ye Mariners of England", and "The Battle of the Baltic", live. He was chosen to be Lord Rector of Glasgow University, though Sir Walter Scott was in the field. He is buried near the centre of the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey.

ordered this to Mrs. Preston, who submitted to the prescription and is the better for it.

"*Sunday, January 3rd.*—Deep and universal snow. A letter from Mr. Tidwell to my Better half dated Kilkenny 26th announcing the death of my poor sister, who was interred on Christmas day in the family vault at Kilcash and laid by the side of my Father.

Mem.—Miss Davies says she saw a letter from Paris from a gentleman who accompanied the Marquis Cornwallis. He mentioned having been at a fine dinner given by one of the first personages at Paris where there were many of the first Company. The ladies came almost naked. Some of them were wives but many more mistresses. The whole conversation during dinner turned upon their intrigues, which they discussed as publicly as we should our engagements for the day, and that afterwards the behaviour became so improper it was impossible any modest woman could have staid in the room. Such are now the manners of the first Company to be met with abroad. What their morals are we have long known, did they not speak for themselves. This gentleman added he trembled for the virtue of those who desired to associate with them.

"*Tuesday, January 5th.*—Bought a hare from the old Poaching man.

"*Wednesday, January 6th.*—Present from poor Roger Lever of Twelve Larks. How Barbarous to destroy these innocent little birds.

"*Tuesday, January 12th.*—Lady Margaret Fordyce[1]

[1] Margaret, daughter of James, 5th Earl of Balcarres, married Alexander Fordyce, Esq., and secondly Sir J. Burges, Bart. She was the sister of Lady Anne Lindsay, who married Andrew Barnard, Esq. Lord Lindsay was her nephew and later 7th Earl of Balcarres.

and Lord Lindsay came up in a chaise-and-four. They staid two hours, then proceeded on their journey.

"*Friday, January 15th.*—Lord and Lady Tara and Miss Preston arrived. Proceeded to Ireland. It affords us sincere pleasure that this amiable young woman, the daughter of our beloved Friend Mrs. Powys, has such a prospect of happiness. Lord Tara[1] appearing to be a man of sense and dignity, very much attached to her. Their equipage extremely handsome.

"*Sunday, January 17th.*—Lord Lismore[2] came. The very prettiest young man I have seen this long time. Elegant in his person, manner and dress. Staid three hours.

"*Monday, January 18th.*—News by this day's post—Poor Miss Hayman[3] dismissed from her attendance on the Princess. Dreadful account of the nastiness, misery, poverty and immorality which prevails at Paris. The Ladies so indecently naked that the sight is disgusting to the last degree. Mrs. Fitzherbert in a very dangerous state, her disorder dropsical. Lord Cork[4] returned from Egypt all but Blind.

Mr. Lidwell came up. Coffee and conversation. A good natured, well educated, well mannered, well principled young man is Lidwell. He informed me that government had lately agreed to give Lord

[1] John Preston voted against the Union, but later voted for it, and was created Baron Tara in 1801.

[2] Cornelius O'Callaghan, succeeded his father as 2nd Baron Lismore 1797. In 1806 became Viscount, and in 1808 married Lady Eleanor Butler, daughter of John, 17th Earl of Ormonde, from whom he was divorced in 1826.

[3] Miss Hayman was sub-governess to Princess Charlotte, only daughter of the Prince of Wales. Lady Elgin was in charge of the Princess.

[4] 8th Earl of Cork and Orrery.

Ormonde one thousand a year for the Butlerage of Ireland, and Lord Hardwicke[1] had just informed him of it. . . . Lord Mathew[2] is making a collection of all the variety of Irish Potatoes for the Duke of Clarence and Mr. Lidwell has promised to procure us one of every sort.

"*Tuesday*, *January* 19*th*.—John Roberts brought up two Bacon Pigs. Their weight two hundred and ninety-nine pounds. The Robins and the Swifts began their first spring vespers.

"*Tuesday*, *January* 26*th*.—Friend from Berwick arrived with the loveliest of all lovely cows, called Beauty, sent by that dearest of Friends, Mrs. Powys.

"*Thursday*, *January* 28*th*.—Servant from Porkington with compliments from Mr. and Mrs. Ormsby. I suppose in consequence of Mrs. Lowther's and my sister's death.

"*Monday*, *February* 1*st*.—John Lewis told us that four fine sycamore opposite the hall door at Brynkinalt were blown down in the late storm, fifty-four fine oak in the Park at Chirk Castle and fifty-two in the Park at Porkington. A letter from Mr. Kavanagh of Borris, my precious nephew whom I have not seen these many years. At half-past seven he arrived. Grown very fat and extremely like his good father.

"*Tuesday*, *February* 2*nd*.—Sweet and Spring like. Golden Sun. A busy scene. The Pengwern Hall's four carts and six horses. The Pengwern Hall men —Neddy Edwards, David the Miller, John Hughes, Peter-a-Que's Boy, John Edwards the shoemaker's boy.

[1] Philip Yorke, 3rd Earl of Hardwicke, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland 1801–1806.

[2] Viscount Mathew succeeded as 2nd Earl of Landaff, 1806.

"*Wednesday, February 3rd.*—Mr. Kavanagh left a cannister of Lundy Nicoles celebrated dry snuff for us at the inn. Thank God we never sully ourselves with the filthy dust, but it may prove an acceptable present to some of our snuffy Friends.

"*Friday, February 5th.*—The Rug man told us that in the late tremendous storm forty-two immensely large and very old Oak were thrown down in the Park. At Wrexham yesterday ten thousand pounds worth of the Trevor Hall, Abbey, and aqueduct timber were sold by auction. What an everlasting loss, what a disfigurement to this once so finely wooded, but now denuded, country.

"*Sunday, February 7th.*—Farm and garden in high Beauty. . . . Mr. Lidwell came for an hour. Went off on receiving a summons from the Hand that the coach was arrived and a place for him.

"*Tuesday, February 9th.*—Little John Shipley on his return from home to the Oswestry School called upon us with a Brace of Partridges from his father, the Dean of St. Asaph.

"*Wednesday, February 10th.*—Visited our work. John Francis in the shed making the seats. Francis' man a fair-weather workman; found the morning too cold and chose to stay at home by the fire, but we sent for him.

"*Thursday, February 11th.*—The workmen returned to the hedging. Every sign of frost.

"*Sunday, February 14th.*—Universal snow. Birds sweetly singing this silver Valentine's day.

"*Monday, February 15th.*—Letter from Mrs. Piozzi. Mrs. Barrett and Miss Davies arrived. Took Mrs. Barrett round our Farm.

"*Tuesday, February 16th.*—Mr. Roberts came at

three. Brought him to the new seat. Beautiful in the snow. He admired it more than he would confess and suggested some unnecessary improvements.

"*Tuesday, February 23rd.*—Lord Kirkwall called here for an hour on his way to London.

"*Thursday, February 25th.*—William Green finished. Paid and went by the coach to Shrewsbury. Parted with mutual satisfaction. We are satisfied with his diligence and capacity, he with our payment.

"*Friday, February 26th.*—Capt. Marjoribanks with his beautiful but sullen little son, Francis. He has spent the last two days at Cassel Cerrig. He related the indecency of the Mob at the burial of Lord Clare.[1] The great popularity of Lord and Lady Hardwicke. How much the town of Enniscorthy suffered by the rebellion. How the Welch call this premature summer weather a fox's day—to invite the birds to come out and then destroy them.

Evening. Enchanting, emerald and gold. Wood pigeons, owls, thrushes, robins, blackbirds in full chorus.

"*Monday, March 1st.*—Lord Ormonde went through the village this day, *à l'ordinaire* without coming or sending.

"*Friday, March 5th.*—Sir William Barker came for an hour on his way to Ireland, in great distress about his faithful servant whom he was under a necessity of leaving very ill at Oswestry.

"*Friday, March 12th.*—Note from Mr. and Mrs. Staples. Invited them to coffee. Mrs. Staples, who

[1] John Fitzgibbon, 1749–1802. Lord Chancellor of Ireland, created Earl of Clare. Brave, harsh and able. His funeral was followed by a Dublin mob whose curses expressed the dire hate with which the people had regarded him.

had been on a visit lately to Lady Arabella Ward,[1] saw a letter from Lady Theodosia Bligh[2] giving a most affecting account of the death of that dear little girl Lady Catherine Bligh and the extreme affliction of Lord and Lady Darnley.[3]

Mr. Staples explained the cause of the great crowds who went to Woburn in the Duke of Bedford's illness. He was the grand support of all the democratic and opposition party, his immense wealth being at their service for every bad purpose, though he was avaricious to a degree on every other. He insured everything he possessed, and even his own life, to an enormous amount. He had in a manner depopulated the country by annihilating all the small farms and throwing everything into the hands of monopolies, no doubt with a view to make an artificial famine.

"*Saturday, March 13th.*—Mr. Staples' account of the Cape of Good Hope. Peaches and apricots growing wild in abundance in the woods, but not so good as what are cultivated in Europe, except when they are transplanted into the gardens of the Company. Oranges in the greatest profusion growing everywhere and in a degree of perfection which those who have not been in that country can form no idea of. Figs too in abundance and delicious, and grapes of every kind. The farmers of that country make a brew of them resembling wine, very sour but very refresh-

[1] Lady Arabella Crosbie, daughter of William, 1st Earl of Glandore, married Edward, second son of Bernard Ward, 1st Viscount Bangor, by Anne, daughter of John, 1st Earl of Darnley, and widow of Robert Hawkins Magill, Esq.

[2] Lady Theodosia, daughter of John, 3rd Earl of Darnley, married Thomas Bligh, Esq., nephew of the 1st Earl, in 1790.

[3] John, 4th Earl of Darnley, married Elizabeth, daughter of the Right Honourable William Brownlow of Lurgan.

ing, which may be drunk without danger of intoxication, or any pernicious effects. They never bottle it, but drink it as we do Beer from the Hogshead. Wolves and hyenas come every night in droves from the mountains and jungles to the Cape towns and clear all the streets of offal and everything that has been thrown into them in the course of the day, which makes it impolitic to venture out of the Houses when night closes in, as these wild Beasts would infallibly devour any person they met.

"*Sunday, March 14th.*—Went to our village church. An English sermon that might have been Hebrew for anything we understood of the matter, so dreadfully was it preached by the poor curate.

"*Monday, March 15th.*—At half-past ten in the Hand's new Chaise, Dick Morris driver—My Beloved and I went to Chirk Castle. Roads capital. A Porter at the gate. Drove up to the old entrance gate, alighted and walked through the great gates, found the Lawn covered with sheep and lambs, all milk-white. Found Mrs. Middleton-Biddulph[1] and Mrs. Jones at Breakfast. Mrs. M.B. received us with her usual kindness. Showed us the fine collection of Italian Books brought by the late Col. Myddelton from Italy. Staid there a quarter of an hour and proceeded to Oswestry through the Park. Saw with regret the 64 old oak lying about which had been thrown down by the late tremendous storms. Met cattle innumerable driving from the fair. Stopped at

[1] Richard Myddelton, Esq., having died unmarried in 1795, his three sisters were co-heiresses. Charlotte, the eldest, had Chirk Castle. The second (who married the Hon. Frederick West, Lord De La Warr's brother) had the property in Llangollen, Ruabon, Wrexham, etc. The third had Ruthin Castle and died unmarried. Charlotte married Robert Biddulph, Esq. of Ledbury and Crofton Hall.

little Edward the Bookseller's, paid him his bill. Left some newspapers to be bound. Next, to little Edward the Silversmith, bought a Pen knife, a silver pencil and gold locket, and some Honeysuckle Soap. We then went to Mrs. Barrett's. Found her battling with a rebellious Tenant to whom she forgave thirty pounds arrears of rent. When the contest was over she and Margaret went with us round her ground.

"*Wednesday, March 17th.*—Fair in the village by much the poorest since we came to this Country, the season considered. Neither Beef nor Veal, the price of meat being so exorbitant that few can afford to purchase it. Many market days formerly were better attended, greater number of buyers and sellers than there are at this Fair.

"*Sunday, March 21st.*—Lady Donegal,[1] Miss May and little Lord Belfast[1] came to Breakfast. Two very beautiful young women, pleasing, kind, unaffected, and polished manner. Elegantly dressed and very decently in habits with frills, large hats, their hair exquisitely pretty. The very finest tucks I ever beheld. Lord Belfast a fine honest Boy. Lady Donegal's carriage was very superb. A gorgeous livery, two footmen, two maids. She assured us the Duke of Bedford was really sincerely and universally lamented. That the Prince of Wales appeared at the opera in mourning for him. That he was very charitable and the poor about Woburn have great cause to regret him.

"*Monday, March 22nd.*—Our lovely little Primrose calved in the night. A son."

The Ladies were old and a younger generation

[1] 2nd Marquess of Donegall, married Anna, daughter of Sir Edward May, Bart. George Hamilton, Earl of Belfast, born 1797, married Harriet, daughter of Richard, 1st Earl of Glengall.

had grown up. Its attitude towards them is reflected in Caroline Hamilton's journal. Caroline was now a married woman, the wife of Charles Hamilton of Hamwood, and rebellions and wars dwarfed the Ladies' daring flight of twenty odd years ago into a very tame demonstration. Jumps from windows, concealments in cupboards,—such an episode could only say Boo! to a goose. Yet those modern young married women in 1802 must have observed that the old-fashioned Ladies still held their own. No reflected glory fell on them from husband or son to brighten what was intrinsically dull. But they were not dull. Not they! And they remained significant. Somehow they did not fade out of the crowded map of other lives: matronly or masculine lives. Sarah Tighe never ceased to correspond with them. Eleanor Butler's diary records week by week letters exchanged between Llangollen and Rossana, Harrow, London. For Mrs. Tighe travelled while the Ladies walked to Pengwern Mill. Was there a rivalry? The queer clannish rivalry that stirs in kindred. The cottage garden was celebrated, but the gardens of Rossana and Hamwood were lovely too. Caroline Hamilton, who preserved the story of the Ladies, and wrote her journal for her children and grandchildren, had no mind to concede to Llangollen the wider culture. And she kept a Tighe album as well as one of her own in the satin-wood cabinet. Poets wrote in them. If Wordsworth wrote an ode to the Ladies, Thomas Campbell—then so popular—paid his tribute to Caroline. No doubt the correspondence between Ireland and Wales spoke of these things quite modestly,—but how they revelled in them!

MRS. CAROLINE HAMILTON AS A GIRL
From a drawing by Mrs. Kelly

CHARLES HAMILTON OF HAMWOOD

From a miniature by Cosway

William Tighe died when he was forty-two, and Sarah Tighe, her admiring daughter, writes, "wore widow's dress for the rest of her life". Her eldest son, William, went to Eton, but the second son, Henry, was sent to Harrow. Mrs. Tighe took a house at Harrow, and Caroline Hamilton's journal confesses that she incurred the wrath of the Headmaster:

"To please my brother, my Mother allowed her house to be open to his friends . . . and she gave a feast to every boy he chose to invite every Sunday evening. After some time she was persuaded to fit up the barn as a theatre for himself and his friends to act Plays in, and what made the greatest impression on my mind was seeing my brother Henry dressed like a girl to act Miss Kitty in 'All the World's a Stage'. My eldest brother wrote the Prologue and Epilogue which was his first attempt at Poetry. The audience consisted merely of our family, as the whole affair was kept a profound secret. . . . The boys in the upper form undertook to act some of Shakespeare's plays. Mr. Drury, then the Headmaster, having got a hint of what was going on caught the actors in the act, dispersed them, and reprimanded my mother, but with the dignity and politeness for which he was remarkable. A paragraph in the newspaper condemning severely the introduction of Private Theatricals at Harrow distressed her very much. The weekly entertainments lasted as long as she remained at Harrow. The hot cakes and confectionery arrived in great profusion from London the night before by the Carter, Nellie Bonty, who is not long dead and had carried packages safely backwards and forwards from London during half a cen-

tury though the roads were infested with Highwaymen. But the little woman and her covered cart passed unmolested."

Though Sarah Tighe "read chiefly the Fathers, Law's Works, and Mr. Wesley's",[1] she consulted her brother-in-law, Edward Tighe, "who was a man of the world and had lived in the best literary society of London", and asked him "whether a learned education was considered best for women?" Mr. Tighe "gave her many instances of learned ladies in the highest rank, who were better wives and mothers than those who had received a frivolous education. It was, therefore, arranged that we should learn our Latin Grammar". Caroline learnt her Latin grammar and her mother took a house in London for the holidays and "sought the acquaintance of several Methodists. We visited Mr. Wesley sometimes at his small neat house adjoining the Chapel in Moorfields." The Bishop of London held a Confirmation at Harrow and Mrs. Tighe, who had decided to take her children abroad, "wished my sister and me to be confirmed by him. I was but ten years old and when the vicar objected to my age she gave for a reason that she was going to Italy and knew not when she would return. I never can forget the look he gave, shaking his head as much as to say Italy was a bad

[1] Mr. Wesley was a great friend of Mrs. Tighe and wrote to her in 1789: "A few years since Mr. Armstrong, from the north of Ireland, was stationed in the Liverpool Circuit. He said business called him to Ireland. He left his Circuit, Havant, Chester, without consulting his assistant. In consequence of this he was excluded the Connection. We are obliged to be very exact. . . . However, thus far I can favour him (especially as *you* wish it) that I will not exclude him but only remove him into the next Circuit. Wishing you many happy years,—I am Dear Madam, Your affectionate servant, J. Wesley."

place for a young family, the influence of Rousseau and Voltaire having spread very wide." Others, including Theodosia Blachford, disapproved, but off they went and joined William Tighe who "was at Paris with the present Lord Bristol,[1] then Frederick Hervey, with whom he had formed a friendship which lasted through life. They had both in some degree imbibed the principles of the French Philosophers but both, I rejoice to add, some years afterwards became convinced of the Truth of Christianity." The bold plan of visiting Italy was relinquished, so they all remained in Paris, where "my sister, a little older than I was, went to see Louis XVI and his family at dinner. That unfortunate monarch, endeavouring to obtain popularity, allowed every one who pleased to see him and his family eating their dinner on particular days, separated from them by a railing only, and it was thought a great amusement to see him tearing a chicken asunder and picking its bones as he was often seen to do. Knives were then uncommon in France. Travellers always carried them with them, fricassees and omelettes were easier eaten with forks."

Soon the Tighes returned to England—Caroline, not yet twelve, happily untainted by Rousseau or Voltaire. In 1795 Mrs. Tighe took her family back to Rossana and paid a Mr. Spilsbury[2] three hundred a year to teach her daughters drawing. Mr. Spilsbury was "an eminent engraver, an excellent man, a

[1] Frederick William Hervey, born 1769, died 1859, 5th Earl and 2nd Marquess, married Elizabeth, daughter of 1st Lord Templetown.

[2] John Spilsbury, brother of Jonathan Spilsbury, engraver and portrait painter. He was drawing-master at Harrow and executed a set of fifty etchings, published by Boydell 1785.

Moravian, and his wife was a good musician. Having been brought up in the same house with Mr. Pitt (her father, Dr. Chapman, having assisted in his education) she was a very interesting person. Young had been a friend of her father's, and she often told me anecdotes of him. Mr. Pitt was educated at home so had plenty of time for solitary studies, and composed pieces which he spouted before his father. One of them exhibited such a specimen of Political intrigue that Lord Chatham was alarmed, fearing for the future destiny of his son."

Caroline thought they had great fun at Rossana. "The neighbours were of a peculiar description and their society seldom dull. . . . Isaac Eccles, mentioned in Boswell's[1] 'Life of Johnson' as an 'ingenious gentleman from Ireland', and who could boast of his acquaintance with Johnson, Garrick, and many of the wits of that day, entertained many a group of youthful listeners, of which I was always one, with anecdotes of literary men and an imitation of Johnson. William Eccles, his brother, a good specimen of an Irish Squire of moderate fortune, a sensible reasoner on every common subject, collecting round him young people who were always amused by his conversation, discussing who were the best husbands and wives to choose, and abusing absurd new customs and still more detestable new fashions."

Caroline criticises Miss Spilsbury, for "when she

[1] Boswell writes: "I had as my guests this evening at the Mitre Tavern Dr. Johnson, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Thomas Davies, Mr. Eccles, an Irish gentleman for whose agreeable company I was obliged to Mr. Davies".

He also refers to a Mr. Eccles, "a young Irish clergyman who was afterwards drowned at Bath", who assumed the authorship of a novel called *A Man of Feeling*, the production of Mr. Henry Mackenzie.

attempted to express the passions she failed. . . . I chose Mr. Hogarth for my model after Mr. Spilsbury had left us. Sometimes, delighted with the effect of light and shade by candlelight, I attempted it, and sometimes observing in company that muscles of the face were set in motion by such and such feelings I learnt to express them, having recourse occasionally to Le Brun's 'Passions' to convince me that I was right."

Someone else in Rossana was attempting to "express the passions", and succeeding some thought only too well. Mary, the daughter of severe Theodosia, and the wife of Henry Tighe, was "in the low room in the attic composing her beautiful poem of 'Psyche',[1] which Sir William Jones said had equalled her to Sappho. Some corrupted old Ladies censured it, as too warm in its expressions meant to describe conjugal love (such as every pure minded wife would feel for her husband, as an article in the 'Quarterly Review' the year after Mrs. Henry Tighe's death in 1811 observes)." Mary Tighe had a warm admirer in Thomas Moore,[2] who wrote a letter to young Mrs. Hamilton, and a poem in her album "On reading Mrs. H. Tighe's 'Psyche'."

[1] Sir James Mackintosh (1765–1832) called this poem "beyond all doubt the most faultless series of verses produced by a woman". Sir James married first the sister of Daniel Stuart, editor of the *Morning Post*, and secondly Catherine, daughter of John Allan. (Her sisters married Josiah and John Wedgwood.) Coleridge in *Table Talk* calls him "the king of the men of talent". He stayed with Burke in 1797. Was in India 1804–1811, and founded the Literary Society of Bombay.

[2] Thomas Moore, 1779–1852. Irish poet. Wrote *Irish Melodies*, *Lalla Rookh*, *Life of Byron*, *Life of Sheridan*, etc. A great song writer. He died insane.

"Usher's Quay,
Saturday, 12*th Feb.* 1803

Dear Madam,

You have every reason to think me very neglectful, but I assure you your album has given me more trouble than you will easily believe. The truth is I had not *courage* to begin it. I tried several subjects and failed in them all. When a man writes a book, he balances the bad against the good, and hopes to atone by what follows for the insipidity of what went before, but to write *one* poem, which was worthy of leading the way, where *you*, Mrs. Tighe, 'e *gli altri* sacri al divo Apollo', were to come after, is a task which I was very inconsiderate in undertaking. The consequence is I have left the *first* half a blank and have done very little good with the *second*. I am at this instant on the wing for England, and as I knew I *must* write *something*, I have copied some lines which I began to Mrs. Tighe on her 'Psyche', and which at the moment with one foot at sea and one on shore I have neither time nor heart to finish. I am afraid you will think all this is *affectation* or something worse; but DO NOT I beg of you. At least delay your opinion till I return in summer, when if I shall be allowed the honor of visiting you I swear by all the *albums* that were ever collected from Mecaenas down to Mrs. Bill's I will try and atone for my present very *recreant* conduct, and if some more *worthy* and more courageous Muse does not step into the honourable place I have left vacant for her I will venture on it myself, and begin the collection by the time it will perhaps be very nearly finished. I am sorry, from the impossibility of my being honored with an answer to this, that I must

remain in suspense with regard to your forgiveness of my fault, but I shall hope for the best and beg you will believe that I am with very great sincerity,

Dear Madam,

Your obliged and humble servant,

THOMAS MOORE

To Mrs. Hamilton."

The poem bears the date of the previous day, 11th February. It is unfinished but has half a dozen verses, of which the first four may be repeated here:

Tell me the witching tale again,
For never has my heart or ear
Hung on so sweet, so pure a strain,
So pure to feel, so sweet to hear!

Oh Love! In all thy spring of fame,
When the high Heav'n itself was thine;
When piety confess'd the flame,
And e'en thy errors were divine!

Did ever Muse's hand, so fair,
Upon thy brows a glory spread?
Did ever lips' ambrosial air
Such perfume o'er thy altar shed?

One maid there was, who round her lyre
The mystic myrtle wildly wreath'd;
But all her sighs were sighs of fire,
The myrtle wither'd as she breath'd!

CHAPTER XIV

In 1807 Lady Eleanor's Diary begins again:

"*Tuesday, August 4th*, 1807.—At four in the morning my Better half and I set off in the Hand chaise and four. Drove to Ruthin, changed horses at the White Lyon. At the end of the town the Ruthin driver dismounted. Dick Morris rode in his place as he had a sore leg. Road delightful. Country as beautiful as rich fields and deep woods backed with lofty mountains could make it. Came suddenly upon the Cathedral of St. Asaph. Drove through the town. Exactly nine when we arrived. Our dear friend Miss Shipley, the Dean, Miss Younge and all the family gave us the most flattering reception. Breakfast, then upstairs to the old room. Two pictures found in the cellar. Portraits of the Bishop and Mrs. Shipley. Leopard skin in the Library brought from Africa by Mr. Charles Shipley. Walked to the bird grove. Saw the distant sea. Rabbits innumerable. Long green walk. View of Snowdon. Returned to the house. Coffee. The Dean's incomparable reading. At seven the carriage arrived. Home by the light of Jupiter.

"*Thursday, August 6th.*—At eleven Mrs., two Miss Dodds, Mr. Bedingfeld came. Conversing till two when we returned with them to the vicarage. Mrs. Dodd and we in the Wingfield carriage. In the evening Mr. Wingfield and we went in our chaise to

Wynnstay. Company there, Sir W——, his Mother, Miss Harriet, Mr. and Mrs. Wynn, Col. and Mrs. Shipley. Staid an hour. Returned. Raining hard. Supper to the vicarage. At twelve returned. Driver quite drunk. Rocking and sleeping on his horse. But for little Will who sat in front and kept him awake we should have been overturned into the Canal. Walked from the Hand Stables home. Streets dirty from the late deluging rain. Night rather dark and cloudy.

"*Saturday, August 8th.*—Lord and Lady, Lady Dowager Bagot,[1] arrived. Their servant had been here of an early hour to announce them.

"*Sunday, August 9th.*—Note from Mrs. Griffiths desiring to see this cottage. We desired to be excused. But were obliged to repeat this refusal as this Welch Lady was driving her gig full of Boys and Misses.

"*Saturday, August 22nd.*—Wrote to Lord Dungannon. To Lady Bedingfeld,[2] Jerningham Arms, Shifnal. Evening, heavy thunder shower. Old woman from Ruabon for Letter to and from Mr. Bedingfeld. Thunder, magnificent and awful. Thunder shower. Evening splendid. Night cloudy.

"*Sunday, August 23rd.*—The Hostler of the Hand came up with message from Lord Spencer. Overheard carriages enter the village. Sent to enquire.

[1] William, 2nd Baron Bagot, and his second wife, Louisa, daughter of 3rd Earl of Dartmouth. Dowager Lady Bagot, Louisa, daughter of 2nd Viscount St. John.

[2] Sir Richard Bedingfeld, 5th Bart., married, 1795, Charlotte, daughter of Sir William Jerningham and Frances, eldest daughter of Henry, 11th Viscount Dillon. Mr. Edward Jerningham was Sir William's younger brother, a distinguished man of letters, but the Edward mentioned here may be Sir William's third son, Edward, born 1774. Sir William died 14th August 1809, and his eldest son became Baron Stafford.

Sir William Jerningham. Saw Sir William, Mr. Edward Jerningham and Lady Bedingfeld coming up the Lane. Went with them to the Hand to see Lady Jerningham. Staid half an hour. Brought up dear, dear, Lady Bedingfeld with us. Put her in possession of the apartment allotted for her. Night lovely. Walked with her by moonlight. Sat up with her till three.

"*Monday, August 24th.*—Rose at six. Walked with Lady Bedingfeld till ten. Then Sir William Jerningham came. Then Lady and Mr. Jerningham. Then the carriage in which we went first to Chirk Castle, then drove to Brynkinalt and returned home, meeting little Will on the way with a letter from Lady Cunliffe and grapes. Dinner. Conversation. Coffee. Till ten when Sir William and Lady Jerningham went to the Hand. Lady Bedingfeld, Mr. Edward and we walked by moonlight. Great lightning sent him off. Adjourned to her apartment. Sat there conversing till three.

"*Tuesday, August 25th.*—Rose at six. Found our charming guest Lady Bedingfeld in The Tent. Brought her the Home Circuit. The Mill in particular beauty, water foaming and dashing over the wheel. Breakfast over, the Carriage drove up. First Lady, Miss Cunliffe, and Mr. Jerningham in the Acton sociable. Then Sir William and his mare. Then Lady Jerningham, Lady Bedingfeld and we in the Jerninghams' carriage went to Wrexham Church. Church beautiful. Went from thence to Acton Park. And then to our regret the dear, dear Norfolk party went on to Chester.

"*Wednesday, August 26th.*—Mr. and Mrs. Peter La Touche came. Rejoiced to see such old, dear, and

true friends, deep as is our regret for and extreme as is our fastidiousness after that divine Lady Bedingfeld.

"*Thursday, August 27th.*—At 8 in the Hand Chaise my Better half and I set out. Where the Canal had burst the road was covered with water. Stopped at the Turnpike. Left a letter for Mr. Wingfield. Went to Mrs. Eleanor Warmington's beautiful cottage. Then we walked to Mrs. Parry's Lodge. Then, taking Mrs. E. W. in our chaise, went to the Grove. All the party assembled there with their Bows and Arrows. The Butts and Targets prepared. Great shooting. Dinner cold. Two Tables. After dinner returned to the Butts. Such a canting, odious, detestable Boasting woman under the trees. Then cards. After a most agreeable day we returned home.

"*Friday, August 28th.*—Lovely morning. Note from Mrs. Wall. She came soon after. So like a woman of fashion and consequence, so well bred, such good language. She staid two hours.

"*Wednesday, September 16th.*—David the Miller putting up the fence in Edward Evans' copse to defend us from the new neighbours whoever they are. . . . Evening. Pales and posts finished to secure us from the lord only knows who.

"*Sunday, September 20th.*—All went to Church. Letter from Mrs. Williams Wynn. All hurry and bustle. Carriage sent for to the Hand. Miss Shipley's maid set off in it for Wynnstay. At eleven Miss Shipley's maid returned, having been obliged to walk three miles owing to the inebriety of the Postillion.

"*Thursday, September 24th.*—Clouds and rain and tempest. At eleven my Better half and I in the Hand

chaise—Patrick, driver—went to Chirk Castle. Mr. and Mrs. West, Miss West and a lovely little boy. Staid an hour. Then set out for Marchwiel, where we arrived at three after losing our way and enquiring of everybody the right road. Every one speaking English and civil. Company, besides our dear Miss Shipley who was the great magnet of attraction, was Sir Foster, Lady Cunliffe, Miss Hayman, Mr. Bedford. Miss Hayman played divinely on the piano. Full moon. Set out by the light of it. Home at one. In our absence three nameless ladies to see the place, two foreign gentlemen, and Humphries of Shrewsbury, forsooth!

"*Thursday, October 1st.*—Mr. K—— called while we were at Breakfast about the sale of Pengwern which occasioned so much anxiety and distress in the minds of so many people.

"*Friday, October 2nd.*—Miss Shipley our guest. At one we three in Miss Shipley's chaise made a moment's visit to the vicarage, then proceeded to Acton. Company there Mr. and Mrs. Williams Wynn, Mr. and Mrs. Warden of Ruthin, Miss Ormsby Gore, Miss Gore. Dinner, cards, supper. At one we returned, leaving our beloved Miss Shipley at Acton.

"*Saturday, October 10th.*—Extreme heat. Sultry wind. Miss Williams Wynn, then Sir Arthur Wellesley till three.

"*Thursday, October 21st.*—My Better half and I rose at five. Went at six to Oswestry. Stopped at the Cross Keys. Sent a messenger to Porkington. Mrs. R. Wingfield came and we three went off. Arrived at the Hall before ten. Were kindly received in the handsome and ancient mansion. Breakfast. Then a tour of the House, office, gardens. Saw the Canary

Birds. My Better half and I set out and met Mrs. Powys near the Bridge. Got into her Carriage. Went to Vaughans, then to Eddowes, then to two other filthy Booksellers shops. Then drove to the Council House. Did not alight. Went on to Berwick. Lady Feilding,[1] Miss Powys, Miss Mytton. Luncheon. Mr. Jones powdered and dressed our hair. Mr., Mrs., Miss, Mr. R. and Mr. Charles Wingfield came. Dinner. At twelve Mrs. R. Wingfield and we set out in darkness and rain. One wheel flew off near Aston. Called to the Lodge near the gate. Terrified by the noise, and we made amends. Wheel right, we got to Oswestry. Sat in the parlour of the Cross Keys till the chaise which was to convey Mrs. Wingfield to Porkington was ready. Got home at five in the morning.

"*Monday, October 26th.*—From Salop. Boswell's Life of Johnson.

"*Sunday, November 1st.*—My Better half and I set out at half-past eight. Morning soft and spring like. Roads dirty and deep. Met the stage coach on the road. Opened the post bag. Letter from Lady Louisa Harvey.[2] At half-past ten arrived at Miss Mytton's. Lady Feilding there. Walked to church. Sat in Mrs. Barrett's seat. Vile preaching. . . . Volunteers are quartered at Oswestry. My better half and I went to Aston. Long time before we could find any

[1] Daughter of Mrs. Powys and wife of Viscount Feilding.

[2] Lady Louisa Harvey, daughter of Earl Nugent, married Admiral Sir Eliab Harvey, K.C.B., and had six daughters. Sir Eliab (1758–1830) represented Essex 1803–1812 in Parliament. He commissioned the "*Fighting Téméraire*" and she was second ship of the weather line at the Battle of Trafalgar, "closely following the *Victory*". A great fighter but quarrelsome, he was court-martialled May 1809 for an outburst of indignation on the quarter-deck when Lord Cochrane was appointed to a special command.

one. After ringing a long time the good civil Butler came to say that Mrs. Lloyd had a premature and very very little girl at 5 in the morning. Lady Louisa Harvey, who had been up all night, was in the room with her. Sat in the antechamber of the Library till church was over. Harriet Pigott, the Miss Harveys, Mr. Kenyon, Mr. Lloyd came. The Lady Louisa came and she and the Miss Harveys walked with us to the carriage. Went on to Oswestry. Very delightfully comfortable in Miss Mytton's little room conversing over the fire till dinner. Delicious heavenly music by Lady Feilding. At half-past nine rain and darkness. Got a boy with a lantern from the Green to sit upon the front seat and open the gates to Porkington. Got there at ten. Miss Ormsby and Miss Gore in the dining-room ready for us. Supper; at twelve set out. Home at four.

"*Monday, November 2nd.*—Poor Mrs. Parry shut up her shop this day, which we are very sorry for. The Bishop of St. Asaph came for an hour on his way to Warwick.

"*Sunday, November 22nd.*—The same fearful depth of snow. Intense frost. Azure sky.

"*Monday, November 23rd.*—Deep, deep and universal snow. Deeper than was ever remembered. Snowing large flakes. The son of Jones, poor Mrs. Parry's creditor, with her—thank God—little Bill of £1.11.0.

"*Thursday, November 26th.*—The road open to Travellers once more.

"*Friday, November 27th.*—Universal deep snow. Such weather never remembered by the oldest person.

"*Sunday, November 29th.*—Atmosphere too heavy

and opaque to admit of our seeing the Eclipse. Impenetrable mist. All stillness and silence.

"*Thursday, December 3rd.*—Mr. and Mrs. West came. Then Miss Williams Wynn. Another excuse from Lady Louisa. If it were possible to be offended with one so amiable we should be tempted to scold her.

"*Friday, December 4th.*—Lovely spring day. At nine set off for Brynkinalt. Staid an hour. Then proceeded to Aston. Staid two hours. Company Lady Louisa, two Miss Harveys, Mr. Grosvenor. Brought Lady Louisa to Porkington. Dinner. Company Mr. and Mrs. Parker, Miss Ormsby, Mr. and Mrs. Bedingfeld, Colonel, Mr. Charles, and Miss Wingfield, Miss Gore, Mr. Edward Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Kenyon, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd, Mr. Charles Lloyd, Miss Pigott. After coffee went up stairs. Saw 'The Force of Love'. Descended to tea, then reascended to the farce of 'The Devil to Pay', admirably, most admirably, performed. We did not stay to supper. Returned home. Night fine but windy. Arrived at our peaceful mansion at midnight.

"*Saturday, December 5th.*—At three Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Grosvenor, Lady Louisa's nephew—arrived. Dinner. After Coffee the gentlemen returned to Aston.

"*Saturday, December 12th.*—Lovely enchanting spring day. Emerald valley, amethyst mountains. Evening fine. Bat fluttering about as in summer.

"*Sunday, December 20th.*—Intense frost, air so rarefied that the little cracked Bell of Llantysilio church was as distinctly heard at our door as the village bells. Sun rayless, white, round, and not to be known except from its place in the heavens from the moon.

"*Wednesday, December 23rd.*—Intense frost. At noon my Better half and I set out for Oswestry. Road hard but not slippery. Brilliant sun and azure sky. Shopped at Oswestry. Went to the Silversmith's, nothing but old and broken Articles in his shop. Next to Edwards the Booksellers. Got some things there. Spoke to the Butcher's wife. Great market. Went on to Porkington. In the Library Miss Ormsby, Miss Gore, Mr. and Mrs. Wingfield, with Miss Wingfield, Miss Mytton, Miss Pigott. We went with Miss Ormsby in her carriage to Aston. At Aston found Admiral and Lady Louisa Harvey. Staid an hour. Delightfully agreeable day.

"*Saturday, December 26th.*—We went out at two. Called for an hour at the Vicarage. Dined and supped at Wynnstay. A most agreeable day."

Though Lady Eleanor's zest for those long days in Oswestry, Shrewsbury, and St. Asaph never failed her, she ceased for some years to record them in a diary. But letters bear witness to the Ladies' constant hospitality. Through "universal snow" or "the country in a blaze of beauty" they drew their friends to their threshold. In 1811 Mr. Southey[1] wrote to them after a visit:

"Greta Hall, Keswick,
October 13th, 1811

Mr. Southey has deferred his thanks to the Ladies of Llangollen for the pleasure which he received

[1] Robert Southey, 1774–1843. Poet and historian. Sir Humphry Davy called his *Life of Nelson* "an immortal monument raised by genius to valour". Charles Watkin Williams Wynn settled £160 a year upon him. He and Coleridge married sisters. He declined the editorship of *The Times*. His *Roderick, the Last of the Goths*, was published 1814. Poet Laureate.

in seeing the elegancies and partaking the hospitalities of their delightful retirement, till he could send them a poem upon which he is at present employed, long enough to be a specimen of its tone and manner and entire enough not to be injured by being seen as a fragment. This portion has been written since his return, and was not completed till yesterday morning. The 'Roderick' who appears in it is the hero of Walter Scott's vision. It will easily be seen that the author has written under a strong feeling of sympathy with the Spaniards in their present struggle.

Mrs. Southey joins him in respectful compliments and thanks."

The Ladies had not lost interest in their own poet Mary, whom Tighes, Hamiltons and Blighs may have regarded with the peculiar criticism of a near or distant family connection. She was their own, but a strange possession. Miss Bowdler wrote to Sarah Ponsonby:

"Bath, *Jan^ry* 18*th*, 1809

I had wished to write to you some days sooner, my dearest Angel, but I knew you wd indulge me again when you could to tell me that your precious 'Psyche' was safe, and I do not love that letters should cross on the road if it can be helped. I am very grateful to that sweet interesting Mrs. Hamilton[1] for her kind acceptance of such trifling civilities as I had the power to show her. She is so engaging that it is impossible to help loving her, and I only regret her time here was so short. I thought Mr. Hamilton uncommonly pleasing and I am anxious

[1] Caroline Hamilton.

to hear that they are safe on the other side of the water. Indeed my Love, it is Mr. Tighe that *does not like me*. I have courted him more than beseems an ancient spinster, but all in vain. The serious truth is, however, that the difficulties are insuperable. . . . My dearest Love, how stand your politics? I never had a hope of success in Spain, and therefore am less disappointed than most of my acquaintances, but I never felt so much alarmed. I tremble for our brave Army, where I have many friends and for which every heart must be deeply interested. But the world is as gay as ever which was *not* made for Buonaparte, and I hope you will know how faithfully and tenderly I am

Yours for ever
H.M.B."

Enclosed was a letter from Lady Hesketh[1] to Miss Bowdler:

"My dear Madam,

Had I eyes I should not want words to tell you how much Miss M—— and myself are charmed with the sweet poem you were so obliging to lend me! The poetry is most elegant, and it is very long since I read any thing comparable to your sweet Psyche. . . ."

Mary Tighe died young, and her "Psyche", which, like herself, had a beauty for its brief hour, its passing generation, gathers dust on the shelf. Felicia Hemans sang of her very gently and her loveliness looks down from pictures on the walls of Rossana and Hamwood. She was, in truth or in family legend, unhappy.

[1] Lady Hesketh, friend of her cousin William Cowper, the poet. Wife of 1st Baronet, 1733–1807.

Pitt and Fox were dead. Rossana and Llangollen may have shared the same sentiments about those two great men, for after the death of Fox in 1806 an epigram was written in the "Tighe Album"—an album preserved and treasured by Caroline—which shall be repeated here, since it is not so well known as to be a commonplace:

> Britannia's boast, her glory and her pride,
> Pitt for his Country's good both liv'd and died.
> Resolv'd at length what Pitt had done to do,
> To serve his country *once*, Charles Fox died too.

Before the curtain was rung down on those two wonderful lives, verses by the wit, Mr. Jekyll,[1] found their way into the same Album:

> From the Assassin's blow,
> From each false friend and foe,
> God save the King.
>
> From Wyndham's[2] sophistry,
> Rochester's[3] piety,
> Auckland's[4] apostacy,
> God save the King.
>
> From Bonaparte's paw,
> From Pepper Arden's law,
> God save the King.

---

[1] Jekyll, wit and politician, married (1801) Maria, daughter of Hans Sloane.

[2] William Wyndham, 1736–1819. Secretary for War, with a seat in the Cabinet. He resigned office with Pitt in 1801. He opposed the Peace of 1802, which cost him his seat at Norwich.

[3] Rochester—Right Rev. Samuel Horsley, Bishop of Rochester. In Nov. 1802 he made a speech in the House of Lords against the terms of peace with France.

[4] William Eden, 1st Baron Auckland, Secretary of State for Ireland, Privy Councillor, Ambassador to France. Differed from Pitt on Roman Catholic question. Did not resign in 1801.

From War and want of Bread,
From Portland's[1] stone and lead,
From Boggie Grenville's[2] head,
God save the King.

From Billy Pitt's advice,
Dundas[3] and Scotch device,
God save the King.

From Ryder's[4] flippancy,
Pybus's[5] poetry,
And from Lord Hawkesbury,
God save the King.

O Lord our God arise,
Send us some new allies
That we may treat.

And should their amities
End in fresh perfidies
Send back our subsidies
That we may eat.

Thus the wits warbled and ladies gossiped. Lady Davy,[6] wife of Sir Humphry Davy,[7] wrote to Sarah

[1] William, 3rd Duke of Portland, Home Secretary 1794–1801, when the Alien Act, the Treason Act, and the Sedition Act gave him great power. Twice Prime Minister.

[2] William Wyndham Grenville, created Baron Grenville.

[3] Henry Dundas, 1st Viscount Melville, Secretary for War 1794. He resigned office when Pitt did in 1801. The credit of the success of the Egyptian campaign was in a great measure due to his energy and perseverance.

[4] Dudley Ryder, 1st Earl of Harrowby. President of the Council.

[5] Charles Small Pybus, M.P. for Dover, published in 1800 a poem called "The Sovereign".

[6] Jane Davy, 1780–1855. Daughter of Charles Kerr; married eldest son of Sir Thomas Hussey Apreece, and as a widow married Sir H. Davy. Sydney Smith described her as brown as dry toast. She was a distant cousin of Sir Walter Scott.

[7] Sir Humphry Davy (1778–1829), chemist. President of the Royal Society. Invented the miner's safety lamp.

Ponsonby. She is an acquaintance whom Lady Eleanor never mentions in the Diary.

"London, 14*th May* 1813

My dear Miss Ponsonby,

Remembrance is always more active with me than any expression of it; and I conclude that even sometimes this consciousness of silent communing is a sentiment you feel, when pen and ink are not used, to tell how much you love those who are absent. I think you are in my debt, but alas the Post had carried to Llangollen so little, and brought from it *nothing*, of late, that investigation would require Feinaigle's[1] art of memory to be at once correct as to person and time. You are always well employed, and I am *now* always *over* engaged; yet, I hate entire cessation of things prized still, and once frequently enjoyed. I heard of you at Spencer House from the Dungannons and the report renewed the lively images of pleasure in 1808 and your many and flattering attentions since. Sir Humphry has just returned to me, welcome and blooming from a long Easter absence, when duty, pleasure and business carried him into Cornwall. The streams and trout of Devonshire detained him a little, but three weeks can only seem long where so much is lost by absence and his having thoroughly recruited his age and his health by this excursion is matter of present comfort and enjoyment.

Several agreeable novelties of more real gratification than the Cosack are now amusing us, and as I love Miss Edgworth's excellence of character as

[1] Gregor von Feinaigle, mnemonist, lectured in London. An exposition of his system, *The Art of Memory*, was published 1812.

much as I admire her superiority of talents, I rejoice in the full and flattering distinction with which rank, station, and taste court her society. She gave me a great deal of her dear little self, and the simple and composed nature of her manners enhances the brilliancy of her conversation. Mad[m] de Staël is expected and will I fear find our English opinions in trifles opposite to her full enjoyment of society. She comes, too, unprepared for the *outrageous* expenses of living in that style of open and constant intercourse which on the Continent is cheaply procured and highly enjoyed. She has announced her arrival to us with that kindness of remembrance which I like because it is always delightful to recall youthful recollections and Swiss scenery. Lord Byron is still here, but talking of Greece with the feelings of a poet and the intentions of a wanderer. He is to have a quiet breakfast here, for the purpose of introduction to Miss Edgworth[1] on Monday, and I expect the sense of one and the imagination of the other with the genius of my own Treasure to afford a high intellectual banquet.

Amidst mere amusement, and wonderment, exertion and fatigue, it is a real delight to enjoy the frequent visits of early friends and to be enabled to repay at least some of the many debts of hospitality and kindness. New Books exist, but alas not for me, as I have little time for various reading and the

[1] Maria Edgworth (1767–1849), author of *Castle Rackrent*, *The Absentee*, *Ormond*, *Leonora*, etc. Her mother, Anna Elers, was the first wife of Richard Lovell Edgworth of Edgworthstown, Co. Longford. She was very short and was hung by her neck to increase her growth, and her father dosed her with tar water for inflammation of the eyes. In spite of these attentions she grew up to be a woman of fame and influence in the literary world.

strange taste to prefer old Favourites. 'Things By Their Right Name'[1] I do like, and 'Pride and Prejudice' I do not very much like. Want of interest is the fault I can least excuse in works of mere amusement, and however natural the picture of vulgar minds and manners is there given, it is unrelieved by the agreeable contrast of more dignified and refined characters occasionally captivating attention. Some power of new character is, however, ably displayed, and Mr. Bennett's indifference is in truth not exaggeration.

Pray send me some account of yourselves and your fields, seats, flowers, etc. I hear of improvements but so vivid an impression remains of what you were that the new decorations, unless from your own description, I cannot very readily comprehend. Your relations the Tighes are much in our way (not in the vulgar acceptance do I use it) and we receive frequent and pleasurable invitations which are returned *willingly*, but with perhaps less ability to secure amusement. He dined here on Wednesday, unusually well. Mrs. Tighe has been cruelly unwell during the whole season, but her Temper and her beauty have in one case not suffered at all and in the other very little. With Sir H.'s kindest regards in ample portion for Lady Eleanor and yourself.

I remain, dear Miss Ponsonby,
Your affectionate
JANE DAVY"

Lord Castlereagh, whom the Ladies had thought so handsome over a quarter of a century ago, did not

[1] *Things by their Right Names*, a Novel by a Person without a Name, published June 1812.

refuse them his good offices when they turned to him in their recurring need for financial assistance. They preserved no correspondence which may have reached them from their friends carrying news of the Battle of Waterloo in 1815. They kept this letter from the great statesman:

"BRIGHTON, 16*th December* 1817

Dear Madam,

I hope Indisposition will plead my excuse for having so long delayed to acknowledge your letter, on the subject of which I should not have failed to have taken steps to employ my best efforts, had I not deemed it more advantageous to reserve the question for discussion with Sir Arthur Wellesley when he comes over for Parliament rather than to write him on the subject.

I beg that you will be assured that I can never cease to take a very cordial and warm interest in any measure which can contribute to your and Lady Eleanor Butler's Happiness, or which can render the interesting retreat you have chosen for yourselves more suitable for your station in life. I owe it however to you both to impress upon your mind the extreme difficulty of procuring, in the indigent state of the Pension Fund in both countries, Provision from that source. In England the List now is arrived at the utmost point to which it can be carried by Law, and in Ireland the amount of Pensions never having fallen to that point beyond which the late Law determined they should not be carried. The Irish Government have only the power of distributing the small sum of £1200 in each year, which is generally absorbed by their indispensable official arrangements.

I am persuaded you will not doubt the zeal with which I should feel disposed to press your claims, but as Disappointment is worse than Want, I could not avoid preparing you for the difficulties you may have to encounter.

With sincere regards to Lady Eleanor Butler in which Lady Castlereagh joins,

I am, Dear Madam

Your most faithful and obedient servant

CASTLEREAGH"

Three years later the Duke of Wellington wrote to the Ladies:

"COMBERMERE, *Dec. 26th*, 1820

My Dear Ladies,

I am much concerned that my very short stay in this part of the country and the necessity under which I find myself of going to Chester to-morrow will prevent me from having the pleasure of seeing you, but I would not be here even for a few days without recalling myself to your recollection and presenting to you my best compliments and my constant and most affectionate regards. I hope that you are both in good health and that you will give me a line directed to London to let me know that you have received this and have not forgotten me.

Believe me

Ever yours most heartily and affectionately,

WELLINGTON"

There is nothing cheap, something precious rather, in the famous soldier's steadfast gallantry to two old ladies.

Did the Ladies read the "Happy Warrior", written

by Wordsworth in 1806 when "the course of the great war with the French fixed one's attention upon the military character"? There is no mention of Wordsworth in a Diary, but in 1824 he visited them with his wife and daughter and his friend Jones, who without resigning his living in Oxfordshire lived near Llangollen. The Ladies, Wordsworth relates, twitted Mr. Jones on being plump. Wordsworth laid a sonnet at their feet and sent with it a poem which he changed considerably before he published it. The poem, he stated later, was "prompted by the undue importance attached to personal beauty by some dear friends of mine". He did not alter the sonnet when he published it in 1827.

"*To Lady Eleanor Butler and the Hon^ble^ Miss Ponsonby. Composed in the grounds of Plas-Newydd, Llangollen.*

A stream to mingle with your favorite Dee
Along the Vale of Meditation flows;
So styled by those fierce Britons, pleased to see
In Nature's face the expression of repose,
Or, haply there some pious Hermit chose
To live and die—the peace of Heaven his aim,
To whom the wild sequestered region owes
At this late day, its sanctifying name.
Glyn Cafaillgaroch, in the Cambrian tongue,
In ours the Vale of Friendship, let this spot
Be nam'd, where faithful to a low roof'd Cot
On Deva's banks, ye have abode so long,
Sisters in love, a love allowed to climb
Ev'n on this earth, above the reach of time.

Sept. 2nd, 1824

Composed in Glyn Myrvr, North Wales.

Look at the fate of Summer Flowers
Which blow at day-break—fade e'er evensong
And griev'd for their brief date confess that ours

Measur'd by what we are and ought to be,
Measur'd by all that, trembling, we foresee,
Is not so long!

If Nature to a passing Day
Limit the frail existence of the Flowers,
And we appear more swiftly to decay,
What space hath Virgin's beauty to disclose
Her sweets, and triumph o'er the breathing rose?
Not ev'n an hour.

The deepest grove whose foliage hid
The happiest lovers Arcady might boast
Could not the entrance of this thought forbid;
What folly is it, then, soul-gifted Maid!
To rate so high what must so quickly fade,
So soon be lost.

Repine no longer—and some virtuous youth
Shall draw out of the object of his eyes,
The whilst on thee they gaze in simple truth,
Hues more exalted, a refinéd Form
That dreads not age, nor suffers from the worm
And never dies.

There is a tradition that about the period of the Reformation a White Doe[1] used to accompany people who went from Rylstone to Bolton Priory on the Sabbath day and remaining there during divine service returned along with them. Rylstone Hall was the seat of the family of Norton which was ruined by taking a leading part in the insurrection of the Earls of Northumberland and Westmorland against Queen Elizabeth in the year 1570. See Percy's ballad 'The Rising of the North', which also is printed in the

[1] In 1807 Wordsworth composed the poem "The White Doe of Rylstone".

appendix to the Poem of the White Doe. Mr. W. has more than fulfilled his promise, he fears at the risk of tiring those whom he wished to gratify. The Sonnet is a faint expression of his feelings on that interesting spot. Mrs. and Miss W. join him in respectful regards and sincere wishes, in which Mr. Jones unites.

Near RUTHIN, *4th Sept.*"

CHAPTER XV

THERE was beauty at Hamwood. Caroline had a golden beauty and laughing, frank, blue eyes. Cosway's miniature of her husband shows him with powdered hair, white cravat, and brown coat, a very handsome man. Those grey eyes of his, and the straight nose, the expressive, determined mouth, have fascination. This pair had a son and heir as good-looking as themselves. It is small wonder that they attracted other youth and beauty, Felicia Hemans[1] with her vivid face and blazing, auburn hair, and Thomas Campbell, who was famous at twenty-one and had almost perfect features. He wrote, devoutly, "The Stanzas on Painting"[2] to fair Caroline on a sheet of note-paper in his nervous, legible hand, with only one correction. He made a few alterations before he published the poem:

O Thou by whose expressive art
  Her perfect image, Nature sees
In union with the Graces start
  And sweeter by reflection please.

[1] Felicia Hemans, 1793–1835. Her father was George Brown of Passage, Co. Cork. They lived at Gwrych, North Wales. Shelley wrote to her after he read her first volume, and Byron took an interest. She married an Irishman, Captain Hemans, who had been fighting in Spain. After the birth of their five children they separated in 1818. She then lived near St. Asaph till 1831, when she went to Dublin.

[2] There are sixteen verses.

In whose creative hand, the hues
  Fresh from yon orient rainbow, shine
I bless thee, Promethean Muse,
  And call thee brightest of the Nine.

Possessing more than vocal power,
  Persuasive more than poet's tongue,
Whose lineage in a raptured hour
  From Love, The Lord of Nature, sprung.

Does Hope her high possession meet?
  Is joy triumphant, sorrow flown?
Sweet is the trance, the tremor sweet,
  When all we love is all our own.

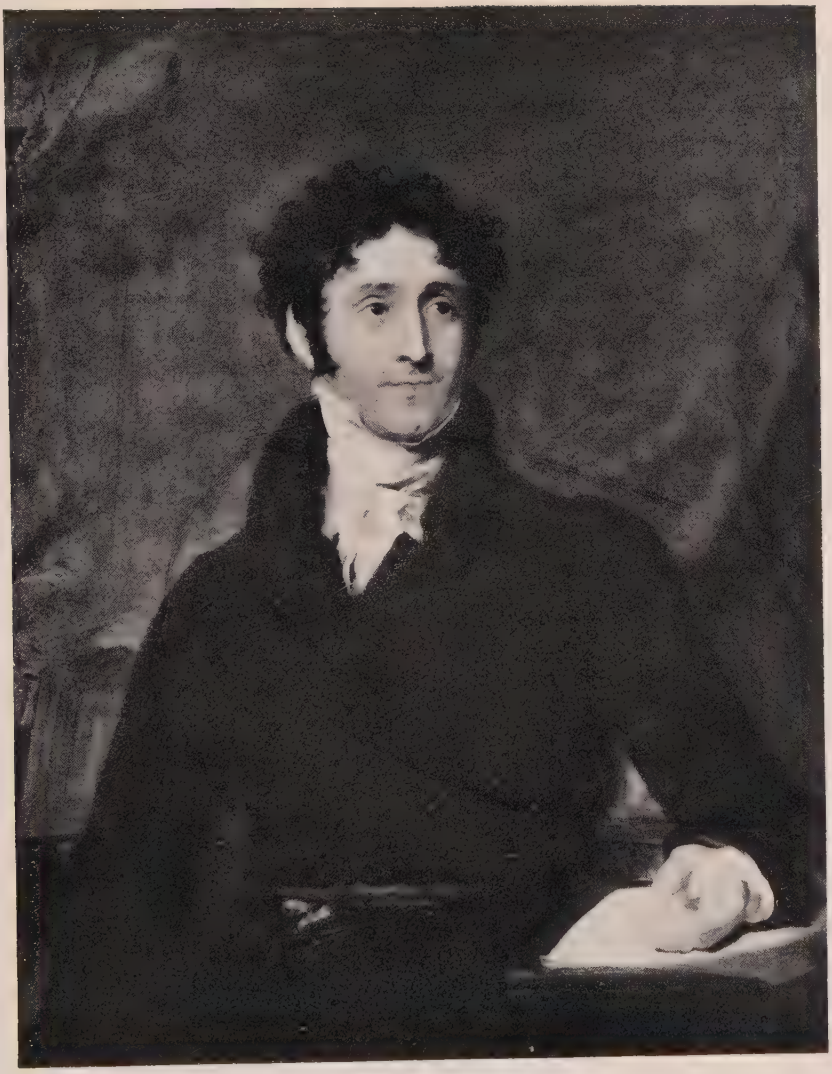
Shall Song its witching cadence roll?
  Yea, even the tenderest air repeat
That breathed when soul was knit to soul
  And heart to heart responsive beat.

What visions rise to charm, to melt,
  The lost, the loved, the dead are near,
Oh! hush that strain too deeply felt!
  And cease that solace too severe!

But thou serenely silent art,
  By heaven and love wast taught to lend
A milder solace to the heart,
  The sacred image of a friend.

All is not lost, if yet possessed
  For me that sweet memorial shine,
If close and closer to my breast
  I hold that idol all divine.

Pretty Felicia in after years addressed her undated letters neither to Caroline nor her husband, but to their son, Charles W. Hamilton.



THOMAS CAMPBELL

From a painting by Sir T. Lawrence in the National Portrait Gallery

"My dear Mr. Hamilton,

I enclose you my manifesto of the Lyrics and the Child's hymns, and have no doubt of your proving an excellent chargé d'affaires. On referring to Mr. Blackwood's accounts I find that I have received (at different times) about a hundred and sixty pounds for the 'Songs of the Affections'. For the 'Record of Women' upwards of three hundred. My now intended volume begins to grow rapidly from my extended recollections of wandering pieces, and it will, I think, be longer than the 'Songs of the Affections' as well as much more varied in its style. However as I know the [illegible] state of the Reading Public at present I should be very well satisfied to receive about a hundred pounds for it, and I think the little collection of hymns might be worth from twenty to thirty. But you know I have not the head of a bargaining *gnome* (for I will not call it spirit) within me, therefore should you think it better and more just towards the Publisher to include both the volumes in the former sum I should be quite prepared to acquiesce in your agreement, and to offer you my warm acknowledgements for your kind exertions in my cause.

What horrid 'work-day world' detail all this is! To refresh myself after it I must speak of Hartley Coleridge's[1] poems, with which I am more delighted, though I cannot read them without painful thoughts of their suffering author, whose spirit does seem to be, using his own forcible expression 'an angel

[1] Hartley Coleridge, 1796–1849. Eldest son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge the poet, philosopher and critic, author of "The Ancient Mariner", "Kubla Khan", etc. Hartley was a brilliant conversationalist and unstable. Some of his sonnets "have a high literary quality".

wandering astray'. In the hope of soon seeing you again I am always

very sincerely yours

FELICIA HEMANS

I forgot to mention that I think the lyrics might be ready for publication in January, the Hymns immediately."

"DAWSON STREET, *Saturday*

Dear Mr. Hamilton,

I quite forgot to mention when I last had the pleasure of seeing you (indeed Mr. Q's *thunderous manner* nearly deprived me of all self-possession) that I had thought of publishing in Dublin a little Volume of Songs—real *songs to sing*—though not with music. I have a good number wandering in the winds in the vaguest manner and am now about collecting them. I should be very glad if you would give me a little advice or assistance in arranging with the Booksellers here respecting whom I am not at all au fait. You are so kind to me on all occasions that I make no apology for thus troubling you, because I feel quite assured that it would give you pleasure to be of any use to me.

Shall you *ever* forget the Earthquake voice and the Scarlet waistcoat of the other morning? I think their gifted Possessor—to use your favourite word—really *ought* not to carry *both* about with him at the same time.

In the hope that I shall soon see you again. Believe me always

Very truly yours

FELICIA HEMANS"

"My dear Mr. Hamilton,

I too am dying a sympathetic death, though not 'in aromatic pain', as my cold has nearly deprived me of all my senses. I am indeed disappointed it will not be in my power to join your party this evening, from which I had anticipated pleasure unusual to *me* to expect on similar occasions, but I cannot tell you what a wretched victim I feel. Will you make my apologies to your Mother for my delay in returning her visit. I shall wait upon her as soon as I am sufficiently recovered and expect much gratification from forming the acquaintance of your family. . . . If you could find a copy of the song 'Old Norway' which I think I gave you, pray show it to Mr. Inglis, as it was to his very pleasing little book on Norway and Sweden that I was indebted for that noble national air. I hope you will be able to come and see me in a day or two; I have a delightful new book which I want to show you (how like a child with a fresh plaything!). It is by a Mr. Robert Wilmot; the subject, the sacred Poets of England.

Ever sincerely yours

FELICIA HEMANS

You are to put down all mistakes, blots, tautologies, etc. in this note, to the account of the influenza. Will not this remind you of the man who could not spell in foggy weather?"

She wrote a poem in Caroline's album in July 1833 that may arouse the sense of injury of those who, when young, had to learn by heart her lamentable work in which the Boy Stood on the Burning Deck.

"*Night-blowing Flowers.*

Children of Night! Unfolding meekly, slowly,
To the sweet breathings of the shadowy hours,
When dark blue Heavens look softest and most holy,
And glow worm light is in the forest-bowers,
To solemn things and deep,
To spirit-haunted sleep,
To thoughts, all purified
From Earth, ye seem allied,
O dedicated flowers!

Ye from the crowd your Vestal beauty turning,
Keep in dim urns the precious odour shrined,
Till steps are hush'd and faithful stars are burning,
And the moon's eye looks down, serenely kind:
So doth Love's dreaming heart
Dwell from the throng apart,
And but to shades disclose
The inmost thought that glows
With its pure life entwined.

Shut from the sounds wherein the Day rejoices,
To no triumphant Song your petals thrill,
But send up fragrance with the faint sweet voices
Rising from hidden fruits when all is still:
So doth lone Prayer arise,
Mingling with secret sighs,
When Grief unfolds, like you,
Her breast, for Heavenly dew
In silent tears to fall.

F.H."

Undoubtedly they admired that sweet poem very much.

Maria Edgworth wrote to Caroline's husband in her uninteresting small handwriting. The envelope had a seal of flowers and a monogram, "M.E."

MRS. HEMANS

From a painting by G. H. Harlow in the National Portrait Gallery

"EDGWORTHSTOWN, *July 14th*, 1836

Dear Sir,

I heard from Mrs. Tuite of Sonna that you have been lately with her and regret that we did not know it at the time that we might have tried to persuade you to pay Edgworthstown (only ten miles from Sonna) a visit. If it were only to see your own beautiful specimen of Bog yew which now forms the most admired Table in our sitting-room. You must do it, and us, the justice and honour of coming to see it some time or other. We leave the choice and time to your convenience and only request that you, who best and only can judge of that, will write a line to let us know whenever you can come to Edgworthstown without going much out of your way. In the meantime let me beg a line from you to give the exact history of this fine specimen of Bog yew which I am showing to everybody and boasting that it is 645 years old. If I am telling fibs please by return set me right. I see doubting eyes upon me sometimes as if hardly refraining from expressing with tongue their suspicious thoughts. I always say,—'Count the rings. Count the lines. And you may know by them, which show the growth of each successive year, that I am not fibbing'.

This silences all the lazy, and all the purblind who neither can nor will set about counting. But still for my own miserable satisfaction I should be glad to know that I am telling no more than truth, and to have a bit of writing to show for myself from your Honor the Donor would be greatly in my favour. I wish moreover to be certified what bog my treasure was found in, and by whom, in short the

whole story *out of the face* that I may have an historical record abridged of the same posted under the leaf or foot of my table for future generations.

You will believe me to be my Dear Sir,
Your obliged and troublesome
MARIA EDGWORTH

If it should turn out that it is not Irish Bog yew, pray don't tell me so. For I have sworn myself black and blue that it is true Irish."

On a large sheet of paper which Caroline preserved is a little-known letter from Sir Walter Scott.[1] It is headed "Extract of a letter from Walter Scott written 1818" and is in an unidentified handwriting:

"You do me too much honour on the subject of our Scotch Tales. I assure you I have no interest whatever in them and so far from having acknowledged them by word or deed to Sir Alex. Gordon I am not aware of having ever seen the person in question. I did know a Sir A. Gordon who fell gloriously at Waterloo and I do know a Sir A. G. of Dumfriesshire, but any other of that name is as much a stranger to me as the subject of his affections. However all this has already been conveyed to you

[1] Writing to Miss Edgworth, 1818, on 10th May, Sir Walter Scott begins by referring to the dispute of the authorship of lines in "Loves of the Plants" (Miss Seward and Dr. Darwin) and says he does not think "the verses very much worth struggling about". He makes no remark about the authorship of the Waverley Novels, but from the words "I am very much obliged by your commendations of my attempts in poetry" to the end of the extract given here, he writes to the same purpose, sometimes using the same phrases, and sometimes turning the sentence quite differently. Evidently the letters were written the same day and with the repetition natural to so busy a correspondent.—ED.

through Mrs. Baillie, or rather our dear Joanna Baillie,[1] who we both know possesses every endearing and estimable quality of heart and head.

I am very much obliged by your commendations of my attempts in poetry. In one point of view they stand in need of great indulgence, for they are like Orphans cast on the world, for whom their Ostrich parent has never cared since they were sent forth. To say the truth, an early experience of what authors suffer who place much of their happiness on the success of their literary productions determined me to be as indifferent as possible about mine, and I assure you I have never looked at one of them since they left me till last summer when I read the 'Lady of the Lake' and found it better than I expected. However I did not like it well enough to venture on them all and I may say with Macbeth, 'I am afraid to think what I have done, look on't again I dare not.' I am glad you were pleased with my Matilda. Perhaps I was enabled to give the character a little more interest from its being drawn from life. When I wrote 'Rokeby' I was happy in the society of its charming and truly amiable original, who is now no more. There is such chatter about me that I scarcely know what to write. Two young Borderers, my Son and nephew, are at this moment combating before me with their naked broadswords to the imminent risk of their eyes and ears, while a domestic musician is tuning a new pair of Bagpipes. It is at least a Consolation to know that one's family is making a noise in the world."

Sir Walter Scott stated in the Preface to the *Chronicles of the Canongate 1827* that he received from

[1] Joanna Baillie, 1762–1851, dramatist and poet.

an anonymous correspondent an account of the incident upon which *The Heart of Midlothian* was founded. The same correspondent[1] wrote to Lady Eleanor Butler:

"Dear Madam,

I send you the history of Helen Walker as you requested and upon which we suppose the 'Heart of Midlothian' (in Sir Walter Scott's Tales) is founded. The reason of my thinking this is that about a year before this Tale made its appearance in the World I enclosed a copy of the History of Helen Walker in a blank sheet of paper to Sir Walter (then Mr. Scott) not having the honour of his acquaintance and in about that space of time 'Jeannie Deans' made her appearance dressed up with all Sir Walter's drapery, but still you may trace a resemblance to my friend Helen Walker."

The story related to Lady Eleanor was in every particular the same as the one sent to Sir Walter, save in one detail, given to Lady Eleanor and omitted when writing to Sir Walter. Helen Walker was called upon to give evidence against her sister who was tried for her life, having killed her infant. The Counsel for the accused told Helen that if she could declare that her sister had made any preparation for the child's birth, or "given any intimation on the subject", such a statement would save her life. But Helen refused to swear to a falsehood, and her sister was condemned to death. The incident told only to Lady Eleanor is this: As

[1] Miss Helen Lawson of Girthead, who married Thomas Goldie, Esq. of Craigmuie, Commissary of Dumfries. She wrote anonymously to Lady Eleanor.

the prisoner was removed from the Bar she was heard to say to her sister—"O Nellie, ye hae been the cause of my death!" Helen replied, "Ye ken I maun speak the truth".

It is interesting to see that Sir Walter Scott puts that reproach in the doomed woman's mouth, but not so tersely, not so simply.

When Lady Eleanor was eighty-four she received a letter from William Wilberforce and a present of his book *Practical View of Christianity*, which was published twenty-six years before he gave it to her. Did he, remembering how Edmund Burke had read it on his death-bed, hope it might give mental companionship to one whose years were surely numbered now? A woman capable of great friendship, whose sight was failing, and who began to know the terrible loneliness of old age.

"Barmouth, *Sept. 9th*, 1823

My dear Madam,

I should have lived in the world as long as I have done to very little purpose as far as ye chapter of Manners is in question, if I had not learned that, if I were to wish a Lady of Rank to do me the honour of accepting any trifling mark of my Respectful Attention, I ought not to despatch it like a Collar of Brawn, or a Norfolk Turkey at Xmas, to be brought in by the Porter of the Stage Coach without other explanation than that of his waybill. I have just now learned greatly to my discomposure that thus unceremoniously has a volume been transmitted to your Ladyship, which I had ordered to be delivered by my Amanuensis, who having been suddenly called to London by ye death of a brother, was to pass

through Llangollen on his way to this place. Let me beg your Ladyship to allow yr imagination to perform the easy, because the kind and candid, task of supposing that such was the manner in which my book had the Honour of being conveyed to yr Ladyship's residence. But yr imagination has the farther office imposed on it of supposing (for such was my intention) that its introduction was attended with an explanatory letter. This desideratum let me now beg leave to supply.

It pleased God, soon after my becoming member for Yorkshire, by a careful perusal of the Holy Scripture to convince me that the religious system of professed Christians in the generality of the Higher and Middle Classes of this Country was essentially erroneous and defective, and therefore that I could not render a more important service to my countrymen in general, in the higher ranks of life, and more especially to a very numerous body of kind friends, with whom the goodness of Providence had blessed me, than endeavour to rectify what appeared to me the errors in this most serious of all concerns, and at the same time to account for a considerable change which they had witnessed in my conduct. So few, however, were my seasons of leisure that it was not till 1797 that I was able to finish and lay before the world the result of my reflections. And then, as ever since, I have taken the liberty of presenting my volume to the friendly circle that was around me. Permit me to request a place for it in your Ladyship's Library, and I would take the liberty of pointing out the table of contents at the Beginning of the volume, which affords the opportunity of selecting the parts which any one may think most likely to claim his

perusal. I would hint that for those who are at all instructed the introduction had been first penned. The 4th and 7th chapters have been, I believe, most generally acceptable.

I will only indulge the hope that yr Ladyship will excuse the very unseemly mode by which the volume was transmitted and accept it as a testimony of Respect and regard.

Mrs. W.—for all our young people are absent from us on a Tour—desires me with my own to present her best respects to your Ladyship and Miss Ponsonby, and I have the honour to remain yr Ladyship's

Obliged and faithful servant

W. Wilberforce"

Mr. Canning, who had been Foreign Secretary and Leader of the House of Commons since 1822, wrote to the Ladies in 1825, a very practical letter:

"Mr. Canning has the honour to apprize the Ladies of Llangollen that his daughter looks forward to the pleasure of being presented to them next week, when Lord Clanricarde[1] carries her to her new country. Mr. Canning wishes that he were of the party, instead of resuming as he must do about the same time, the toils of the House of Commons. He has, however, a selfish reason for recalling himself at this moment to the Ladies' recollection. They insisted with him that he should find some occasion for profiting by their kind offer of a specimen of Llangollen *mutton*. Now he knows no more worthy occa-

[1] Ulick John de Burgh, Marquess of Clanricarde, born 1802, married, 1825, Harriet, daughter of Viscountess Canning and the Right Hon. George Canning.

sion likely to occur in the whole year than that of the celebration of the King's[1] Birthday, which takes place on Saturday the 23rd, on which day Mr. Canning entertains the Foreign Ministers. He intended therefore to have proved his obedience to the Ladies' commands by a message through Clanricarde but, as upon calculation he doubts whether such a message would reach Llangollen in time, he has resolved upon this mode of executing his purpose.

His address is *Foreign Office*,[2] for Mutton as well as for Letters.

LUDBROOK, *April 13th*, 1825"

In 1820 Lady Eleanor and Miss Ponsonby drove into Oswestry to see Charles Matthews act. In August, 1825, Sir Walter Scott visited them. His son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart, like Mr. Matthews, found the Ladies "ridiculous", but in 1828 Prince Puckler Muskau saw their clothes only as "somewhat ludicrous". Of themselves he writes: "You must imagine both ladies with that agreeable *aisance*, that air of the world of the *ancien régime*, courteous and entertaining, without the slightest affectation; speaking French as well as any Englishwoman of my acquaintance, and above all with that essentially polite, unconstrained, and simply cheerful manner of the good society of that day. . . . Not only the venerable ladies but their house was full of interest; indeed it contained some real treasures. . . . A well

[1] King George IV.

[2] Twenty years before this there was only one official house in Downing Street, that which belonged to the First Lord of the Treasury. Then the Foreign Office was bought, and later increased by the purchase of three other houses. "The last brick of the old Foreign Office was removed by 1862."

furnished library, a delightful situation, an equable tranquil life, and perfect friendship and union, these have been their possessions". Madame de Genlis when she visited them was carried away at first. She wrote, "Toutes les deux avaient la politesse la plus noble et l'esprit le mieux cultivé." But she changed her mind next morning. One thing or the other for Madame de Genlis, the life of a nun or the affections of a family. She saw the Ladies of Llangollen as "victimes imprudentes de la plus dangereuse exaltation de tête et de sensibilité. Après un tel état et de tel engagements, elles étaient, pour jamais, enchaînées sur cette montagne! . . . Aux yeux des gens du monde, le sort d'une carmélite doit paroître moins à plaindre".

But Eleanor Butler was not sorry for herself. She had a robust character. During 1821 she wrote for the last time in her Diary. In this final volume there are no lists of French and Italian books duly noted as having been read. The daily menu is omitted. Her searching eyes which noted the cart with red wheels, the honeysuckle leaf, the harrow and the plough, had grown dim. She writes no more of such things. Possibly nothing ludicrous escaped her, but she did not find it so easily and superficially as did Mr. Matthews and Mr. Lockhart. For several generations the pens of others, describing her, have given her brief biography only in her old age. Her youth and her maturity went almost unrecorded. In her Diary she speaks for herself from 1785 until 1821.

"*Monday, January 1st,* 1821.—Servant with letter of invitation from Lady Harriet Williams Wynn to dine at Wynnstay on Wednesday and meet Lady

Charlotte Greville[1] and Lady Combermere[2] which kind invitation we were obliged to decline.

"*Tuesday, January 9th.*—Account from Mrs. Hamilton of the Death of poor Mr. Parnell of a malignant putrid fever. He was in perfect health the day before Christmas Day. He died at Bushy, the seat of his father-in-law Col. Howard.[3]

"*Tuesday, January 23rd.*—'Kenilworth' from Price the Bookseller, brought by a Hand Driver.

"*Wednesday, February 7th.*—Note from Mr. Cunliffe informing us that Mrs. Edwards, formerly Miss Crewe, was taken ill on the 14th and died on the 23rd of last Nov. in Jamaica.

"*Monday, February 19th.*—Letter from Mrs. Hamilton dated Dominick St.

"*Tuesday, February 20th.*—Mr. W. Ponsonby to Breakfast and till past one.

"*Wednesday, February 21st.*—Letter from Miss Pigott. Account of Marriages mentioned in it as likely to take place—Lord Dartmouth[4] to Lady Frances Talbot. Lord Arthur Hill to Miss Seymour. Lord Dunalley[5] to Lady Isabella Fitzgibbon. Lord Carrington's son and Miss FitzClarence.

"*Saturday, February 24th.*—Letters from Lady Or-

[1] Daughter of William, 3rd Duke of Portland, married Charles, son of Fulke Greville, Esq.

[2] Caroline, second wife of Viscount Combermere, a distinguished general, and sister of Charles Greville.

[3] Sir Ralph Howard of Bushy Park, M.P. for the County of Wicklow and Colonel of its Militia, had a brother Robert, whose daughter Frances married William Parnell, Esq. of Avondale, to which estate he succeeded by the bequest of his cousin Samuel Hayes. Robert Howard died 1833.

[4] William, 4th Earl of Dartmouth, married, 5th April 1821, Frances, daughter of 2nd Earl Talbot.

[5] Henry, 2nd Baron Dunalley, a widower in 1821, married, 1826, Emily, daughter of 1st Viscount Hawarden.

monde, fee'd Mayo, from Lady Barbara Ponsonby dated the 22nd, No. 2 Cavendish Square, London, F. C. Ponsonby and on the outside cover fee'd Bessborough.

"*Friday, March 2nd.*—Mr. Kenyon, Lady Louisa Harvey, Mrs. and Miss Lloyd of Aston and Mrs. Drummond to luncheon. The Warden of Ruthin, Mrs. Newcome and Mrs. Hayman to Dinner.

"*Friday, March 16th.*—'Travellers' Tales' from Mrs. Price. Parcel at night from Mrs. Stockdale with supplement to 'Evelyn', account of 'Kenilworth'.

"*Sunday, March 25th.*—Letter from Mrs. J. Williams brought by Mrs. Eyton accompanying the Bible and Prayer Book sent last year by Mrs. B—— to her grand-daughter Anne Eleanor Sarah Smith, and instantly returned to her by the little girl's father Mr. George Smith.

"*Thursday, March 29th.*—Letter from my nephew Charles. Note and magnificent picture of the Duke of Ormonde copied from that of the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford.

"*Thursday, April 5th.*—Letter from Miss Stockdale accompanying the 'Literary Gazette' for 1819–1820. Note from Mrs. Brown accompanying 'Ivanhoe' and 'Kenilworth'.

"*Friday, April 6th.*—Mr. Smith in the morning to whom we paid ten guineas, one year's Rent, to the Honorable Frederick West due Lady Day 1821.

"*Saturday, April 7th.*—Mr. Walton, Steward to Major Ormsby Gore, in the morning. Paid him one year's rent.

"*Sunday, April 8th.*—Account in Letter from Lady Harriet Barker dated Kilcooley Abbey the 5th, of

the death of poor Mrs. Barton[1] which took place in Dublin last Tuesday. None ever left this world with a stronger claim to that blessing which is promised to the pure in heart. None ever lived in it more generally beloved by friends, relations and acquaintances, and whose loss will be more deeply felt by her nearest connections.

"*Easter Monday, April 23rd.*—'Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice', by Lord Byron, with very civil note from Mr. Stockdale by coach.

"*Wednesday, May 2nd.*—Poor Mrs. Piozzi died this day at Clifton.

"*Thursday, May 3rd.*—Letters of Horace Walpole in 4 vol. by the Chester post.

"*Saturday, May 5th.*—On this day Bonaparte died at St Helena.

"*Monday, May 7th.*—Mr. and Mrs. R. Wingfield arrived according to their promise precisely at eleven. To Breakfast, after which Mr. Wingfield kindly administered the Sacrament to Mrs. Wingfield, us, and our two upper maids. . . . Edward Hughes the Clerk obligingly assisted with the Communion Plate from the Church.

"*Tuesday, May 8th.*—Lord Arden,[2] Lady Elizabeth Anne Perceval his daughter-in-law, Miss Perceval his daughter, and little Miss Perceval his granddaughter for two hours. Eistedfod Report from Mr. Painter, by his Boy in the Evening. Wrote to Mr. Wingfield on behalf of the poor Woman so cruelly oppressed by that Wretch of Wretches, Thomas Edwards, Oppressor and Grinder of the Poor.

[1] Sarah Ponsonby's stepsister by her father's third marriage.

[2] Charles, Baron Arden. His eldest son John (died 1818) married Elizabeth, daughter of 6th Earl of Cardigan.

"*Wednesday, May 9th.*—Letter from the Countess of Harrington[1] announcing that the Duke and Duchess of Leinster were to leave London on Thursday and bring with them a present from her to us, of Welch China. The entrance gate with magnificent posts given by the Porkington steward advanced near three yards farther into the Lawn field, a very great advantage to the turn in of carriages.

"*Thursday, May 10th.*—Parcel containing 2 Bottles of Elixir which we had sent for the poor young woman of Pengwern Hall but did not find at all applicable to her case. We decided to send her Iceland Moss instead.

"*Saturday, May 12th.*—Made up the little parcel for Mrs. Hamilton. Soon after which Mr. and Lady Elizabeth, Miss and Miss E. Kavanagh unexpectedly arrived and soon after them the Duke and Duchess of Leinster.

"*Sunday, May 13th.*—Letter from Lady Louisa Harvey frank'd by the Admiral.

"*Tuesday, 15th May.*—A perfectly Welch Mr. Griffith from a place as long as the Principality applied for leave, and obtained it, to see the grounds.

"*Sunday, May 20th.*—Mr. Jones the Minister pro tem. drank Tea with us, as did the Ancient Housekeeper of Chirk Castle—for the first time of many years—with our Maidens.

"*Monday, May 21st.*—Letter from Sir Benjamin Bloomfield[2] dated Carlton House the 19th. Letter from my nephew Charles, the consoling kindness and

[1] Jane, daughter of Sir John Fleming, Bart., and wife of Charles, 3rd Earl of Harrington. Their youngest daughter, Charlotte, married, 1818, Augustus Frederick, 3rd Duke of Leinster.

[2] Benjamin, 1st Baron Bloomfield. Private Secretary and Keeper of the Privy Purse to George IV.

intelligence of which was a Balmy Counterbalance to the Contents of its travelling companion. Such is the contrast between those who are 'born great' and those 'who have greatness thrust upon them'.

"*Saturday, July 7th.*—The two sons of Dr. Darwin on an excursion into Wales introduced by a note from their excellent father.

"*Wednesday, July 11th.*—Our three meadows cut before six o'clock in the evening by eighteen mowers!!!

"*Saturday, July 14th.*—The young woman of Pengwern Hall for whose recovery we were so anxious died this morning.

"*Wednesday, July 18th.*—Mr. Lubbock very civilly called with a Grand Transparency of Britannia which he was so good as to lend us for our Coronation transparencies to-morrow.

"*Thursday, July 19th.*—Mr. Lubbock in the morning assisting in placing our Transparencies, which were very successfully arranged. Our House illuminated and much admired by Mr. and Mrs. Eyton, Miss Morgan, who drank tea with us, and all the Mob-ility of Llangollen. Letter to Lady Ormonde under cover to the Earl, now a *British* Peer.

"*Thursday, July 26th.*—Shrewsbury paper with account of our illuminations.

"*Wednesday, August 1st.*—Mr. and Lady Elizabeth Kavanagh passed through Llangollen in too much haste to call.

"*Thursday, August 2nd.*—A beautiful little volume, a present from Lady Caroline Lamb,[1] sent by a servant of hers.

[1] Caroline, daughter of 3rd Earl of Bessborough, married, 1805, to the Hon. William Lamb, later Viscount Melbourne.

"*Saturday, August 4th.*—Lady Sidmouth[1] at The King's Head this morning. As were the Marquis of Winchester[2] and Lord Ennismore.[3]

"*Sunday, August 5th.*—Mr. Loyd of Rhagatt, Mr., Mrs. Miss and Mr. Augustus Morgan in the morning, then Lord Ormonde and Lord Thurles, then Lord Maryborough[4] and Lord Burguish[4] to Luncheon, then Lord, Lady Ormonde and Lord Thurles to dinner. Then Lady Harriet, Lady Anne, Lady Louisa, Mr. Walter, Mr. James, Mr. Richard, Mr. Charles Butler to Supper. Prince Paul Esterhazy[5] for a short time in the evening, and Lord and Lady Ormonde slept in our State Apartment.

"*Monday, August 6th.*—Prince Paul Esterhazy, his Princess and his Highness's secretary,—introduced by a most kind Letter from the Duke of Wellington, —to breakfast and for two hours.

"*Tuesday, August 7th.*—Note and Basket of Fruit from Lord Kenyon[6] sent by his Lordship's Page at the Coronation, and who conveyed our invitation, and speedily returned with Lord Kenyon and his three Daughters.

"*Wednesday, August 8th.*—Note from the Marquess of Londonderry[7] at 8 in the morning. Lord London-

[1] Ursula, daughter of Leonard Hammond, Esq., married Henry, 1st Viscount Sidmouth (Addington), who had been Speaker in the House of Commons.

[2] Charles, Marquess of Winchester.

[3] William, Viscount Ennismore, 1st Earl of Listowel in 1822.

[4] William, Baron Maryborough, brother of the Duke of Wellington. His daughter Priscilla married Lord Burghersh, eldest son of 10th Earl of Westmorland.

[5] Prince Paul Esterhazy, 1786–1860. Of a noble Magyar family. Secretary of the Austrian Embassy in London, 1806.

[6] George, 2nd Baron Kenyon.

[7] Robert, 2nd Marquess of Londonderry.

derry and Lord Valletort[1] to Breakfast. Heard from Lord L. with great concern that the excellent and most respected Lady Louisa Conolly had died on Thurs. last, the 2nd. A loss that will be universally felt, and lamented for a great length of time.

"*Thursday, August 9th.*—Account of the Queen's death by the Dutch Ambassador's servants, attending his Excellency to Ireland.

"*Friday, August 10th.*—Account of the poor Queen's death confirmed as having taken place at 25 minutes past ten on Tuesday night. Account also by a private report, that His Majesty being detained by Adverse Winds was still at Holyhead where the intelligence reached him, and it was uncertain whether he would proceed on his voyage to Ireland or return to London.

"*Thursday, August 16th.*—Irish Newspaper from Lady Strangford.[2] King landed in Ireland.

"*Friday, August 24th.*—Wrote to my nephew Ormonde about Instalation Tickets for Lady Strangford and Miss Smythe.

"*Monday, August 27th.*—Lord, Lady Downshire[3] and Lord Hillsborough[3] in the evening.

"*Tuesday, August 28th.*—Deluging rain, notwithstanding which Lady Bridgewater[4] most kindly fulfilled her promise of coming to luncheon.

[1] Ernest Augustus, Viscount Valletort, son of the 2nd Earl of Mount-Edgcumbe.

[2] Percy, 6th Viscount Strangford, married (1817) Ellen, daughter of Sir Thomas Burke and widow of Nicholas Browne, Esq.

[3] Arthur, 3rd Marquess of Downshire, married Maria, daughter of 5th Earl of Plymouth. Their eldest son, Arthur, born 1816, was Earl of Hillsborough.

[4] Charlotte, daughter of Samuel Haynes, Esq., married John William, Earl of Bridgewater, who died 1823.

"*Tuesday, September 4th.*—Lord Kenyon and his two sons, the elder in his beautiful Pages dress, till ten at night.

"*Friday, September 7th.*—Lord Dungannon in the evening, a very kind and agreeable visit.

"*Sunday, September 9th.*—The King's Groom, attending His Majesty's Horses, permitted to see our Grounds.

"*Wednesday, September 12th.*—Lady Harriet Williams Wynn, Lady Williams Wynn, Miss Williams Wynn, Miss Hayman to Luncheon.[1]

"*Friday, September 14th.*—Went in the morning to Ruabon Vicarage. Found them at Breakfast. The Congreve family, Miss Birch, Mr. Hughes. We went with Mr., Miss and Mr. C. Wingfield, our four Horses to their Carriage, to the Bow-meeting, where though the wetness of the weather prevented the possibility of Shooting the entertainment and accommodation were delightful.

"*Monday, October 1st.*—Letter from Lord Duncannon with the intelligence of Mr. Trevor's marriage to Miss Daisy Irvine. The Prince and Princess San Cataldo, the Count and Countess St. Antonio, to Breakfast.

"*Saturday, October 13th.*—Letter from Mr. Perkins soliciting a subscription for the release of Olivia,[2] soi-disant Princess of Cumberland, from prison for debt.

[1] This party probably entertained the Ladies highly, for Mr. Creevey relates that King George IV cut short his return voyage and landed at Milford simply because Sir Watkin refused to receive a certain part of his *cortège*, saying his wife "did not know the ladies".

[2] According to Mr. Creevey this lady lived with Lord Warwick for some years, made her claims with the assistance of some papers of his, and others, and had vivacious interviews with the Duke of Sussex.

"*Wednesday, December 26th.*—Note kindly sent by Lord Dungannon to announce the Marquess of Wellesley, the new Ld.-Lieutenant of Ireland's intention of calling on us. Mrs. Mellish to Breakfast. The Dowager-Lady Lansdowne after it for three hours. Lord Wellesley and Dr. Hunter arrived at two. Lady Lansdowne[1] went soon after. The Marquess and Dr. Hunter staid for a little luncheon."

In June eighteen hundred and twenty-nine Lady Eleanor Butler died and was buried in the churchyard of Llangollen. Pomps and vanities sounded their trumpet above her grave by the command of gentle Sarah Ponsonby: "Daughter of the Sixteenth, Sister of the Seventeenth Earls of Ormonde and Ossory. Aunt to the late and to the present Marquess of Ormonde". And there comes back faintly and ironically her words when family news was brought to Plâs Newydd—"As though we cared!"

Sarah Ponsonby was alone. The postman's knock was probably welcome. Only two letters have been kept.

"No. 3 Park Square, Regent Park,
London, *8th April* 1831

Madam,

That a stranger should take the liberty of addressing you, to ask a great favour, is so unusual, and it may be so presumptuous a proceeding that it would require a better apology than I have to offer to render it pardonable.

From yourself alone, and from your indulgence,

[1] Louisa Emma, daughter of 2nd Earl of Ilchester, married (1808) Henry, 3rd Marquess of Lansdowne.

Madam, I must hope to derive forgiveness, and will not add a lengthy preliminary to the tedium of a begging Letter, but state my request.

The subject of interest which I have so much at Heart, is to procure some original contributions to grace a little work of mine entitled 'The Journal of the Heart'. Where can I find anyone who is as calculated to bestow the precise and precious thing I seek as Miss Ponsonby? May I add it is a Countrywoman that pleads, the Daughter of one of those Miss Gunnings of whose beauty perhaps you may have heard. A Daughter, too, of the house of Argyll,[1] who would give anything to possess records of her Maternal Ancestors to insert them in a projected Memoir of her Ancestors. I again solicit your pardon and remain, Madam, with sincere respect

Your obedient servant

Charlotte Maria Bury"

At the very last, the Duke of Wellington sent her good news:

"London, *July 17th*, 1829

My dear Miss Ponsonby,

I have this morning received your note of the — July acknowledging the receipt of the second Half of the Bank Notes transmitted to you.

I have now the pleasure to inform you that the King was yesterday most graciously pleased to grant you a Pension on the Civil List of 200 pounds a year net, of which I sincerely congratulate you.

[1] Charlotte Susan, daughter of 5th Duke of Argyll, married first Colonel John Campbell and secondly Rev. Edward Bury. Her mother was second daughter of John Gunning, Esq., widow of the 6th Duke of Hamilton, and created Baroness Hamilton. Lady Charlotte Bury engaged in literary pursuits.

I hope that this will secure your comfort as far as it can be at present.

Believe me ever yours most affectionately

WELLINGTON"

Just before the end, she wrote to Caroline Hamilton:

"*Saturday, Oct. 8th*, 1831

My dearest Caroline,

I send you these few hasty lines because I do not like to commit my good friend the Bishop of Cork's frank to destruction, having obtained it for the conveyance of a long Letter, which successive interruptions have prevented my ever attempting to write. One of these interruptions this morning, when I had reckoned on being free from interruption, was a friend who brought me 16 geraniums, 14 of which are perfectly new to me though already possessed of, I think, fourscore varieties. I will send you a list of them, for though Infants at present they may be parents in Spring and, some at least, be acceptable additions to yours in their Descendants at that Season. I am very much obliged for the Heartsease seed. I am afraid it will be of very difficult cultivation in these unfavourable times. I scarcely know whether to wish Good or ill success to *the Bill*—but I do know that I am ever

My Dearest Caroline

Most truly and most affectionately yours

SARAH PONSONBY"

Before the spring brought the passing of the Reform Bill and the budding of geraniums, she was buried beside her "beloved Companion".

Did they ever quarrel? Did they ever regret that

flight from Woodstock and Kilkenny more than fifty years ago? Caroline Hamilton says: "I have no cause to think that Lady Eleanor Butler ever repented the steps she had taken, but from a letter I found of Miss Harriet Bowdler I suspect Miss Ponsonby sometimes expressed regret at having left Ireland. The two ladies continued to the last devoted to each other, and if they had a difference of opinion, they discussed it in a particular walk where they could not be overheard. . . . Miss Ponsonby always retained the greatest affection for every branch of the family she had left, and whoever heard her speak of my Mother must have perceived that she was the person (next to Lady Eleanor) whom she admired and loved the most; and yet my Mother's were the only letters (with the exception of William Wilberforce's) which ventured to speak plainly upon the subject of religion. My Mother latterly ceased to hear from her except through me, and during the short visits I occasionally made her I recalled, I suppose, to her memory her youthful days, my Mother's unceasing kindness, Lady Betty who I was said to resemble, and the infant over whom she had wept in its mother's arms. At last she wrote to me just after Lady Eleanor's death (my Mother, too, being gone) to tell me that she had left me all her papers, etc. and everything she could save for me, as she had no friend living, or she might add relation, whom she loved half as well as she loved me. So true it is that the Wanderer, let him travel ever so far, making friends wherever he goes, still retains an affection for Home."

But who can doubt that to Lady Eleanor Butler the cottage in Llangollen was home and kingdom?

The railways drove the stage coaches from the roads. Oswestry and Llangollen and Shrewsbury ceased to be intimate neighbours till motors united them again. But from her day to ours travellers have asked permission to see the cottage that she loved. Through her Diary she speaks now—as she was eager to speak then—of her good Landlord, and the large-faced Carpenter, the sauntering Thatcher, the Miller, and Mr. Edwards of the Hand. She is not among the Immortals, but she has survived a hundred and fifty years; a long life.

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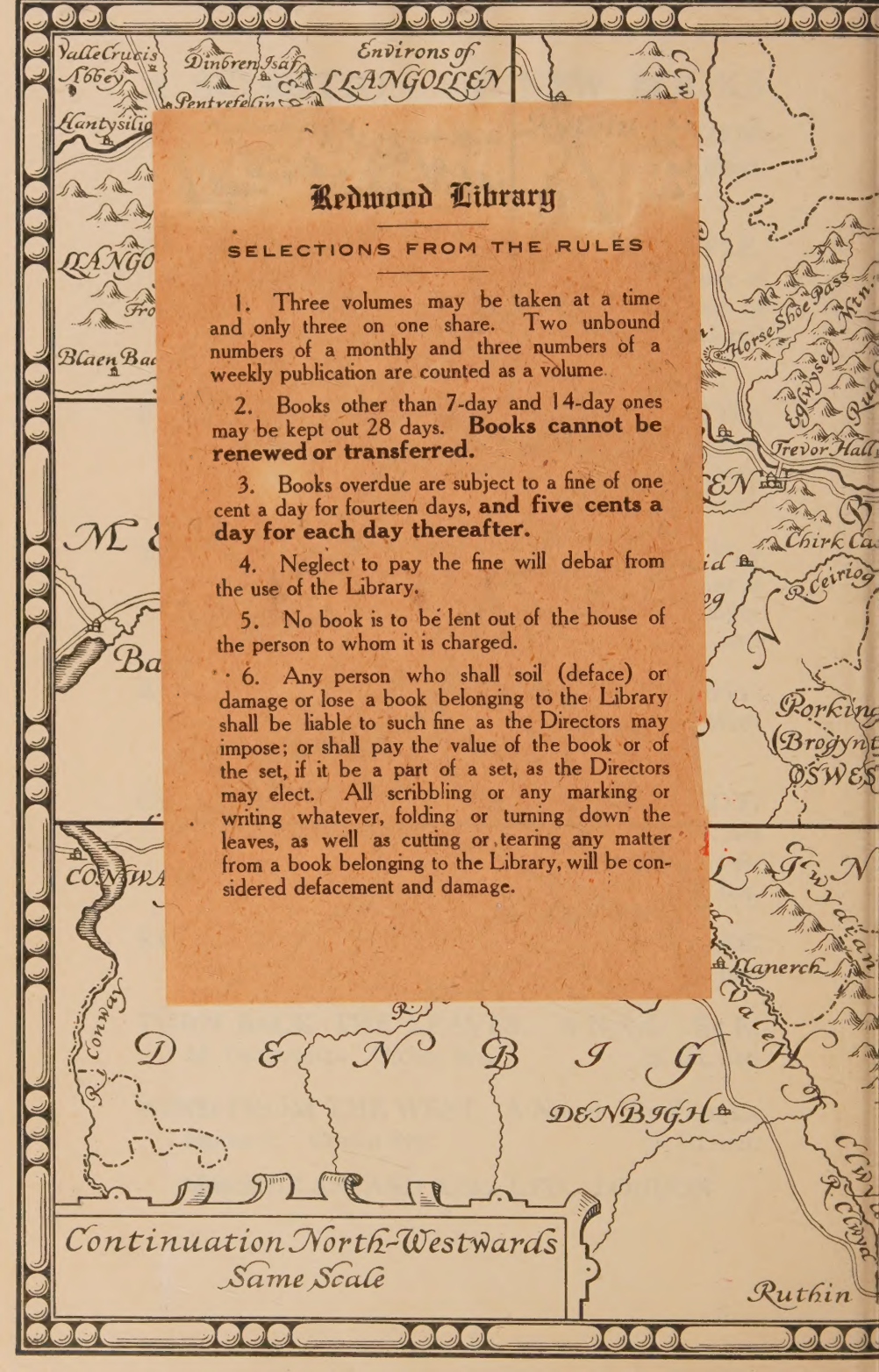

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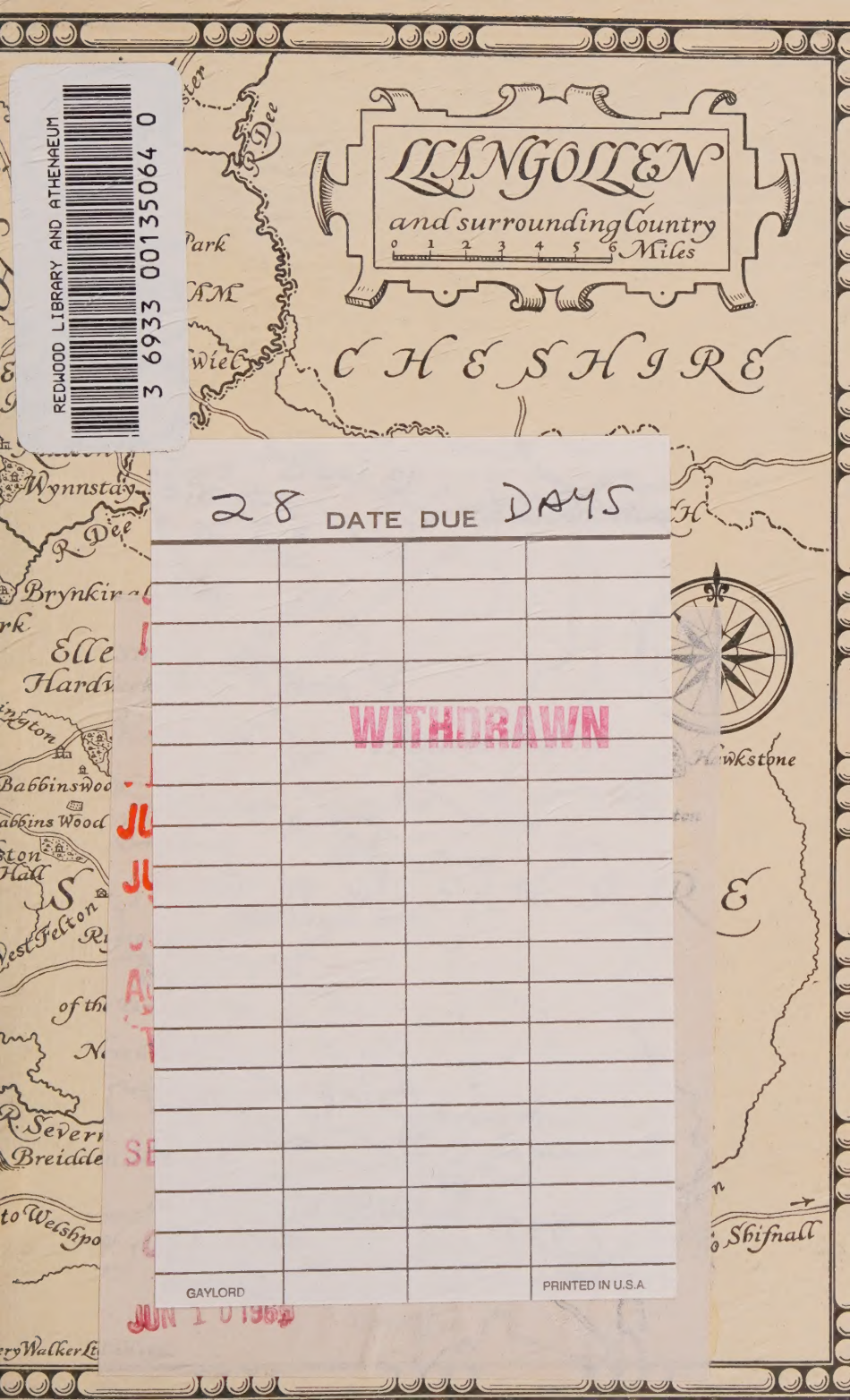

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